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RICH MEN AND KEY MEN

BY SAMUEL STRAUSS

A NEW kind of man has come to the top of the time. He is the man who is going to run this new industrial age of ours. We — that is to say, all of us here in America — are relieved. We had been worried. We had been apprehensive. We were afraid it was the old-fashioned rich men, the money-makers, the profit-takers, who would be in charge. These new men make fortunes as big as, even bigger than, those of the money-makers, the profit-takers. We do not care about that.

It is a remarkable change. But then, these new men are remarkable.

I

For a long century we struggled against inordinate wealth. We fought the money power, swollen fortunes, the trusts, big business. And yet all the while, despite everything that we could do to control them, the accumulations of wealth grew more and more immoderate. No matter how many seeming victories we gained over this hydra-headed monster, no matter how joyously the bonfires burned on election night, no matter what sweeping decisions the people gained in the courts, still, when we came to cast up the accounts at the end of each decade, we found trusts more solidly entrenched

than before, big business bigger, great fortunes greater. Toward the end of our struggle, despair took hold upon us. Laws, eternal vigilance, all the prescriptions of the Founders for keeping wealth within bounds, had failed us. Where the grandfathers had fought to hold off democracy's traditional enemies, the grandchildren already saw plutocrats in the ascendant; where the former had cried out lustily against corruption and bribery, the latter gathered close together and sang martial hymns out of the hymnal. Toward the end we could not have said whether it was to preserve our liberty that we were fighting riches, or to prevent Wall Street and monopoly and 'the malefactors of great wealth' from gouging us. We were struggling blindly, with the desperation of those who feel themselves surrounded; we had come to believe our very existence in danger.

And then what happened? How did the struggle issue? How did the fight come out? That was all only a little while ago; where do we stand to-day? To-day our children are coming home from school proud to recite for us the names of America's billion-dollar companies. Our great fortunes of twenty-five years past struck us with terror; to-day fortunes that are many times

larger give us not the least apprehension. Not even so long as twenty-five years ago the people were cheering a conservative Senator who was reported to have said that no man could gain a million dollars and do it honestly; now popular lecturers declare a fortune of a thousand millions to have been honorably acquired. Once we found consolation in the rule that it was only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves; now we are comforted with the knowledge that companies have become so large and powerful that they cannot go to pieces. Only a few years ago we were ready to cry 'Amen!' to the prophets who came saying, 'Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field'; to-day we ask whether the country would not be better off if there were more large farms and not so many little ones, not so many little coal mines, not so many separate railroads. Once a corporation official, or any very rich man, was not to be thought of for public office; to-day some of us mention as our choice for President this or that rich head of a great company and are surprised that anybody should wonder.

Some day the annalists are going to write a chapter to explain what happened between yesterday and to-day to cause the amazing reversal in our attitude toward great wealth, and it will be one of the most interesting and illuminating expositions in our history book, we may be sure of that. It is too early to write this explanatory chapter now, write it as the historian must write it. But it is not too early to see what the gist of it will be, to catch the drift and emphasis of it.

II

It will not be a difficult chapter. But it will be a long and full one. It

will commence with the coming together of democracy and machinery in a virgin land flowing with milk and honey. Never before had there been such a juncture as this. That there must result from it enough to go around went without saying; at least as much as sufficient, as much as would satisfy — that was taken for granted. This was not to say that an equal share for everybody must result — America never entertained that particular notion; we were born not only into the age of freedom, but into the age of capitalism as well. Out of the extraordinary combination of our virgin acres with freedom and machinery we expected to flow, not the same for all, but enough for all, enough for the poor as well as for the rich, enough for the poor to be as independent as the rich, enough to go around.

Was that all we expected? Enough to go around? Two or three times before in this world there had been enough to go around. And what had we here in America? Merely a repetition of those conditions under which sufficiency had previously occurred? No, we had something additional which made our circumstance unparalleled. We had machinery. That was new in the world. That had never happened before. That was bound to make a power of difference, and we sensed it. We sensed that we here in this New World had something to look forward to that no other people of any other time ever had — we sensed it only; we could not have framed in words what it was we expected, but in the very air we breathed we took it in, the import of it shaped and colored all our feelings and inclinations.

We waited watchfully for this unparalleled dispensation from the American circumstance. We strained our gaze confidently to the horizon. But the expectation did not materialize; we

began to experience a feeling of disappointment. The fields, the mines, the forests, had commenced to pour out their rich gifts; the wheels of the machines had begun to turn. In terms of food and clothing and shelter we were doing well enough. But the well-being did not give us satisfaction. We were uneasy. Something did not seem right. We had enough to eat and drink, and a good bed to sleep in, but had not the subjects of King Solomon as much? Palestine had been only a land flowing with milk and honey; America was a land flowing with milk and honey to which machinery had been added. Plainly something was not going according to schedule; something was missing; the new dispensation was overdue.

What was the matter? There was patently nothing wrong with the mechanicals of the circumstance. Invention was treading on the heels of invention, more powerful machines were crowding into the places of less powerful, electricity had followed steam — every child knows that triumphant progression. Whatever was wrong must be on the human side. We had a feeling the trouble lay with our rich men.

Did we know just what that trouble was? No. We had the political fear of riches and rich men which is inherent in the democratic idea; the fear, not of moderate, but of immoderate inequalities of property; the fear of wealth's power to corrupt the electorate, tempt the legislatures, bribe the courts, subsidize the newspapers. We had in addition the economic fear that grew out of the simple pot-of-gold notion; there was just so much wealth for the lot of us, rich and poor, and unless we fought for it the rich would contrive to get not only their own share of the pot but our share too.

But we stopped fighting the rich men. We abandoned our opposition

to the great accumulations of wealth. Without making any explanations, without giving any reasons, with no expressions of chagrin or surprise or apology, we executed a *volte-face*; we laid down our weapons; we quit. Why did we do it? Something must have occurred; what was it? Was it that we had concluded we were helpless? Had we decided to be good sports and give in? Or was it that we had come to a better sense of the value, to us, of other men's great wealth, that we had been educated, that we had ceased to be 'economic illiterates'? Or was it our prosperity, the economic revolution, the new and wide distribution of property, the fact that millions of us had ourselves become bondholders and shareholders, owners of bank books, holders of insurance policies — had this altered our outlook on wealth? Or had the rich man himself altered — had the leopard changed his spots? Had the trend toward 'better business' satisfied us, the adoption of codes of business ethics, the substitution of 'the public be pleased' for 'the public be damned,' removed our apprehensions?

All these account for some things. But they do not make clear the main thing; they are not enough to explain the astonishing change in our behavior toward riches and rich men. For how prodigious a change it is! Think of it. No other people in any other age had ever feared the rich as we here in America had come to fear them at the end of the last century, and no other people in all of history has ever been less worried over them than are we only a short quarter of a century later.

And yet we have not changed our minds about the talents or habits or the nature of the money-makers — not at all. It is not that we find ourselves mistaken in our estimate of them. We have discovered nothing in them now that we did not know before; we do not

see their peculiar qualities now in any different light from that in which we saw them a generation ago, or, for that matter, in any different light from that in which all generations have seen them, in which Isaiah and the son of Sirach saw them in their time.

We see the money-makers the same as we did. But we do not see them in the same place we had been seeing them. We made a mistake as to the place they were to occupy. We discovered that the money-makers were not to be in the dominant position from which, in our baffled state of mind, we had felt ourselves helpless to keep them. They were not to occupy the new seat of command — this was the substance of the revelation which came to cut through our fears as easily and definitely as the knife cuts through the knot.

It had seemed to us inevitable that the money-maker hold this new place of command in our progress. Events, inventions, the ever faster turning of the machinery, the emphasis on prosperity, the decline of agriculture, the growth of cities, the changing outlook of the nation, the course of education and politics, the altered position of the Church, of the State itself — all combined to inform us that a strange kind of life was developing here in America. For want of a better name we called it the 'industrial life'; the age that was opening we called the 'Industrial Age.' We did not know what an industrial age was; there never had been one, but we could see that manufacturing and distributing, buying and selling, were to be chief functions in it. Who could be the men to show us the way in such an age? Who could perform the offices in it? Who were fitted to this new job? Not the churchmen — that was obvious. Not the military men — that was of all things certain. Not the political men, though there were some

who for a time tried to make themselves and the rest of us believe it.

The process of exclusion led relentlessly to the money-maker. What other man existed whose talents ran to manufacturing and distributing, to buying and selling, profiting and saving? Only the money-maker — it seemed mercilessly plain, yet we struggled to resist the recognition of it.

Our resistance was in itself full of meaning. The true guides in any age are welcomed by the people, acclaimed by them; the dominant men in any time automatically inspire the trust and confidence of the time, not its fear and hatred and resentment. It seems as if some prophet in the generation that is just past might have seen this, might have put two and two together and foretold what was in the wind. But no prophet did.

And so the new men who began to make their appearance among us came all unheralded. They took us by surprise. For they were a sort of men who never had got their heads above the water of events, had never been called into action by the needs of any previous time, had never corresponded to any time that is known to us. They corresponded exactly to our time. They were the key men of our age. They were the men fitted for the new job. They were the men designed to fill the places we had feared must be occupied by the money-makers. They had scarcely begun to act before we felt their significance.

And so soon as we did, almost overnight our whole outlook changed and our behavior with it. We were no longer afraid. We were no longer resentful. The frightening money-makers receded into the hinterland of our calculations. They were still in the orchestra, but they were to play only second fiddle. They were not to announce the theme. The curtain had

lifted now on the play itself, and we realized that what we had been witnessing was only prologue; we realized that the money-makers were not, as we had thought, destined to play the chief parts—they were to fill the minor rôles only, hold the stage until the leading actors came on.

These latter had never had the first parts since the stage was set for civilization. Why do they have them now? Why are they the key men of the time? They are the key men because they are the dominant men of industry and industry is the key establishment of our time. In this new age of ours it is not religion, it is not politics, it is not the military establishment, which gives the shape to our whole society. It is industry. The needs of industry have become the mould for our politics and our pieties; the aims of industry color our education and our ethics, dictate our books and our buildings—it is thus that the dominant men of industry have become the key men of the age.

I shall try to show how the temperaments of these new men design them for the dominance in our industry. To this end let me talk a little about the new leisure. The most deep-reaching of the changes in our life flow from industry's need of our leisure.

III

For what reason, through the ages, have men been given rest from work? They have been given rest in order that they might come back refreshed to do more work. 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' The more sweat, the more bread. The more work and the less rest, the more goods to use. These rules have held from the very beginning until just yesterday. These laws have governed throughout all the ages of scarcity; they have

obtained during all this time that there was not enough to go around. America was destined to make the first change in the laws. Amalthæa's horn fitted with electric motors, a power plant installed in the cornucopia, machinery set up in a land of milk and honey—the result was bound to be profusion, more than enough to go around. New conditions teach new laws; there are bound to be new rules to fit the new condition of more than enough to go around.

In the profusion circumstance, work is no longer the chief necessity. Leisure becomes a necessity, too, a necessity that is at least coördinate with work. Leisure is no longer important just in terms of work. It is important on its own account. To-day there are two pillars to industry where yesterday there was but one; one pillar is still the worker's work, the other is the worker's leisure.

No matter what our workers think to get with their eight-hour day, their seven-hour day, whether it be time for physical recreation, whether they want mere negative escape from the grind of machinery or opportunity for reading and general culture—whatever the conscious aims, we can be sure of one thing their leisure is to bring. There is no longer any question what is the purpose that will be served when they have succeeded in setting the Creator an example and resting from their labors on two days out of the seven instead of only one. The five-day worker will have two full days in which to use the goods he has been making, to wear out his automobile, to use up tires and gas, making place for more automobiles, tires, and gas, and all those other things, vegetable and mineral, which industry must keep on turning out, which must be taken away from the mouth of the machine if the energy stored there is not to be dammed

up and an explosion to follow. We can no longer spare the spare time. Leisure efficiency is to be as important as labor efficiency — there can be no doubt of that.

The money-maker could operate labor efficiency. It is impossible for him to operate leisure efficiency. The money-maker's talents matched the scarcity circumstance. He knew how to function usefully, even if ignobly, in the periods when work was the thing to which an employer kept his eye ever single. An economic age in which leisure is an asset is as different from an economic age in which leisure is a liability as politics is different from navigation. The talents to the front of industry when the highest prosperity is conditioned on the most possible work to be got out of men are not the talents to show the way when the highest prosperity depends on the most possible leisure to be allowed men.

How the money-makers have resisted the leisure movement! They had to resist it; according to their make-up, they could not help but fight it. It ran against the very grain of their nature. For consider what they made its meaning out to be. It showed, they cried, that workers no longer had any interest in the job: they watched the clock, they were growing lazy, irresponsible, shiftless; they purposed a tyranny through sabotage — what was the world coming to! But could the money-makers turn their temperaments upside down, inside out? Oh yes, they could reconcile themselves to the new situation — to any situation. That has ever been the money-maker's talent — his ability to adjust himself to the time's changing demands.

But the key men of a period are not those who adjust themselves; they are adjusted to the period by their very nature. Reconciled to the movement

for leisure? To these new men I am describing, leisure appears so right and natural that they are not conscious of it any more than a fish is conscious of the water or a bird of the air. The parts in them are geared to this driving force of the Industrial Age. They could not function at all — indeed, they did not function at all — in any other age. They were born with the leisure sense, the profusion sense, the new industrial sense. It will never bother them that workers watch the clock, for when the hand marks the end of the production day it is also pointing to the beginning of the consumption day. It will not fret them if men come to work only four hours and rest twelve hours out of the day, if four-twelve be the combination which opens the door of the profusion chest.

Already enough of these key men of the new time are scattered here and there through industry, in manufacturing, in the engineering fields, in the new forms of retail trade, in the public utilities — not so many of them outstanding yet, but still enough of them for us to recognize the breed. It will help us to see them if we can clear out of the way one thing that has particularly obstructed our view. That is their wealth.

For they are 'successful' men even as the money-makers are successful men. These key men of our time have sometimes even more income to report than our money-makers; more income to report, and sometimes more losses to report, too. In short, from the point of view of the income-tax collector, there is nothing to distinguish the key men from the money-makers. But dominant men have nearly always been wealthy men. Augustus possessed an enormous fortune; Sixtus was an unparalleled success in filling his treasury; Charlemagne had immense properties. Yet none of these was a money-maker,

none was what we should call a man of the acquisitive talent. Nobody would have confused these dominant men with the merely rich men of their times — nobody would have confused Augustus with Trimalchio. There was nothing to associate the kings and the merchant princes together in anybody's mind. If for no other reason, they were employed in widely different places. Kings were in the castles, or priests were in the churches, or generals were on the field of battle, while money-makers were in the market place. Kings wore crowns, or priests mitres, or soldiers swords, whereas rich men wore business clothes. The latter could be told apart from the others as easily as, on the chessboard, knight and bishop can be separated from pawns. But in our modern time the key men and the money-makers both alike are to be found in the market place; both alike wear business clothes; in their ordinary comings and goings one resembles the other as, among the chessmen, the pawns resemble each other.

Yet despite their agreements, which, for the purposes of this piece, may be called accidental, the function of our key men is even more different from the function of the money-makers than was the action which is natural to king or priest or warrior different from the action which is natural to a money-maker. There is even more difference between the outlook of our key men and that of the money-makers than between the outlook of money-makers and that of the dominant men of political, religious, or military ages.

For the kings and popes and great soldiers had this at least in common with the merchants and bankers of their day, as they had it in common with each other: they were all talented for working in the human material,

overcoming the inherent difficulties of it. Nature had constructed all of them alike in this, so that when they were called to act it was always to manipulate their fellow men. One of them was gifted for building states out of men, another for building churches out of men, still another for building armies out of men — out of men with their various hopes and fears, their needs and desires, their appetites and prejudices, apathies and ambitions. The money-maker's talent was for building fortunes out of men. All, the dominant talents no less than the money-makers, saw man in the centre of life, saw the social institution to consist first of all of souls, of minds, of individuals, of men and women and children, of fathers and mothers, sons and daughters.

But the new kind of man, our key man, opens his strange eyes and sees another order of world altogether. Men and women are in it, more of them than ever the kings saw, or the churchmen, or the military men. For in the new man's eyes there is no one, man, woman, or child, who is not a potential unit in the new universe; no matter of what country, faith, or color, all count equally — the brave and the cowards, the weak and the strong, the believers and the unbelievers, the patriots and the scorners, those who can pass the intelligence tests and those who cannot. But although the numbers of human beings that he sees are infinitely larger, his perception of them is much less vivid; they take up a much less important place in his mental view. People are not in the foreground for him; they compose a nebulous design in the background. The new man sees the human creatures in the world, sees them even as the sands upon the seashore, in multitude, but it is not they that touch his imagination; it is not they that inspire him; it is not

people that move him to action; by and in themselves, they leave him cold. In his scheme they count, not as individual souls, workable material, but only as a great mass of physical items, receptive units, whose common denominator is no higher than the atom.

But this does not mean that he turns back in the book of civilization to the first difficult chapters and begins to write over again what was set down there. This is not history repeating itself; this is history that never before was written.

This man does not see himself a lord over multitudes of willing serfs; he does not see people as slaves bought and sold. He is not obsessed with any notions of responsibility to his fellow men, either; he does not believe himself to be a trustee for them; he is no philanthropist, no reformer — nothing of this familiar sort. For to the key man the centre of life is not men, but that which in itself has no life. The world he looks upon is not anthropocentric. Men and women are not at the middle of it.

IV

The new kind of man sees, not human beings, but things at the centre of life. He is the prophet of things. He is at home among things. He is in his element among things. He hears the voices of things and can tell what they are saying. His talents force him into the service of things. When he acts, there are happenings among things. To lead things, to rule them, to guide them, to show things the way — this is the principle of his existence. To set things free, to liberate them from their age-old prisons — this is his passion, this is his genius. But things have been here always. Where has the prophet of things been all this time?

Why does he only now forge to the front?

The machine was his opportunity. The machine was the signal that the new man's hour had come. It was the machine summoned him. The machine was fire stolen from Heaven to animate things. Now at last things, which through all the ages, slaves of inexorable time, had lain bound in the deep dungeons of earth, had been chained in lonely forests, had been entombed in the seas, confined in the atmosphere, could be set free. The machine would break the shackles of things. Ore from the mines, wood from the forests, sand and clay from the pits, stone from the quarries — machines would give them wings, would change them as by magic into bathtubs and oil burners, refrigerators and vacuum cleaners, houses and theatres, railroads and airplanes. Education was the condition of the freedom of man; as education was to the freedom of man, so was machinery to the freedom of things. But things could not be free unless men were free to receive them, to use them. And that is where leisure comes in. Machinery and leisure, each was useless without the other. The new man did not bring this leisure to men. He was not the prophet of leisure, but he was the priest of leisure.

The money-maker had seen machinery as his ally. It would help him in his function of exploiting men. Machinery would multiply the goods he had to sell. How dispose of those goods then? The money-maker responded to high-power production by putting the emphasis of his energies on high-power salesmanship, on organized persuasion, on service. The new man, on the other hand, sees machinery as the instrument of things; the emphasis of his energies is thus upon efficiency, standardization, mass production, mass distribution. High-power salesmanship,

service, you see, was the response of the temperament which fulfills itself by exploiting men. The response of the temperament which fulfills itself by exploiting things was standardization, mass production. The money-maker saw the multiplying power of the machine, saw the extra product pouring out of the mouth of machinery, and immediately he turned to the people, immediately he increased his efforts to manipulate them, to enlarge the field of their wants, to convert more of their luxuries into necessities, to work upon their vanities, to play upon their fears — in short, to make them buy the goods. But when the new man came upon the scene, when he saw the multiplying power of the machine, he saw just that and nothing else. This is how the lenses of his eyes were ground. He gave his whole attention to the things to be produced. He did not turn about and give a part of his thought to the men who were to buy the things. His business was to set things free; he did that, and the things did the rest; he standardized, he manufactured in mass, he retailed in mass — he dumped the goods down in big heaps of small parcels for the people to take away. He made it possible for things to bring into operation their own laws, to make their own way in the world; he left it for the things to do the work.

Naturally our fear of great wealth left us. Spontaneously our distrust of rich men dissolved. We saw that it was not the money-makers who were to be the key men. We saw now that the power of machinery was not to be used to exploit us. It was not the money-makers who were to point the direction for the new time. We saw that those who were to point the direction had no designs upon our liberty; their eyes were not on our pockets; they had no interest in 'taking the bread out of our children's mouths,' in 'enslaving us.' For that matter they had no interest in keeping us free, either, except as we must be free to consume goods. Their business, their aims, ambitions, purposes, passions, their function — all were in terms of things, all were centred in things. Their interest was in things and not in us. Their power was over things and not over us.

V

Is it good? Is it bad? Where will it end? What kind of future is this we are looking into now? Men whose interest it is to release things — must not the resulting profusion defeat itself, overleap its banks, drown everything — freedom, opportunity, law, order, justice, even profusion itself?

Some people fear this. Perhaps they are right. Let us hope not.

SHALL WE SEND OUR CHILDREN TO CHURCH?

BY M'CREADY SYKES

I

AN appeal was published last winter calling on parents to send their children to church. American fathers and mothers were reproached for not bringing their children, as the appeal put it, to the 'house of God.' The committee, which included names distinguished in the religious world, deplored the growing neglect by parents of the habit of formal public worship. The younger generation was growing up, it was said, without the familiar and habitual religious contacts afforded by church services, and this was quite evidently regarded by the distinguished authors as reflecting a drifting away, passive rather than active — as an almost unconscious submergence of the sense of spiritual values. The world was too much with us.

It may be questioned whether the underlying assumption of the churches' appeal is well founded. If one were to try to fix some past time in our history when the ethical appeal was more potent, when the men and women on whom leadership is cast were more responsive to appeals based on spiritual rather than material considerations, it would be extremely difficult to do it. It is doubtful whether at any past time so many of our ablest men have given themselves with anything like the devotion of our own age to the causes that make for truth and righteousness rather than for the rewards of a materialistic society. True, the reaction may be less emotional; it may be

revealed in the steady and prosaic searching out of causes and conditions rather than in a vague emotional glow. Frequently it almost goes out of its way to avoid a too definite avowal even of a spiritual or idealistic purpose. It is part of the heritage of the English-speaking peoples that they should not wear their heart on their sleeve. Not everyone that sayeth 'Lord, Lord' shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

After we have allowed for all the worldliness, the silliness, the striving to be in the swim, the vogue of the great god Splurge — after we have allowed for all that, we have still the unquestionable potency, simply overwhelming on any fair perspective, of the sense of spiritual values, of the imponderables, of a dominating ethical concept that in greater and greater degree inspires men of light and leading and sooner or later is translated into action.

Nevertheless, it is undeniably true in the families of intelligent men and women, of those upon whom is thrust the responsibility of doing that part of the world's work that has to be thought out, among our business and professional men, scientists, university professors, and in general the families of recognized intelligence and leadership, that the children are not being sent to church to anything like the extent that children in families of that sort were sent, say, a generation ago. The churches' complaint is well founded on the facts.

It may be that this tendency is to be deplored. It is no part of my purpose to maintain that it is not. Even among those who find themselves not altogether in sympathy with the church's pronouncements, it is a commonplace that nothing is at hand to take its place. Most of the men past middle life who are now carrying on the actual responsible work of their generation grew up in an atmosphere where long association, the most appealing traditions, and a veneration inspired in their most impressionable years united to inculcate an affectionate loyalty which will last throughout their life. But they do not, habitually and universally, send their children to church. Last winter's organized appeal, altogether typical of appeals made constantly, reflects the obvious fact that for the younger generation the church does not march with the leadership and inspiration it had for that generation's fathers.

It is not a question of numbers, nor is the truth of it impaired by the results of the recent rather doctrinal and theoretical questionnaire sent out under church auspices. The annual Thanksgiving proclamation follows the traditional form. Sessions of Congress and of the state legislatures are still opened with prayer. The church still asserts its authority to declare the sanctions of matrimony and of its dissolution. Lawmaking bodies still discuss, and occasionally enact, statutes forbidding the teaching in public schools of anything inconsistent with Genesis. In outward speech the recitals of submission to the pronouncements of the infallible book which Protestantism substituted for an infallible church continue almost unchanged. Nor, indeed, is it to be doubted that behind it rises a popular sentiment potent to a terrific degree. What in England they used to call the 'nonconformist

conscience' is with us approximately represented by that congeries of emotions, mental reactions, traditions, convictions, and aspirations which, to take a familiar instance, functions vigorously in response to such appeals as that made by the late Mr. Bryan when he fought for his faith in Tennessee. It may well be that if we were to count heads we should find among our own people a clear numerical majority in sympathy with Mr. Bryan's well-known theological views. It is not to this majority that the appeal to send its children to church is addressed.

That appeal goes out to professional men, to the leaders in industry, to engineers, to university professors, to the better educated and more intelligent. Again marking our group by a characteristic instance, we might identify it as including those of the community who would find inspiration in Eliot's *Religion of the Future* rather than in Bryan's defense of the anti-evolution law of Tennessee. The immediate problem is not the attitude and approach of which group are in closer accord with truth or radiate higher spiritual values. It is rather to answer the question of why it is that among the former, among intelligent men and women whom one could hardly accuse of failing to lead lives of inspiration and service to their time, there is a growing disinclination to bring up their children in intimate and sympathetic contact with the rites and services of the church.

For suppose the ministers and the evangelical alliances and the committees for reviving church attendance have erred in their diagnosis? Suppose the disinclination on the part of these parents to send their children to church reflects not an unwillingness to have them attend the 'house of God,' but a profound doubt whether the church

may always fairly be described as the house of God or the pulpit deliverances as utterances inspired by God? Then indeed should we have a quite different problem; one that might perhaps call for a searching of heart on the part of the church rather than a more dutiful submission on the part of the parents the faces of whose children are missed from the congregation. And that such searching of the heart is plainly enough in progress illustrates perhaps the enduring vitality of the church. The ministry is full of men fired with the spirit of devotion and sacrifice, eager at all times to learn wherein the church may more vitally and efficiently minister to the needs of humanity.

II

It is a far cry from the fierce disputes of science and theology of the seventies. The voices of Huxley and the embattled divines have long been hushed. But the instinct of Gladstone and his bishops, of the men who fought so valiantly against the new science, was a sound instinct. The methods of science were devastating to Christian theology. I know it is altogether the fashion to say otherwise, but the very currency of the polite phrase that between science and revealed religion there is no conflict is but an illustration of the overpowering potency, in the folk ways of the race, exercised by the priests and spokesmen of a dominant religion.

There is nothing to be gained by obscuring the issue. To a generation grown up under the influence of the scientific spirit, one that has seen the whole content of the interpretation of phenomena transformed almost beneath its eyes and has rewritten human history in terms of spiritual values, there is one prime virtue demanded of those who would expound the meaning

of the universe. That virtue is intellectual integrity, and that virtue, one must with reluctance and disappointment confess, is precisely the virtue for which the methods and traditions of a church claiming authority, or expounding writings claimed to be authoritative, are not a favoring environment.

Parents sympathetic by personal association and tradition with the church are, it is complained, nevertheless not strongly moved to take their children regularly and habitually to its services. To answer that in many cases one reason for this indifference is not blindness to spiritual values, but rather an uncomfortable realization that in its authoritative pronouncements the church frequently flouts the obligations of intellectual integrity, is indeed not the pleasantest kind of answer to have to make, but it is far better that we should declare it frankly. The overwhelming majority of intelligent men are sympathetic with the church, but they have little confidence that it will appeal to their children as it has done to them unless it thoroughly and whole-heartedly makes its formal pronouncements square with the requirements of reason and intelligence.

It is not only in such matters of dogmatic theology as the reiteration of the historicity of the virgin birth, of the miracles as a whole, of the bodily resurrection of Jesus, that offending is evident. The formal declarations on such things are bad enough. If, for example, one chooses to believe in the virgin birth because it is a dogma of the church, he has manifestly already accepted the major premise that all dogmas of the church are to be believed. But that major premise no longer finds easy acceptance; so from the pulpit we hear curious defenses of the historic accuracy of the story of the virgin birth — arguments so preposterous, so

tenuous and pitiful, so childish in method, as to be beneath contempt. What can we say for the intellectual integrity of the preacher who seriously cites as a prophecy of the virgin birth the familiar passage from Isaiah, a passage which in private conversation any educated clergyman will agree had, as indeed the context plainly shows, a purely local and temporal reference, one whose subject was fully exhausted within a few months from the time the words were spoken? The question is not of the importance of the historicity of the virgin birth. The disquieting feature is that men who by intensive education should be best qualified to speak with authority should pervert their office to presentation of arguments unworthy of a schoolboy.

Any educated clergyman will say freely enough in the seclusion of his study that the Hexateuch is blended of the Elohist and Jahvist writings, with large additions of a Deuteronomist author and a portion known as the Priestly Law, that these were not gathered together until long after the time of the earlier Jewish kings, and that they are largely legendary; but if he talks too much of this from his pulpit he knows that he is quite likely to get into trouble. So, too, no educated clergyman thinks of the Synoptic Gospels as narratives of eyewitnesses; neither is he ignorant of the vast time that elapsed before the author of the Fourth Gospel began to write down his strange, mystical interpretation of the Jesus who had lived generations before. He is acquainted with the profound gulf that separates the actual life and work of Jesus of Nazareth from the involved Pauline theology that succeeded it. All these things have long been thoroughly comprehended in the highest places of the church; nor, one may safely believe, does the most obscurant theological

seminary fail to make its students acquainted with them. And the more intelligent of the clergy would not dream of disputing at least the more striking and elementary of the conclusions reached in the historical searching of sources that has been part of recognized Biblical scholarship for the past fifty or seventy-five years.

Let us be quite frank about it. The church has not been fair with its own people. Its spokesmen have not on the whole given its own people a fair or comprehensive picture of the very subject matter of the gospel it was preaching.

They must have known better, for example, than to declare that, if the results of research in geology and biology did not square with the creation legends set down in Genesis, they should be rejected. Yet one does not have to be very old to remember how bitter were the fulminations directed against Darwin and Huxley and Tyndall; how terribly the bishops thundered in the seventies. That seems a long time ago; but it was that tradition, that way of looking at new facts, at research, from which survive the fierce resentments, the angry intolerance, the implacable fixed ideas that find voice in such laws as the Tennessee statute under which it was forbidden to teach in the public schools anything in biology or geology not in accord with Genesis.

That, let us thankfully assume, may be a belated survival, the defiant gesture of entrenched ignorance, not truly representative of the church. But the trouble is not with this detail or that. The church may have been laughed out of its insistence that the Babylonian myths preserved in the Jahvist and Elohist writings from which the Hebrew Scriptures were derived are to be taken as authentic history. The trouble is not with the particular conclusion

reached; it is with the whole method and approach. The disquieting fact that troubles the parents is that in investigating and interpreting the facts of the universe the method and approach are often not consistent with intellectual integrity.

'Ah, but the church is not, and never was, the organ or instrument in the search for truth in the scientific field! Its world is the spiritual world. It is spiritual values that it seeks out and holds before us. It is in ethics, in conduct, in the spiritual interpretation of the universe, that it speaks with authoritative voice. There its light is the illumination of divine truth.' Such is the consoling reconciliation so much in fashion. 'There is no conflict between science and revealed religion. Each has its own sphere.'

The church was in the wrong when it condemned the men who said there were antipodes. It was wrong when it condemned Galileo and Copernicus. It was wrong when it declared that any deliverances of palæontology or biology contrary to the scriptural records of special creation were to be spewed from men's mouths as unholy and impious. Men have suffered ostracism, exile, torture, and death for opposing in these things the church's pronouncement of a divine mandate. How are we to know that its methods and processes come with more authentic inspiration when we pass into the field of ethics, of morals, of conduct, and the whole plan of spiritual things?

III

It may well be that in the eager and reverent study of the life of Jesus of Nazareth our children will find a living gospel potent with spiritual values ample for the making over of the world. By our earliest and most powerful associations, by tradition and the living force of the most appealing ideals and

aspirations of Western civilization, we parents are for the most part willing that the Christian church should be, if it will, the chief instrument for organizing the spiritual life of the younger generation. But how can we look with hope, or indeed with anything but dread of sorrowful disillusion, to a propaganda whose methods conflict with intellectual integrity and whose most definitely organized and formal arguments and pronouncements are so frequently beneath contempt?

For we should not lay the flattering unction to our souls that there is the remotest chance of our children working into their spiritual life the mystical heritage of theological concepts that no longer have correspondence with any reality we know. Even in the Episcopal Church, in whose tradition there has always been a powerful protest against the submergence of reason, we begin our service with the servile declaration that we are all miserable offenders and that there is no health in us. Were our children to begin their week-day tasks with any such whining of a morbid defeatism we should realize that they needed an instant change of environment.

Do our children believe, as they are told a few moments later, that God hath given power to his ministers to declare and pronounce to his people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins, and that such absolution is limited to those who 'unfeignedly believe his holy Gospel'? What is their reaction to the dreadful commination in the Catechism, where, in defining the nature and effect of infant baptism, it is said of baptized children that 'being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath,' they are thereby 'made the children of grace'?

Have we any expectation that our children will take these things seriously, or believe them? Are we content

that they should take them seriously, or believe them?

But, it is said, we need not trouble with dogma. For the millions reared in the traditional faith the historic doctrines of the church have been sources, not only of inspiration and righteousness of life, but of abiding strength and serenity of spirit. It is by their fruits that we shall know them. True, and none realize this more profoundly than these same parents to whom the appeal of the churches comes. It is because of this that their attitude is in no way antagonistic. They would have the church live and flourish. Nor is it merely the church as a social institution with which they would gladly see their children united in close and vital fellowship. They have traditionally looked to the church for spiritual leadership, but they can have but faint hope of the enduring spiritual leadership of those who, week in and week out with monotonous iteration, ring the changes on formularies so utterly divorced from reality that their denunciations no longer terrify and their promises no longer allure.

The fundamental appeal of Christianity is as a way of life. It is the spiritual interpretation of the universe in the light of a great personality. The perpetual freshness and vitality of its appeal have survived the incrustation of creeds and dogmas that men have erected about it. Why then do we fear that after all these centuries attendance upon its established rites and services will alienate from it the younger generation, or at least dull their ears to its appeal? We fear it because until very modern times indeed there has been no sharp cleavage between the content of our knowledge of the universe and the authoritative deliverances of the church. More or less — never altogether, never quite with complete frankness, but more or less — the

church has in past generations been in part the spokesman of what there was of scholarship, of patient research, of searching for the truth of the universe. In the method, approach, and deliverances of the spokesmen of revealed religion there was nothing hopelessly and irreconcilably in conflict with reason or abhorrent to truth so far as truth had been learned of men. Now there is, and that's the pity of it.

The virgin birth is not inherently important. Miracles are not inherently important. The legends of the fall, the diagnosis of the divine decrees of the supralapsarian Trinitarians, the involutions of the Pauline theology, the metamorphosis of the radiant figure of the Synoptics into the mystical theologian of the Fourth Gospel, are perhaps not inherently important. But when the priests and spokesmen of a powerful institution, the men chosen to represent its judgment and scholarship, maintain these things by unsound and hopelessly discredited formulas of evaluation and the perversion of rational judgments, it is exceedingly important.

Do these things awaken the spiritual consciousness of the children? Do they, indeed, arouse their interest? Do they stimulate in the house of God more than a drowsy fuddling of the mental and spiritual powers of the attendants? Are we quite sure that these somnolent stirrings of the children's spiritual nature, these rituals of formularies discarded by reason, impotent to interest the children or vitalize their faculties, are altogether an appealing offering to the Almighty? Should not the churches try to make their services potent to arouse the interest of the children, to awaken their noblest intellectual and spiritual reactions, rather than ask us to run the risk of forcing on the Lord an unwilling and unintelligent worship?

To come back to our fundamental complaint, in too many places in the church its spokesmen do not meet us with intellectual integrity. We should be shocked to have our children follow along their path. Down that path we cannot discern a clear light.

Whether Protestantism can so interpret the life and work of Jesus of Nazareth as to restore the radiance of a personality that it is not hard to think of as yet potent to transform and save the world — this is the momentous question that our churches have at their door. Is there hope of it in dogma, in the reverent repetition of manuscripts, however sacred, in the

traditional prayerful recitals of thanksgiving and avowals of utter unworthiness, in the ecstasy of assurance of personal salvation by acceptance of a vicarious sacrifice — is there hope of it in these, or indeed is there hope that these will appreciably impress the spiritual consciousness of our children? Frankly, we should not like to see our children led or inspired by them.

Yet here are the children, waiting outside the church door. Impelled by the most powerful of traditions and the affections of a lifetime, most of us, perhaps, too old now to be eager to break the ancient ties, send our children within the door. How long will they stay there?

MISTRESS JOACHIM

BY GRACE ZARING STONE

I

WHEN Father Kinkaid, the Moravian pastor, went into his study after his siesta he found on his desk a pink envelope addressed to him and marked 'urgent.' He had not heard anyone bring it. Far from feeling a desire to tear it open, he sat down to enjoy a speculation as to what it might contain. The possibilities of things urgent in Frederiksted seemed to him simple and limited. At this hour of the day the little town was just stirring languorously from slumber, a few *jalousies* were opening, the streets were silent and empty under heavy sunlight; beyond lay the tranquil countryside, great houses moored in seas of cane stubble; in the fields negroes, impersonal as ants, moved about their accustomed toil.

He picked up the envelope and examined the handwriting. It was rather childish, unformed. A perfume, probably French and expensive, floated up from it, bringing to his mind that detestable Haitian poet, Dumenisl, with his crinkly imperial, and a Cape jasmine in his buttonhole. That fellow was always odorous with some scent or other; he left a trail behind him in the street. But it was extremely unlikely that Dumenisl should be writing him a note. They had never spoken except to salute in passing. It was unlikely indeed that anyone should write him such a note. If he had not believed himself to know intimately everyone in Frederiksted, or at least to know all about everyone, he would have imagined that,

like some box of Pandora, it contained extraordinary passions and terrors. It was probably a request for the loan of five francs. And one thing was certain — it was more amusing unopened than read.

A step sounded in his doorway. 'Come in, Vashti,' he said, looking up. A negress stood there in her bright madras, topped by a big straw hat. She was barefoot and carried a wooden tray of little rolls covered by a napkin. She stood uneasily shifting her weight from foot to foot.

'Father,' she began in an incredibly nasal voice, 'Father' — and stopped.

'Go on, Vashti. Has he been beating you again?'

'Yes, Father. Last week he break my mouth with a rock,' — she pointed to a swollen jaw, — 'and then he climb up in the turpentine tree, so to harass I before the neighbors and make a far-away scandal. But that is not the trouble I come about. He does do bad things — plenty bad.'

'Perhaps he feels you have not been too good to him, Vashti.'

Her voice climbed without transition to a shout. 'Me bad! My soul! With he t'iefing my best fowls to give to that hussy, that Eglantine living by the market? No, man! It is not I who is bad.' The blaze in her eyes died; she took a wheedling tone. 'He does do something plenty bad, though. They put him in the fort for it, please God.'

Father Kinkaid leaned back in his chair. 'Well, I don't want to hear about it. I don't believe in women bearing tales against their lawful husbands.' He felt the weakness of the refusal. What he really wanted was to avoid the dreariness of a domestic recital. 'Well, tell me then, if you must,' he said resignedly. 'I may be able to help you.'

But his refusal had checked her. He could watch, like the struggle of a

beetle on the floor, all her indecision suddenly roused by unlooked-for opposition. She rubbed her forehead with a large-knuckled hand and frowned at him. He waited a moment, but her tongue was locked.

'Where does Joseph work now?' he prompted.

She still hesitated, a bit sullen because he had confused her.

'At La Grange,' she said reluctantly.

'Well, it is a good thing he is working there. They are splendid people to work for. They must be very busy too just now.'

She looked away with something furtive in her eyes. 'La Grange don't see that fellow long.'

'See here, Vashti!' He banged his fist on the table. 'If you have any mind to practise tricks on him or on Eglantine you will suffer for it. Can you people never learn to control yourselves? Don't you know what makes you different from those swine out there in the street? It is your power to exercise control over your functions, over your reason. The moment you cease to do that you become like them again. Don't you see?'

'Father, I put no obeah on he or anybody. I kiss my hand to Jesus, it is so!' She kissed it and tilted her straw hat forward on her head. 'Father, I would not have the *pre*-sumption to come to you, but you does be so good to a poor girl, and I don't want harm coming to you.'

'No harm is coming to me, Vashti.'

She lowered her eyes almost coquettishly. 'No one knows what the Lord have in store for us, Father.'

'Quite true,' he murmured. 'Well, go think it over, Vashti. Send Joseph to me and I'll talk to him. And by the way, have you any bread for me?'

She lifted her napkin and took out six little rolls on a cardboard. She put them on the desk while he looked in

the drawer and discovered two Danish francs. 'Here,' he said. 'An exorbitant price for you — be off with it.' He put it in her hand and added, 'And be good.'

She turned to go, stupidity, bewilderment, and a little relief on her face. At the door she suddenly stepped aside to make way for the tall figure of a woman, who brushed past into the room.

Father Kinkaid looked up. He did not recognize the woman, but she turned to speak to Vashti a moment.

'Are you Joseph's wife?' she asked.

'Yes, Mistress.'

The woman continued to stare at her, then said shortly, 'Go home. Do not talk so much.'

'Yes, Mistress — at your service, Mistress.' Vashti drew her hat farther across her eyes and slipped out the door.

Father Kinkaid recognized her now. She was Mistress Joachim, and if he had picked the least likely visitor from the island it would have been she. He frowned at her a moment without rising. The sun had come to the line of his desk and struck all his scattered papers, casting a glow on his rather small face, which was without beauty and had only a wide, humorous nose to give it strength.

'Good afternoon, Father,' she said a bit sharply, as if to call herself to his attention.

'You wanted to see me?' he asked, standing up at last.

'Yes. Is it so surprising? Let us go into the garden. Your study is so close, and I should like to see your plants.' She rustled ahead of him into the open space between houses which was his garden. It was paved in tiles, and against the yellow plaster walls bloomed a splendid little forest of crotons in jars, copper-leaved, bronzed, gilded, or stained as with wine. There was a well in the centre of the court; painted iron

chairs, and an old Danish lamp turning green. They sat down facing each other, while Father Kinkaid looked keenly at his visitor.

She was, in her blue-gray silk dress covered by a black lace shawl, quite monumental; his own small, elegant figure seemed to shrink as he looked at her. She carried a black carriage parasol, wore a French hat with plumes, French gloves; but, despite the sober colors she had chosen, her cheeks and lips, her throat, glowed with the exuberant brilliance of tropical fruit. He recalled various things he had heard of her: that her grandmother was a 'tie-head' and squatted in the market place of Charlotte Amalie selling vegetables from a wooden tray; that she herself had passed from lover to lover, beginning with a steward in Government House and progressing by way of a Danish sailor from one of the warships (and goodness knows how many others) to one of the wealthiest Jewish merchants of Charlotte Amalie. This Joachim, already an old man, had left her a considerable portion of his fortune. His name she had brazenly appropriated after his death. She had only recently come to St. Croix, where she lived in a big house and, among a certain society of the place, passed for a lady of consequence and great elegance. It was true that of late she was talked about for associating with some of the element that was provoking unrest among the negroes on the estates. She was even suspected of supplying them with funds and of lodging certain persons from Haiti and Santo Domingo in her house. Probably, however, this was all market gossip. She was a regular attendant at church. On one occasion, when he had given her the Communion, tears had streamed down her face. He had said to himself that for the moment she probably fancied herself a repentant Magdalen.

While he continued to look at her keenly and not too kindly, she took out a black fan and fanned herself in a manner which was irritating, as being, like the rest of her, an imitation of elegance. 'Does she wish me to suppose,' he said to himself, 'that she is unaccustomed to the heat?'

'Mistress Joachim,' he said briskly, 'I am sure you have come to see me on some important matter.'

'Are you in a hurry?' she asked languidly. Her voice had the singsong of the Creole, but it was richer-toned, with a romantic sort of huskiness, from rum probably, and she was short of breath so that she was obliged to stop every now and then, even in the midst of sentences, to draw a sharp sigh. 'Because if you are, I can come again.' But she settled back more deeply.

He was still amazed that she should have come to see him. Was there to be a discussion of her religious progress, or, most likely, was she presuming on her only possible trespass into that luminous world of white respectability?

'I am sure your errand is of sufficient importance to detain me.'

'Why must it be so important?' She smiled at him, and her teeth were large and white. 'But what is this great work you would do if I were not here?'

He shrugged his shoulders as if urging her to abandon flippancy.

'Suppose, Father, you estimate for me the importance of saving a human soul — mine, for instance.' She caught her breath in a sigh, then added suddenly, 'Or your own.'

'So you have come to save souls between tea and sundown,' he said pleasantly. 'I am afraid it cannot be done in that manner.'

'But in what manner?' she insisted. 'That is just what I came here to find out.'

'Mistress Joachim, you are proposing your question to me as an all-

embracing generality, after the manner of Pontius Pilate and all the rest of those who have no desire or expectation of being answered. What, exactly, is the advice you want? Tell me and I will do my best to help you.'

'I do not see why it could not be discussed a bit more impersonally. You priests are so annoying. You are all alike: you demand instant confession, and you then have us at such an inconceivable disadvantage.'

In order not to give way to an increasing irritation he kept silent. He had a method of saying to himself, 'This is of no importance whatsoever,' and then attempting to focus his mind on something colossal — the great scheme of God's redemption, for instance. On the occasions when this attempt failed, and this was one of them, he then felt justified in depending for his equilibrium on his sense of humor.

'There are a number of valuable and trustworthy books on ethics and religion which I will be glad to place at your disposal, Mistress Joachim. You will find in them rules which can be applied to every conceivable problem.'

'You think so! What do your Christian Fathers know of my problems!'

She might well ask, he thought, as he considered the blood that flowed fantastically in her veins — blood of many like himself, blood of many Vashtis.

'The wisdom of God covers all,' he told her vaguely, realizing that she would scarcely be specifically comforted by that statement.

'You are like them all — you do not really want to help me!'

'But I do. Only we cannot get anywhere like this. You must tell me frankly what you want, what troubles you.'

'Father,' she said, leaning forward, her strange hazel eyes alight, 'I cannot seek help from you, or perhaps bring it,

without first finding out if you are worthy.'

'So you intend to test me first?' he asked as lightly as he could. He wished she were not quite so unexpected, that her face were not so vividly emotional.

'I must find out!' she cried.

'Well, after all that is a wise precaution. Would that more of my parishioners would take it — I should have more time to myself.'

Mistress Joachim rose and began to walk about, examining his plants. He could not help that it had become a contest between them. He watched her and observed that she was decidedly corpulent and too tightly laced to move with the grace of native women who carry loads on their heads. But it was easy to imagine what she had been at sixteen.

'Your crotons thrive in a diabolical manner,' she observed. 'And do tell me what the little eggshells are doing there in the tubs?'

'To protect the young shoots. Surely you know all these little tricks of the country. Your own garden is famous. Do you pack charcoal in the roots?'

'I really don't know. My roses are fine, but my gardener attends to them.'

She turned and looked at him with what seemed a trace of mockery.

'A thousand apologies! I had supposed your own fair fingers tended them.'

'Oh no, indeed. I lead a very lazy life. I shall wake up some morning to find my figure gone entirely. But what can I do about it? What activities are open to me? My servants do everything, and when I leave my house I do not set foot to the ground.'

'The oppression of riches,' he murmured.

'But my figure really worries me. I can assure you it used to be worth looking at.'

'I do not doubt it. But which is it

we are trying to save, your figure or your soul?'

She stopped in front of him and laughed. 'You are the most amusing man! I always tell all my friends that you are certainly the wit of Frederiksted. Why, even in the midst of your sermons I sometimes feel an irresistible impulse to burst out laughing.'

'You are flattering me! Especially as my sermons are not intended to be amusing.'

'Perhaps not. But is n't it nice that they are? They are the one bright spot in the dry, reformed ritual. Now in church I want to be enveloped in music, jeweled lights, incense, as one is in the cathedrals I saw in France — only more than that, much more. I want to see you in a robe of cloth of gold; I want what you say to be lively, moving, dramatic.'

'You want an opera' — and, despite the diverting suggestion of himself in a cloth-of-gold robe, he felt discouraged. 'But seriously, why not join Rome, or,' he added with conscious malice, 'try the religion of the late Joachim — a dash of Oriental gorgeousness —'

'You enrage me!' she cried in a voice much too loud. 'Why is not what I want as valid as what you want?'

'Probably it is.'

'But you don't really think it is!'

He did not answer. She leaned back and half shut her eyes as though studying something at a distance.

'Perhaps it will be I who will see the heavens open like a scroll, and the saints singing inside in the glory of God.'

The unrestrained expression of her face made him instinctively turn away his eyes.

'You do not want that?' she asked.

'No,' he answered quietly. 'I distrust visions, ecstasies, the trances of the saints. They seem to me unbridled indulgence, a sensuality of the soul.'

He glanced at her and saw her standing before him with eyes fixed. He determined not to say any more.

'Please sit down.' She dropped heavily into a chair. Her face relaxed and she unfurled her small black fan and began to fan herself.

'Oh, by the way, Father.' Her husky voice had lost its touch of wildness, though there was still a trace of it in her kindled eyes. 'By the way, could I persuade you to adorn one of my simple little gatherings some evening? I have spoken so much about you that I want some of my friends to meet you.'

It flashed over him that this was what she had come for. He was surprised to find that he was disappointed in her.

'I go about scarcely at all,' he said kindly, 'and my evenings are all taken up with work.'

'But if it were important for you to come — very important indeed.'

He glanced at her hands and saw that her knuckles were blue from clenching her fan so tightly.

'Why do you ask me?' he demanded.

Her face reddened as if a hand had struck it. 'Why should I not ask you? Is there any reason why you should not come? As a matter of fact you will meet in my little salon more entertaining people than you are accustomed to. Sometimes *Sieur Rosmer* plays very brilliant concert pieces for us; I have a good piano — a *Gaveau*. Or *Monsieur Dumenil* recites his verses. They are very well thought of in Paris, I assure you, among people who know.'

Mistress Joachim leaned forward and touched his arm with her tightly clenched fan. 'Come this evening,' she urged. 'Come with me now and dine with us. You will not repent of it, I assure you.'

'I really cannot come,' he said, with absolute finality.

She unfurled her fan and leaned backward, holding it across her face, to hide what he supposed to be a convulsion of rage.

'Come, come,' he said, 'do pull yourself together.'

She bowed her head, still holding the fan across her face.

Suddenly she got up, drawing her lace shawl about her. He purposely did not look at her, and when her parasol fell he was glad to stoop for it. As he held it out to her all her big white teeth flashed in a smile.

'Good-bye, Father.' Her voice was once more husky and seductive. 'I will never trouble you again. It seems we cannot help each other after all.'

'I will take you to the door,' he said, relief obvious in his voice.

'Rest, then, in your immeasurable pride and superiority.' She kicked her skirt aside viciously with one foot and moved across the court. He followed her to the door. There she turned.

'Remember me when you come into your kingdom,' she mocked. 'It will not be long, I promise you.'

She was gone.

II

Father Kinkaid sat down to the quiet of his garden in the soft afternoon light. He tried to dismiss Mistress Joachim from his mind. But the irritation she had produced remained. Threats and reproaches! What in the devil was she driving at? And as to her soul — 'I wonder,' he said to himself, 'if I have saved one soul in my ten years' work here.' Behind this doubt hovered an always unacknowledged one: can any soul be saved, or, worst of all, can it really be lost? He got up and began to walk restlessly about. 'I am tired and need a vacation among my own people. Twelve years here is too much. These people are getting on my nerves. All this superfervid faith, the

miracle, the vision, they seem to be for the ignorant, but for me — for me — what!’

He went into his study and sat down at his desk. There lay the pink envelope where he had left it. He saw the word ‘urgent’ and smelled the perfume that had suggested the Haitian poet Dumenisl. He tore it open and stared at the illiterate scrawl it contained.

‘Father, I believe you to be a good man and worthy to be saved. Even the great city of Sodom would have been saved for ten just men, and it is in your power to save all. There is destruction planned for to-night. A hurricane of fire and blood will pass over the island. If you are like the rest of them, full of false pride and scorn, then perish with them. If you are humble, save them and be saved with them. I will be with you in less than an hour.’

No more.

Involuntarily, when he had finished it, he cried aloud, ‘Mistress Joachim!’

Well, after all it must be studied. There might be a grain of sanity in it. It was not the first threatening letter he had received. ‘But,’ he thought, ‘she does go in a bit more for drama and bloodshed. Really her manner does not prepare one for the violences of her epistolary style. But I cannot understand how a woman of her vigorous mind and experience of the world could write such a thing — unless there were some grain of truth in it.’ How much truth, he wondered. A slight and disagreeable feeling of uneasiness touched him for the first time. There was Vashti and her evident desire to tell him something; all he had heard of serious unrest among the plantation labor, rumors of Mistress Joachim’s connection with it; the absence of the Governor from St. Croix, the known weakness of the commander of the small garrison at Frederiksted. And yet nothing had happened for years,

and to give a warning based on the note of an unbalanced woman was not to be thought of. He tore the paper into little bits, took up his hat, and went out.

Mistress Joachim’s house was but a short walk from his own. As he made his way there it seemed to him that, for the cool of the day, the streets were unusually empty. Only a few old women squatted under the arcades selling pink and white sweets. He stood outside the door for a moment surprised that it was so difficult for him to concentrate. ‘Now, when I need perfect equilibrium, I pray God may give it to me.’

He pulled the cord on her door and a bell jangled inside the house. He rang a second time, but no one came. As he rang a third time the clamor of the bell, dying slowly, suggested great empty rooms shrouded in shadow; he thought of a place suddenly abandoned, with perhaps a chair overturned, an air of disorder and flight, all poignantly suggested in the strange, unnatural stillness. He was convinced that there was no one there. But just then he heard steps; the door opened and the black face of Mistress Joachim’s butler appeared. His voice was like stale molasses; his smile was insolent. ‘Mistress Joachim is not receiving this afternoon.’

‘But’ — the door closed on him. He shook it fiercely, but it was securely bolted. He seized the cord and pulled it again and again, setting up a din as alarming as though someone had unexpectedly commenced to scream. ‘That will disturb her siesta,’ he thought. Suddenly it ceased; the cord had been cut or detached from the inside. He mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. ‘See here, this is serious. No temper.’ He looked about him. The town was still bathed in dreamy light, and at the end of the

street lay the purple sea, but in less than an hour it would be black night. What was all this about, anyway? A mad woman! Forget all about it. Go home and enjoy a good supper. Someone had sent him wild wood doves — a delectable dish.

For a second he hesitated; then he walked around to the back of the house and into the gate leading to the kitchens. The door of the dining room was open and he could see a maid, who was one of his parishioners, setting Sheffield candlesticks on the table and laying out silver for many people.

‘Good evening, Lucy,’ he said casually as he walked in. ‘Madame upstairs?’

She nodded, in her surprise unable to close her mouth. He found the stairs in the gloom of the hallway and went up them slowly. He was in the salon of Mistress Joachim.

It was flooded with level primrose light; all the gilt mirrors, the polished tops of tables, the crystal candle shades, were shining. Mistress Joachim sat with her back to the light before a mahogany card table, holding a pack of playing cards in her hands. She was without a hat and her sculpturesque curls were caught in a knot and fell from it to her shoulders. She looked, without a hat, more mature, less European, a dark Demeter. Her eyes were dilated and fixed on the door as he came in; the hand holding a card was poised. They stared at each other for a full moment, till she exclaimed slowly and with contempt, ‘You would make a good thief!’ She turned her head from him and began to rearrange the bright cards as if he no longer existed.

‘I am accepting your invitation.’ He drew up a chair and seated himself across the table from her. ‘You cannot deny that you urged me to come.’

‘Or that you refused.’ Her voice was a murmur, husky, indifferent. Her

cards held all her attention. As she turned up an unfavorable one she clicked her tongue in apparent annoyance.

He waited.

Finally she spoke without looking at him. ‘What has caused your change of heart — was it terror?’

‘Did you mean to alarm me dreadfully? Well, a man should never boast of any virtue till he is proven — least of all, courage.’

He folded his arms and cocked his head on one side, looking at her like an impertinent sparrow. She was controlling herself pretty well. Her large hands, well kept and covered with expensive rings, did not even shake. He would have to stir her up a bit to get any information from her.

‘And so you are the authoress of my anonymous letter! Perhaps it is a pity that I did not read it before you came — it might have prepared me for some things. But truly, Mistress Joachim, that letter — so naïve, so artlessly full of horrors — it was unworthy of you. You do not write as well as you talk; you should definitely abandon literature.’

She gave the cards an involuntary sharp slam, though her face lost none of its indifference.

‘I made a mistake in writing you,’ — her voice had no special intonation of bitterness, — ‘or in coming to see you. I am ready to admit it. God knows why I should care what happens to you! I suppose I came because of all I had heard of you, of your goodness to the poor and the unfortunate, your charities, your understanding. Some people, poor old women chiefly, seem to regard you as second only to the Saviour Himself.’ She turned up a card and stared at it. ‘It pleases some people to play the saviour to others; the more wretched, the blacker, those who are helped, the more bountiful, the

more exalted, the whiter is the saviour. Is n't that so?'

Father Kinkaid shrugged his shoulders.

'But with me,' she continued, bitterness rising in her voice, 'with me it is different. Me you come to insult. Because I have dragged myself out of the mud without your help, because I am rich and have power of a sort — more, perhaps, than you have.'

'It is precisely your power that I have come to talk about, Mistress Joachim. You do not know what a dangerous thing it is to have. It is a high explosive — you must use it cautiously. And let me tell you one thing, apropos of this power you boast of: it consists first of all of money that you have extracted from white men. If you will forgive my saying so, whatever charm or beauty you have comes from white men also. I believe everything which you count as power is due in some measure, greater or smaller, to them. Do you think it is fair to use these things to stir up ignorant black people against us? I say it is above all unfair; but, secondly, it is a futile and stupid gesture, for you injure the whites not too much, while in the end the blacks suffer immeasurably.'

Mistress Joachim reshuffled the pack with fingers which were agitated enough to spill a few cards.

'It has never been recorded that the victims of violence approved of it.'

'Probably not, but you cannot base an argument for violence exclusively on that fact. The real truth is that it gets you nowhere.'

'The French Revolution,' murmured Mistress Joachim.

'Oh, come, come,' cried Father Kinkaid, 'pray spare me the French Revolution! It is so tiresome to talk to people who do not think for themselves, but forever quote clichés they have gathered from someone else. I

recognize here the words of your friend the poet, Monsieur Dumenis, even though I have never spoken to him. He is a Haitian. Where did his revolution get him? Has he told you that? He prefers not to live in Haiti. Let us consider your own case. What do you expect from this? When your connection with it is known, you will be fined to the full limit of your properties. You will probably spend ten years in jail and emerge an old woman. Where will your power be then?'

'You cannot frighten me,' she interrupted him. 'I know you are talking to save your skin.'

He disregarded her. 'In another moment,' he continued, 'you will speak to me about the wrongs of your race, or, say, part of your race — slavery and all of that. My dear woman, the injuries done your race and the good done it are universal, the experience of all of us. What are a few hundred years of slavery as against what you have received? Think of yourself here now, and a kraal in Africa. What a long way you have come! Slavery was a stepping-stone, one among many. Because of a difference in color, you people imagine that everything which happens to you has a special and awful significance. All of it has happened also to us. How many bankers do you suppose are the descendants of feudal serfs?'

Her eyes wavered, but she repeated obstinately, 'You are talking to save your skin.'

'I am talking to save your soul, Mistress Joachim, and you realize it. You realized without my help that it was in danger or you would not have come to me in the first place. Do not plunge yourself back into the mud you spoke of. You have climbed far, and all credit to you for it. Climb further still. You are on a perilous rung of the ladder. You are thinking of wrongs and injuries you have received, not

thinking of the good. But for God's sake control yourself now if ever. Make the civilized, the Christian act of faith, and hang on to the rung. Climb higher.'

Suddenly she burst into tears and dropped her head forward on her arms. Though he had hoped to disturb her calm, he was a bit disconcerted as he watched the top of her head and listened to her violent sobbing. At last the sobs passed into long-drawn sighs. She raised her head and he was astonished at the sudden beauty of her eyes, moist and glistening with tears—astonished more, and uneasy, that their beauty should trouble him.

'Father,' she said unexpectedly, 'when you were in Charlotte Amalie did you ever see my mother?' She dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief and frankly blew her nose like a child after tears. All of her face had changed—it was younger, gentle, almost stupid.

'She was cook for Mistress Petersen, the harbor master's wife. She was such a pretty woman, and a very religious one. She used to put lard on her hands every night to keep them soft.'

Mistress Joachim leaned back in her chair, her eyes still tear-filled, fixed heavily on Father Kinkaid. He felt her slipping through his grasp again.

The sun had set and the sky was afire behind her head; only bright surfaces in the room shone out of the swarming dusty darkness—brass, crystal, polished wood, and Mistress Joachim's eyes in her shadowed face. 'There were two things she always said to me, once every day at least. One was "Pray, Talie, pray, and one day you will see the heavens rolling back like a shining scroll."'

'And the other?' he asked.

She looked up at him. Even in the gloom he sensed bitterness and an irony that flashed for all her placidity.

'The other was "Wear your hat, Talie, or you'll get so burned people will think you are black."'

A clock on one of her console tables struck once. It was six-thirty. In a half hour it would be dark. He leaned toward her.

'Mistress Joachim, what is going to happen to-night and what can we do to prevent it?'

'It is too late,' she said softly. She had withdrawn herself from any concern over the moment. She might be almost going off to sleep.

'Not too late,' he urged. 'Tell me what it is.'

She answered, 'The laborers of the whole island are rising. By morning there won't be a sugar mill or a great house or a white man left on the island.'

Horses' hoofs sounded in the soft dirt of the street outside. They stopped in front of the house. Someone knocked on the door. He heard the steps of the butler going down the hall. He peered forward into her face, but it was emptied idiotically of all expression. One hand lay loosely on the table. The front door banged shut; voices came from below. Someone was mounting the stairs.

'Come now.' He gripped her relaxed hand. It was like ice. 'You know what we can do. Tell me.'

She looked suddenly down at his hand gripping hers. 'Oh, I am in torment!' She sighed painfully. 'Why did you come?'

She tried to stand, but he dragged her back by the hand. She let herself be pulled forward, collapsing suddenly with both arms spread across the table. The newcomer was in the door.

'You are tired,' Father Kinkaid said clearly, to explain the abandonment of her attitude.

Her voice rang through the room with unexpected loudness, as if voicing

the final word of despair: 'I am in love!'

Father Kinkaid turned to the man in the doorway. 'Not with Monsieur Dumenisl, I hope,' he said pleasantly.

The Haitian poet stepped into the room. He was a fat man, fatter even than Father Kinkaid remembered, with a Cape jasmine in his buttonhole and pomaded, crinkly hair.

'Am I early?' he asked hurriedly in a nervous, sputtering voice. 'Do I perhaps intrude?'

As he came closer Father Kinkaid saw that he was in a flutter of rage. He was like an enraged fowl. It was difficult not to smile at him. Mistress Joachim was indifferent to his presence, perhaps unconscious of it; she did not lift her head from her arm.

'Do I perhaps intrude?' he repeated, his eyes bulging at Father Kinkaid as if they demanded some explanation from him. 'Am I perhaps indiscreet?'

'The poetic license,' Father Kinkaid assured him, reaching for his hat under the chair. 'As a matter of fact, Madame and I were just going out for a breath of air. You will excuse us, I am sure.'

The poet, balanced absurdly on the balls of his feet, swayed back and forth. He looked from Father Kinkaid to the bowed head of Mistress Joachim. 'But, Madame,' he protested, 'your dinner — your guests — the little matter we had in hand — surely —' Suddenly he lost control. He shouted, 'Have you lost your mind?'

'He is so fat,' thought Father Kinkaid, 'that if we come to blows I don't see what I could do to him. He would probably fall on me for a starter.'

He turned to the bowed head on the table, unresponsive as a bronze idol of Benin.

'Well, what about it? Are you coming?'

She rose hastily. She seemed to have

come to life with a jerk, and in a surprisingly clear voice said, 'My shawl?'

He took it from the back of her chair and dropped it about her massive shoulders. Then, taking her arm, he set her in motion, as one releases a boat from the shore. She looked ahead of her, at neither of them, but Dumenisl moved forward, swayed rather, and clutched at her arm.

'Natalie — you — you —' he choked.

But with one thrust of her arm, a thrust somehow startlingly ferocious, she threw him aside. He reeled backward, and she and Father Kinkaid left the room together.

In the hall below, the butler was standing. He had been looking anxiously upward, wondering perhaps if he should interfere.

'Wait,' said Father Kinkaid. He tore a leaf from a notebook he carried, scribbled on it, and folded it up. 'Take this down to the fort to the Commandant. Be quick about it. Run!'

The butler was looking at his mistress; she was staring ahead of her out of the doorway.

'Tell him,' said Father Kinkaid.

She turned. 'If you fail to do as you are told —' she said.

He made off in great haste.

III

Outside, in the twilight, the carriage of Monsieur Dumenisl was waiting. His initials were blazoned on the door; a lantern was lit by the coachman. There was no one visible up or down the street but the form of the retreating butler. Without even consulting each other they climbed in.

'Drive first to Hannah's Rest,' said Father Kinkaid, 'and drive fast.'

Presently they were in the open country, with the dim emptiness of cane fields on either side of them. The stars were coming out overhead. It

was too dark to see anything but each other's outline. Father Kinkaid could feel his fingers twitching.

'Where does it start?' he asked.

'They will be starting now near King's Hill; all the estates will blaze shortly. Then they will march on Frederiksted.'

'Frederiksted will be all right. You saw the note I sent?'

She shrugged her shoulders. 'He is a weak and obstinate man.'

Unfortunately she was right. His fingers went on twitching.

'I am going to warn each estate as we pass. Then when we catch up with the rioters — if there really are any — I shall speak to them. I count on your presence somewhat, but I know most of them. They have come to me for help at one time or another, and I have done what I could for them. I believe I can turn them back.'

'Oh, do you!' She lapsed into heavy silence.

They drove on, and in the darkening earth that held them, roofed over by a silent abyss of stars, it was impossible to think of danger. He even grew accustomed to the disordered clatter of their horse's hoofs. As they turned in at Hannah's Rest their furious pace brought the startled owner to the door. Father Kinkaid climbed out and drew him aside, out of earshot of the few negroes who stood about, knowing perhaps already what he had come to tell. He explained in whispers.

'Warn all those near you, Camporico, Concordia, as far as Carlton. I must press on beyond. I left word at Frederiksted and they'll send out to the North End.'

He climbed back beside the dark shadow that was Mistress Joachim. She awaited him impassively, as though they were not both perhaps wrecking all she had striven for. Suddenly she said, 'This morning I found a little

image of myself on my doorstep. It was spattered with blood. That is why I knew I should have to die.'

'Oh, please don't,' he murmured. He did not wish her to revert to savagery before his eyes. He felt that if she did so it might be more than his reason could endure.

'Do you think,' she said, 'that we can wipe out a lifetime of sin in one moment, if that moment is great enough?'

'Perhaps.'

'Don't you know?' she demanded, turning toward him.

'You are terribly disconcerting.' He smiled at her, hoping to recall her cherished attitude of a woman of the world. But, after staring at him for a moment, she began to talk to herself, native fashion, an indistinguishable murmur of words, shaking her head from time to time and sighing heavily.

At Golden Grove the owner urged them to turn back. 'They will tear you piecemeal,' he said. 'You are mad to try to stop them. Ride back as fast as you can gallop. I'll give you a fresh horse.' He ignored the presence of Mistress Joachim; he knew well enough who she was.

'Do you really think they'll kill me?' asked Father Kinkaid. 'At any rate I've got to try. I've preached control to them daily for twelve years and this will be my swan song, apparently.'

They looked up to the hill, where a glow was gathering like moonrise. As they looked it sharpened to red, climbed higher. Then bells on estates ahead of them began to peal out, and for several minutes kept up a wild clangor. They stopped, began again, and, in the intervals between, the night was filled by a sound like the murmur in a hollow shell held to the ear.

Father Kinkaid and the planter looked at each other.

'Well,' said the planter.

'I'd better go on,' said Father Kinkaid.

'If you change your mind there are horses in my stable.' The planter swung up to the saddle and galloped off.

Their driver drove them slowly up the main road. A few carriages driven furiously and men on horseback passed them in the direction of Frederiksted. Father Kinkaid hailed those he recognized. Then they were alone again on the road, bright now with the reflection from the red sky. He tried to prepare what he would say, but he knew that cool reason would not be listened to. He must be the priest robed in gold and tearing open before them the great scroll of Heaven.

He could not do it. He was not the priest of Mistress Joachim or of this people. He would speak his few words, he would reason a little, and they would swarm over him; but his last feeling would be not fear, not pity, not even forgiveness for them, but contempt. The driver was reluctant to go on; nevertheless he drove them, with some urging, toward King's Hill. Then he stopped. The road was empty, but they were not alone — the night was filled now with flame, with sound, with menace. Father Kinkaid felt a purely physical shrinking of the flesh and nerves. He saw already in imagination distorted ape faces and cane bills running blood.

'Drive up to the hill,' he commanded. The harshness of his own voice surprised him. But Mistress Joachim caught his arm.

'Wait. Don't you hear that?'

'I hear,' he replied.

'No, no. I mean behind us.'

He turned his head, listened.

'There must be a horse coming our way.'

'Yes, it is close.' She clutched her shawl about her, tried to stumble out.

'You are not going to get out?' he demanded.

'Yes, yes, at once. Come, let us not waste time.' She was on the ground beside the carriage. She leaned toward him so that her face was directly below his and whispered, 'It is Dumenisl. He will catch up with us.'

The vision of the fat poet galloping made him smile, though a bit uneasily.

'Do not smile,' she said between set teeth. 'Do not dare to smile. He will be armed. Are you?'

'Oh,' he exclaimed slowly. 'How extraordinary women are!'

That it should be she who would realize at once what Dumenisl would do — for of course the efficient, brutal directness of the action made it inevitable. And yet he had never once thought of it.

'Get out,' she persisted. 'Send the driver on. He will follow the carriage.' Without wasting more precious time she turned to urge the driver. But he was sullen. After all he was Dumenisl's.

Father Kinkaid got out reluctantly, feeling smaller than ever, less protected with his feet on the ground. Suddenly Mistress Joachim stripped off her rings and handed them to the driver.

'Oh, really I can't let you do that' — but he knew he was ridiculous before her look of scorn answered him. The driver examined the rings, said something Father Kinkaid could not understand, and drove off slowly. They had barely time to reach the cane field before the horseman appeared. Just before them was a stone watch-house, dark and empty. They went under the low door and stood inside together quite still. There was a pungent odor of sugar from some near-by mill. It was stiflingly hot and mosquitoes swarmed about their heads. In the light from the burning cane fields they could see the solitary horseman. He was slowing up his fagged horse, sagging

forward in the saddle and perhaps peering from right to left.

But Father Kinkaid could not be sure it was Dumenisl. 'What do you think?' he asked. 'Is it he?'

'It is he,' she replied with conviction.

He could feel his hands twitching again. The noise had split now into separate, more significant sounds. It was very near.

'When he passes,' he said, 'I will go out and meet them as they come. I'll speak to them — with God's help,' for he no longer counted on Mistress Joachim or even on himself.

The rider passed behind a line of trees. Shortly he would be over the hill.

Father Kinkaid tried to think impersonally of the eternity now so close, of communion with God. He could think of nothing. Mistress Joachim stirred beside him. He turned to look at her; her eyes were dilated, her lips drawn back from her teeth. He touched her and found her rigid as stone. She was in ecstasy. In spite of himself he began to shudder. What had his world become? A mob of savages, a man bent on murdering him, and beside him a woman locked in a religious trance.

'But,' he told himself, 'don't forget God.'

He closed his eyes and tried to think of Him serenely, but with perfect faith.

A cry from Mistress Joachim made him open his eyes. In the doorway of the watch-house stood Dumenisl. He had crept up on them.

Father Kinkaid was thankful that he could not see his face.

'So this is how one feels,' he thought, 'at the moment of death.'

There was a flash and a report which almost burst the narrow stone walls.

He felt a sting like a knife prick high on his shoulder. Then a momentary vertigo blinded him, a great weight hurled against him, and another flash, another report. He was carried to his knees.

When he could see clearly the door was empty. He could hear a man running and, in the silence that followed, heavy breathing like a stricken animal.

He knew he must do something for Mistress Joachim. He realized how completely she had saved him, not only from the second bullet, but from the necessity of meeting the rioters, who would most certainly have slaughtered him. He half lifted her heavy weight from the floor. All her silk ruffles and shawls billowed over and entangled him, her loosened hair fell across his neck, her warm flesh smothered him. He felt drowned in her immense vitality, though in that moment he knew her to be dying. Warm blood, from whose wound he could not tell, streamed down his arms. He knew that in a moment he would faint, but he managed to lift her up.

Through the low doorway a rosy flame reached to the top of the hill, brightened and shot across the sky. Then smoke, fiery and voluptuously curling, mounted in columns like the twisted portals of a gateway.

'Oh, look, Father!'

He could barely hear her voice.

'Look!' She raised one arm.

In his weakening consciousness he saw with her, for one moment of perfect accord, a troubled vision of the splendor of eternal cities; but as he slipped to the floor beside her he managed to deny himself even that final indulgence.

A MISSIONARY AUDIT

BY MARK M. JONES

ARE the times ripe for a fundamental reconstruction of the strategy and policies of Protestant Christianity in respect to foreign missions? My own study of the missionary situation from data available in the United States leaves me skeptical, not only of the basic strategy of the Protestant missionary forces, but also of the necessity for maintaining so many organizations. I question whether there is not unnecessary overlapping and duplication, whether the business and financial management is as good as might reasonably be expected in view of the millions now involved, and whether the mission boards in the United States responsible for the work can or do exercise effective control.

As a missionary problem the world situation presents a genuine challenge to Christians, if we assume that there has been sufficient success in establishing Christianity and perfecting it in practice in the United States to warrant the attempt to Christianize the 66 per cent of the world's population who are not Christians at this time. Recent estimates indicate that, of a total world population of 1800 million, 625 million may be classed as Christians. Of the total number of Christians, the three main divisions are estimated to consist of 175 million Protestants, 300 million Roman Catholics, and 125 million adherents of Eastern Orthodox churches.

The 1175 million non-Christians were estimated to consist of 225 million Mohammedans, 215 million Hindus,

300 million Confucianists and Taoists, 140 million Buddhists, 20 million Shintoists, 160 million Animists, and 15 million Jews, with the remainder adherents of miscellaneous faiths.

I

The present phase in China's attempt to establish a stable social system on a more democratic basis has given prominence to the work of foreign missionary societies in that country. The reports indicate that the Protestant Christian community in China numbers less than 800,000 persons, although the work of most of the missionary societies dates back many years, in some cases more than seventy-five. If, looking forward, we assume that these 800,000 have become adherents in the last twenty years, the estimate indicates that we shall need at least 2500 years and more than fifty billion dollars to Christianize but one fourth of the population of China.

The *World Missionary Atlas*, published in 1925 under the supervision of organizations representing Protestant denominations in the United States, presents the statistics of more than one hundred Protestant missionary societies maintaining work of some kind in China. The societies included report the number of their communicants to be 402,539, thus indicating that after more than seventy-five years of effort less than one per cent of the population of China have become communicants of Protestant Christian churches.

The same authority also indicates that, of 130 different missionary societies, 70 were projected by constituencies in the United States and Canada, 24 from the British Isles, 20 from Continental Europe, and 4 from Australia. In addition, 18 societies represented constituencies in China, one in Korea, and one an international group.

At least nineteen separate Protestant denominations of the United States alone were shown as carrying on missionary work in China, and in addition numerous interdenominational and nondenominational projects were reported. No attempt was made to study or estimate the nature and extent of the work of the Roman Catholic Church in the same field in connection with this review.

The information available naturally makes me wonder if this multiplicity of organizations, offering at least nineteen different kinds of Protestant Christianity, may not be confusing to the Chinese; if the variations between Protestant denominations have any important significance for the Chinese; and therefore if the time has not arrived for the leaders in the United States frankly to face the situation and effect a fundamental readjustment looking to more rapid progress and greater results.

More than 130 separate missionary societies in China means that 130 headquarters must be maintained in the United States and 130 general secretaries must be paid salaries, traveling and other expenses, and that at least 130 money-raising organizations must be maintained within the United States. There must be 130 or more treasury and accounting systems in the United States, and there must be travel to and from China as well as travel within China of the employed personnel of 130 societies. There must also be some form of treasury and accounting system in China for each organization.

With at least nineteen separate denominations and at least six times as many missionary societies, it seems inevitable that there will be unwarranted competition between Protestant agencies alone, not to mention the competition with the other and older religious faiths which now number their adherents in China in the hundreds of millions. At the same time this plethora of denominations and societies must necessitate an almost endless round of travel and conferences and conventions, with results not at all in proportion to the outlays in time, energy, and money.

The fact that there were 1149 resident stations of Protestant missionary societies in China, of which 43 per cent were under American societies, has given me further reason to question a policy which would seem to be diffusing effort over a large number of small projects rather than concentrating upon a small number of large projects. Are not the Protestant denominations in need of demonstrators and engineers to interpret and advise, rather than of executives to maintain and operate local projects?

There also appear to be grounds for questioning whether the societies should aim at reaching numbers of persons or should concentrate upon the relatively few leaders of wide influence. Possibly there may be justification for activity along both lines simultaneously, but with proper coördination.

Further, we need to be assured that reasonable progress is being made in nationalizing local projects by turning them over to the management of the Chinese. It would be interesting to know just how many separate pieces of local missionary work in China were completely turned over to local responsibility and management during the past five years by each important denomination.

One gets the impression, not only

that a critical analysis of each missionary project in the light of 1927 conditions would be desirable, but also that such an analysis might indicate that at least one half of the total number of projects could be discontinued at no great loss to Protestant Christianity.

II

When the progress of the societies in China is considered, one finds that at the time the *Atlas* figures were taken, three or four years ago, 124 societies reported 5424 organized churches. Of these, 2315, or 43 per cent, were under American auspices. Only 6 per cent of the churches under American auspices were self-supporting.

Contributions for the work of all the Protestant churches in China from sources in China during one year were estimated to have been \$741,080. Of this amount 48 per cent was reported by the churches under American auspices. Against this we have figures to show that, of the 35,067 communicants added during the year, 69 per cent were added to the churches under American auspices.

In considering facts such as these we should have in mind that there is a divergence of opinion as to just what properly may be considered results in foreign mission work. It is difficult to estimate whether results secured are in proportion to the outlay in time and expense, and one of the reasons for this is the tendency of so many to side-step the problem of measuring results. It is so easy to be impatient of the necessity for rendering an accounting. In missionary circles this impatience betrays itself in the statement that statistics do not measure the spiritual values and that spiritual values are really the most important part of the work. Now although this view, that statistics do not measure spiritual values, may have

been acceptable in former years, there is a sense in which it does not carry conviction to the understanding and confidence of a large and scattered supporting constituency to-day.

Many supporters of missionary work have told me that vague generalities about the spiritual results of missionary effort can no longer be accepted as an adequate accounting for the stewardship of seventy American societies which spend millions of dollars each year in China. And it seems to me that in view of present-day conditions the thousands of supporters of missionary work are entitled to some light from disinterested sources on the question whether the progress toward a more Christian China is at all in proportion to the increase in missionary endeavor in that country during the past twenty-five years, and whether great improvements and economies can be effected with no diminution in effectiveness. The material now available gives little definite, accurate, and adequate information.

In taking up the personnel aspect of the missionary problem, we find that 138 Protestant missionary societies reported a foreign staff of 7663 at work in China. Seventy American societies were reported to have a total staff of 4492, of whom 919 were ordained men, 706 unordained men, 1423 wives, and 1444 unmarried men and widows. In addition to the foreign staff, 124 Protestant societies also had a native staff of 27,133, while 59 American societies had a total native staff of 16,431. Of the total missionary staff in China composed of foreigners, 59 per cent were under the supervision of American societies. Sixty-one per cent of the native staff were related to the work of these same American societies. Thus it appears that in point of numbers the American societies are further advanced than the societies from other

countries in arranging a large participation in the work by the Chinese.

Of the many questions which are being raised with respect to the personnel problem, the most important have relation to the quality of personnel; to the extent to which theological principles having no important bearing on problems of organizations are confused with organization principles; to whether missionaries are paid reasonable compensation, whether the training given missionaries is adequate, whether the qualifications and accomplishments of missionaries are given due consideration, and whether the abler persons are advanced to the more important and responsible projects.

Certainly, when comparison is made with the past twenty-five years, we see that different training and supervision will be necessary for missionary work in China in the future. Whether the older missionaries will be able to retire to the necessary advisory relationship and to work effectively, after having spent so many years in positions of control and direction, is a serious question. Nationalization of religious work involves fundamental alterations in policy, and of these the primary one is the inevitable relinquishment of control and the retreat to a position which involves only counsel. When China is making an endeavor to bring about greater unity, and on a more democratic basis, missionary societies no less than foreign governments and foreign business corporations are confronted by serious problems.

Because of insufficient data the financial aspects of the missionary problem cannot be adequately treated. While it appears that approximately fifty-five million dollars a year is now being sent from the United States to foreign countries to cover a part of the cost of missionary work being done as the result of the initiative of American agencies,

more than ten million of this is estimated as going for Protestant work in China. Against this we have the figures in the *Missionary Atlas* which indicate that the amount contributed in China for church work under the auspices of 59 American societies during one year was \$357,896, or approximately 3.5 per cent of the payments from American sources.

The support of church work in China from local sources is not as large as might reasonably be expected in view of more than seventy-five years' work and a total outlay on the part of United States contributors during that time estimated to exceed three hundred million dollars. One naturally wonders also whether the amounts from American sources go to support individual projects or are applied to the promotional and advisory services necessary for the general management and supervision of projects which are otherwise entirely supported and managed by the Chinese.

Then there is the very difficult question as to whether the amounts expended for educational, medical, and evangelical work are in the proper relative proportions. This is a basic question because of the possible effect of the answer upon contributors who give as a rule without an adequate understanding of conditions in China or of the programme of the society to which their contributions are made. A great many give in order to support work which they visualize as comparable with that of the local churches in the United States of which they are members. Others give because of confidence in an individual missionary who seldom has a background of knowledge of the work and programme of the society sufficient to provide the necessary substantiation for the sweeping assurance given as to the value and importance of missionary work.

Such information as I have been able to obtain has not convinced me that there is an adequate record of the amounts received in the field from local sources, and I have been led to believe that the control of expenditures in the field and the means of transferring funds between the United States and points in China might be studied to advantage. Certainly there are grounds for doubt as to the necessity of many separate accounting and disbursing agents in China.

In addition to its reference to churches and their communicants, the *Atlas* also refers to general education, higher education, medical education, medical work, and philanthropic activities.

While those in the United States who are interested in foreign missionary work have perhaps given more attention to these activities than to other aspects of the missionary problem, I believe that a thoroughgoing review of the entire situation ought to yield something in terms of progress on this side also.

One cannot escape a feeling of confusion upon examining the statements of purpose of many of the missionary societies. In most cases these statements are either so broad as to be meaningless or so narrow that they obviously lag far behind the programmes reflected by the reports of the society.

Sometimes the aim of the missionary organizations as stated is the creation of Christian communities. But such an aim has very broad implications and may now include far more than was intended during the early years when these large organizations were growing up. Naturally the purely religious work cannot be carried on under present-day conditions in the same proportions as formerly. Missionaries are called upon to perform tasks very different from those which were necessary during the

early history of the work, and often more difficult. Whether they are going about it the right way, and whether the departures from traditional methods are sufficiently understood and approved by supporters of the work, are questions which need to be answered for the sake of stability and progress.

Supporters usually have little knowledge of the implications of the great differences between conditions in China and the missionary societies on the one hand and their own city and church on the other. In the average city in the United States a church programme is largely limited to so-called church work. In China the task often calls for a broad cultural reorganization plan, with political, economic, and social problems requiring attention before there is a foundation for a religious-work programme. It is necessarily a far cry from so-called religious work, for which so many United States supporters think they are giving money for use in China, to the political, economic, social, and religious engineering and management tasks which usually must precede anything effective in the nature of religious work.

III

To consider the situation in China alone is, of course, to ignore the other half of the problem, which is Christianity at home. The conditions confronting religious denominations and their problems in this country have a direct bearing upon the situation in China.

Whether there is sufficient unity of purpose within Protestant Christian circles in the United States to provide the necessary foundation for a working programme in China seems a fair question. While theological differences have no logical relation to questions of organization and management, they have an important effect upon the

purpose of a missionary organization, and this purpose in turn is reflected in the kind of work done and the policies applied in China. To the outsider the foreign missionary programmes of most religious denominations appear out of proportion to the size, effectiveness, resources, and present standing of the denominations in the United States.

The tendency to improve the control and supervision of financial affairs in social and religious work in the United States appears to have special significance from the standpoint of foreign missionary work. Missionaries are impatient in the face of so-called 'book-keeping requirements.' This seems to result from little or no understanding of the fact that this movement for an accounting is one part of a process of which the aim is to maintain the understanding and approval of a large constituency in a more economical way. It is a movement that affects all forms of social and religious effort. Certainly if some progress can be made in improving the financial and business management the difficulties in raising money for missionary work should not be so great.

The decreasing power of expansion and influence in so many local churches in the United States presents what some believe to be the most important problem of the Protestant denominations to-day, and we cannot ignore its possible effects upon foreign missionary work. The most immediate effect is already apparent, in that it is one of several causes for the decline in amounts available for foreign missionary work, notwithstanding the great efforts of the societies to secure increased support. It is obvious that the Church must maintain itself at home as well as in foreign fields. If Protestantism is not holding its ground at home it cannot expect to enlarge programmes in foreign fields, and it should frankly

face that fact and alter its policies accordingly.

The insecurity of foreign mission work so far as conditions at the so-called home base are concerned is further accentuated by a condition respecting the managing boards in the United States. With but few exceptions these seem to be little more than financing committees. All interested are entitled to the greater security which should emerge through more effective methods of supervision of work at points so far remote from the headquarters of the organization. The problem is a difficult one at best, but certainly it is reasonable to expect greater progress in working out ways and means by which the home boards may exercise the minimum control necessary to direct the effort in the field and secure results at remote points more economically. The tendency to commit substantial amounts to the management of persons of good repute and the best of intentions without demanding from them an adequate accounting for results, progress, and businesslike procedure is rapidly being checked in other lines of endeavor. Foreign mission work would have less trouble in securing and maintaining financial support if it effected the improvements along these lines for which there appear to be many opportunities.

In submitting this brief review, I would, in conclusion, sound a note of warning. The relaxation of giving for missionary work in China is not here advocated. My aim is to stress the need for a comprehensive review of the whole situation on a basis that will not overvalue established projects and measures, but will assure a better economy. Many of the leaders in foreign missionary work are earnestly striving for something better; but, while some progress has been made recently, it is utterly inadequate. It is

too much to expect that the employed personnel, who are more in control than any other single group, will go as far as is necessary. There are too many employees whose incomes might be affected by changes. Aside from that fact, many hundreds of church members and ministers must agree upon the necessary reforms of basic nature before even employed personnel can go very far toward any objectives that may be set.

In thinking to the future, it is to be hoped that the missionary organizations of Protestant Christianity may effect a unification of their programmes in China, and that the Protestant denominations may come to present a united front to those in China whom they are asking to accept their beliefs. More basic still, it is to be hoped that Protestants in the United States will approve and encourage this kind of joint effort in China.

THE PARADOX OF HUMANISM

A DISCUSSION OF THE MODERN TEMPER

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

WORDS which are spelled with a capital letter are peculiarly dangerous to thought. One commonly uses them to designate a complex of ideas which has never been adequately analyzed, and their meaning varies from age to age as well as from person to person. A whole volume might profitably be devoted to trace, for example, the history of the various senses in which the term 'Nature' has been employed, and in a chapter of his *Reconstruction in Philosophy* John Dewey has, indeed, sketched the outline of a part of such a volume. He has shown how the eighteenth century habitually employed it in reference to a closed system of logical ideas, and how it referred thereby to a hypothetical order of values which has no connection whatever with the Nature which it is the scientist's business to

investigate. Dewey might have gone on to inquire by what confusion the contemporaries of Mozart were led to praise as 'natural' musical compositions as elaborately formal as his, and by what perversion the same adjective was used to praise the strained artificial romanticism of Kotzebue's lugubrious dramas. But at least he carries the analysis far enough for his own purpose as well as for ours, which is merely to illustrate how dangerous it is to use such a word without a most exacting investigation of its content.

In the present instance we are to be concerned with another capitalized word, 'Humanism,' a word which has undergone similar variations of meaning; which has been used in similarly opposed senses; and which, like 'Nature,' has been most frequently

employed rather because of certain affective connotations than because of any exact meaning. The Renaissance scholars who introduced it did so in order to define a culture which was not theological, and the contrast chiefly implied was a contrast between that which is human and that which is divine. The modern use of the term arose, on the other hand, as a result of the theory of evolution, and it is chiefly employed by those who feel some temperamental repugnance to the nineteenth century's tendency to study man chiefly as a form of animal life. It has managed, moreover, to get itself confused with semireligious protests against the radical tendencies of contemporary society, and so vague has it become that, if we are to talk of humanism and its paradox, we must define our term.

But if 'human' and the words formed from it can have an exact meaning, as distinguished from the vague connotation of a complex of ideas and attitudes, that meaning must refer to those qualities, characteristics, and powers which distinguish the human being from the rest of animate nature, and which, if they exist, justify us in making a distinction between Man and Nature, even though we are naturalistic enough in our thought to agree that what we really mean is no more than a distinction between man and the rest of nature. It is in that sense that it will be here employed, and the purpose of this essay is to investigate some of these distinctions and to comment upon the problems which they present to those who are concerned with the potentialities of life. It will arrive at conclusions somewhat at variance with those upon which both the expansive optimistic naturalist and the cautious exponent of dualistic humanism base their respective conceptions of the art of life.

II

First of all we must be careful to give to the beasts their due, for your self-styled humanist has a churlish habit of calling the most characteristic human vices 'animal.' In particular he is inclined to describe any sexual indulgence of which he does not approve as 'bestial,' and more especially still to say of a man or woman who makes the pleasures of sense the chief business of life that he is yielding to his 'animal nature.' But while such a description may serve a useful homiletic purpose, and while it may, since man is by nature proud of his humanity and anxious to distinguish himself from his humbler cousins, sometimes incline him to struggle against tendencies thus cavalierly labeled, it can hardly satisfy the philosopher, who will recognize its injustice.

A century and a half ago man was first described as the only animal who loves all the year around, and in general the distinction will still hold. Not only is it true that the animals rigidly subordinate sex to the function of reproduction, but it is also, among anthropologists, notoriously true that the more primitive races of men closely resemble animals in this respect. Early superficial observers who watched the rites with which savages celebrate the act of physical union and who noted the elaborate sexual symbolism which runs through certain of their dances leaped to the conclusion that they were obsessed with sexual ideas and labeled them 'obscene.' But a more intimate investigation of primitive society and the primitive mind has reversed this idea. In comparison with civilized man the savage is, like the animal, what we should be tempted to call singularly sexless. His mind does not turn readily or habitually in that direction; his passions require an extraordinary amount of stimulation before

they are aroused; and his 'obscene' dances are not the result of fantastic corruption, but are, on the contrary, necessary to stimulate in him a sufficient interest in the sexual functions adequately to reproduce his kind. The Don Juan, on the other hand, is characteristically human, and complexly human at that. Neither the animal nor the primitive man could 'live for love' in the physical sense, although both, as will be indicated later, can realize more perfectly perhaps than civilized man that selflessness which is sometimes also called love and which is not infrequently spoken of as the highest achievement of the human spirit.

Chastity is not, then, human in the sense in which we have defined the term. To man and to man alone belong both that exaggeration of the sexual impulse which makes it possible, in certain cases, for him to subordinate everything else to it, and also that unfortunate disharmony which leads him, in other cases, to devote his chief attention to maintaining and celebrating his resistance to similar impulses. But chastity, in the sense of an inherent tendency to avoid an absorption in the sexual instinct, is rather animal than human. And if, then, debauchery rather than abstinence is 'humanistic' we may proceed to examine certain of the other virtues, and we need not be too much surprised if we find that many are, at best, not part of that which particularly distinguishes man from the rest of Nature.

Certainly paternal or maternal love is nowhere more perfectly illustrated than among the animals. A devotion to the welfare of children, a complete absorption in the business of parenthood, and a willingness not only to subordinate all other interests to those of the offspring, but, if necessary, to lay down life itself upon the altar of family duty — such devotion, which,

in the case of human beings, would be celebrated as an unusual and shining example of the heights to which human nature can on rare occasions rise, is a common occurrence among animals and it is not the occasion of any special wonder. But on the other hand that unwillingness on the part of the parent to subordinate himself entirely to the welfare of his children, that tendency to go on 'living one's own life' which certain 'humanists' denounce as the result of 'naturalistic' literature and thought, is, on the contrary, quite distinctly human. Our kind has, in addition, developed that particular perversion which sometimes leads mothers or fathers selfishly to indulge the luxury of their parental emotions to a harmful degree and to pursue their grown children with a fatal solicitude of which no animal would be capable; but devotion which perfectly fulfills its function is — shall we say — 'bestial.'

It is hardly necessary to pursue this painful inquiry further, but in general it may be remarked that those virtues whose tendency it is to promote the welfare of the species without regard to the welfare of the individual, and which result in the complete subordination of any real or fancied 'self-realization,' are conspicuously animal, while the revolt against them is distinctly human. Even the more complex social virtues grow from roots which may be traced in animal nature more readily than the roots of many human vices; and, since it is upon the social virtues that the modern humanist lays greatest stress, it would be more appropriate for him to call himself by some name which would suggest that the fear lying behind his protestations is in reality a fear lest man should become too exclusively 'human' and lest, detaching himself too completely from animal tendencies, he should become no longer willing to

live in a fashion that would make possible the continuity of society.

Perhaps, on the other hand, the inclusive term 'individualism' is the one which will best describe the attitude toward living which is most characteristically human. The animal, absorbed as he is in the business of arranging for the survival of himself and his kind, seems far less capable than man of distinguishing between himself and his race. We need not naïvely attribute to him any philosophy in order to explain his behavior, but it is evident that he *acts* as though he had arrived at that attitude which is accounted by some exponents of social ethics as the ultimate human ideal, and which consists in an identification with society so close as to make meaningless any distinction between private and public good. He does not ask what he gets out of life, nor why he should sacrifice himself in the laborious business of continuing it. The lair or the nest is prepared, and the young are born. They are nourished, defended, given such education as they need, and then, when the time comes, the parents die quietly, quite as though they were as completely aware as Mr. Shaw's Ancients that the important thing is, not that any individual should have arrived at any 'fulfillment' of his own, but that life should go on. Yet, though something of this kind has been often enough described as the highest human virtue, the human being seems incapable of consciously achieving what the animal possesses as part of his natural endowment.

Doubtless the more primitive races come nearest to it, and in civilized communities it is the simplest people who, at least according to the literature of wholesome sentiment, most conspicuously exhibit this willingness to refrain from any demand that life should justify itself in their own person by

being worth while to them as individuals, and who are therefore most perfect in the social virtues. But even among those who acquiesce most patiently in the burdens of life there are usually moments of analysis and rebellion. 'Quiet desperation,' that famous phrase which Thoreau used to describe the mood of the average man, is the result of an impotent protest against the realization that he is playing the animal's part without being blessed with the animal's unconscious acquiescence; and the more highly developed the reflective powers of the individual become, the more likely is that quiet desperation to become an active rebellion which expresses itself in self-regarding vices.

The fact that the belief in immortality is practically coextensive with the human race does not, unfortunately, prove that the belief is well founded, but it does prove that the desire for a life beyond this life is universal, and that, in turn, may be used to show that individualism is one of the most fundamental human traits, since the desire for immortality is an expression of the human protest against the scheme of nature which takes so little account of man and his demands. When first he dimly perceives that his chief function is merely to see that others like himself shall carry life on after he has had his busy and futile hour of consciousness, he, as an individual, revolts against the natural order, and in imagination he projects himself forward into another existence in which that consciousness, so he assures himself, shall continue to exist. He is no longer willing, as the animal is, to accept the fate which makes him only a part of something larger than himself, and thus religion, in so far as it is essentially a belief in immortality, is merely the first stage in the process by which man detaches himself from Nature, asserts

the importance of himself as an individual, and proposes to himself ends and values which do not exist for her.

And if the belief in immortality be so regarded, its chief function will appear to depend upon the power which it has of enabling the human being to continue in the practice of the animal virtues. The heightened consciousness which makes him aware of himself as an individual leads him to demand some adequate motive which will take the place of the instinct which is by itself sufficient for the beast. In him the will to live is not so nearly unconditional, and neither does it discriminate so little between individual and racial survival. But by promising himself an eternal life he achieves a conscious substitute for the animal's unconscious concern for the species, and by associating the animal virtues with his eternal welfare he obtains a motive for their practice.

Hence it is that those for whom the belief in immortality is most vivid are the most likely to practise the virtues which have a survival value and the least likely to deviate into either those virtues or those vices which are exclusively human. But, as skepticism grows, the pattern of human conduct inevitably changes. The demand that life justify itself can no longer be postponed, and hence there begins the search for values which shall have meaning for the individual consciousness as opposed to those which have meaning only for Nature and her inscrutable appetite for mere life in itself. The simpler man, caught in a meaningless but exacting round of duties, does no more than fall into that 'quiet desperation' which we must again thank Thoreau for having so exactly named. Probably he comforts himself with some vague dream concerning some future fulfillment on the part of his

children, and he does not dare to realize that their happiness will be, at best, as shadowy as his — that it too will consist in a projection forward upon still another generation, and that his children too will receive his own illusory sense of achievement when they have in reality done no more than pass the problem on to fresh bodies which are doomed to the same futile exhaustion. But minds which are keener and wills which are stronger than the average do not rest in 'quiet desperation' palliated by illusion. They demand of life some meaning comprehensible to them, and they set themselves up against Nature because they have come to realize that her values are not for them and her contentment not theirs.

Thus even the Don Juan is characteristically human, because he has seized upon something which Nature has instituted for her purposes and has tried to utilize it for his own. However dangerous he may be to society, and however great his own failure may ultimately seem even, perhaps, to himself, his effort is the type of all purely human effort because it is essentially an attempt to make some process of life significant and valuable in itself; and it is doubtless the fact that he presents so readily comprehensible a symbol of the humanizing process which has made him so eternally popular in imaginative literature. Yet, however easily understandable his effort may be from a human standpoint, it will serve to illustrate most strikingly how this standpoint may be diametrically opposed to that of Nature, upon whom, nevertheless, even man must depend for the health of his own body and the welfare of his race. The Don Juan may find himself comprehended and pardoned by his fellow men, but Nature takes no account of even the most reasonable of human excuses.

III

To those who study her, this Nature reveals herself as extraordinarily fertile and ingenious in devising *means*, but she has no *ends* which the human mind has been able to discover or comprehend. Perhaps, indeed, the very conception of an end or ultimate purpose is exclusively human; but at least it must be said that the most characteristically human effort is that to transform a means into an end, and that it is such an effort which explains the Don Juan, as well as the more complex forms assumed by that curiously modified animal which is described as human. The artist and the philosopher have been generally recognized as representing the most highly developed type of that intelligence which we admire as something beyond mere animal instinct or animal cunning, but the concern of both is not with the *means* of Nature but with the *ends* of man. By thought the philosopher attempts to discover what these may be, and the artist, who is thus closely parallel to the Don Juan, attempts to achieve them by arresting the attention upon certain moments in life and proclaiming that it is for them as ends in themselves that life exists.

Yet the plain man has always, and not without reason, distrusted the philosopher and the artist. Observation has taught him that the latter, especially, is likely to be too ferociously intent upon his own ends to be other than a bad father and an unreliable citizen; and more obscurely he realizes that, even when this cannot be specifically charged, both are too detached from animal impulses to carry on the business of survival and propagation with that single-minded intensity which has populated every cranny of the earth. Nor can the philosopher or the artist himself fail to recognize the justice of this distrust. At one moment

he might be inclined to suppose the evolution of humanity to be in his direction, but at the next he is compelled to realize that a world of philosophers and artists is unthinkable. The foundations of the society in which he exists were built up and are sustained by people who were active in a way in which he can never be. He is not, in the most fundamental or necessary sense, useful or productive; he is parasitic upon a society which depends upon those endowed with an unquestioning animal vigor, and without them he could not exist. A decadent society, he realizes, is merely one in which too large a proportion of the population is concerned with 'ends' and with self-realization. While some pursue pleasure and end in debauchery, the others create works of art or lose themselves in speculation concerning the elusive *summum bonum*, but too few are left to sustain the natural substructure with that energy which is drawn from instinct alone. While the bush blossoms all too profusely, the roots die away, and before long the whole organism is dead. And thus the artist-philosopher, who, correctly enough, considers himself as the most exclusively human of human beings, is left in a dilemma, for he is compelled to recognize humanism as the ultimate enemy of those natural impulses which have made the human animal possible.

Sensibility and intelligence arose in the animal in order to serve animal purposes, for through the first it was able to distinguish those things which favor the survival of it and its race and through the second it was able to go about in a more efficient manner to secure them. Both were, like all things in Nature, merely means toward the achievement of that humanly incomprehensible end, mere survival; but the philosopher-artist has detached both from their natural places as mere

devices, and in attempting to make each an end in itself he has discovered that when they are so detached they are capable of becoming impediments to the attainment of the superhuman aims they were developed to promote. When sensibility has been detached from its animal setting it may, in its crudest form, become the erotomania of the Don Juan, or, in a more exalted form, it may develop into a quest for that self-justifying Beauty which is humanly valuable but biologically useless and which it is the artist's chief effort to capture; when intelligence is detached, it not only tends to paralyze natural impulse by criticizing natural aims, but develops certain intellectual virtues which are biologic vices. We are, for example, inclined to regard skepticism, irony, and above all the power of dispassionate analysis, as the marks of the most distinctly human intelligence. We admire the man whose reason is capable of more than scheming, whose logic is not the mere rationalization of his desires, and who can follow through an argument to its conclusion even though that conclusion is not one favorable to himself, his party, his country, or his species. But intelligence as detached as this is a vital liability. It puts the man or the race which possesses it at a disadvantage in dealing with those whose intelligence faithfully serves their purpose by enabling them to scheme for their ends and to justify to themselves their desires. Such is the animal function of intelligence, and whenever it develops beyond this it is useful for contemplation and it has a beauty of its own, but it is only humanly valuable and it inhibits rather than aids that effective action in the pursuit of natural ends which was the original function of mind.

And incidentally it may be remarked that the dilemma here indicated is the

largest aspect of the one which in a more immediately insistent way pins between its horns every nation which has developed a national mind capable of detachment. Thanks to this mind, the nation is compelled to criticize that naïve patriotism which leads every race to regard itself as evidently superior to every other; it hesitates to embark upon a career of imperialism and to subject the surrounding people to its dominion because it has passed beyond that stage of invigorating delusion which could make it fancy itself master by right of an inherent superiority; and it sees both sides. And yet it must purchase this intellectual and moral superiority at the price of a gradual decline, and it is well that it should do so in a full consciousness of the price. One after another the great nations of history have founded upon aggression the civilization which then supported for a time, but for a time only, great periods of human culture which flourished at their height just as the substructure crumbled. Animals made men possible and conquerors prepared the way for poets and philosophers, but neither poet nor philosopher can survive long after he has parted company with his progenitor and opponent.

Nor need we be surprised to see races enfeebled by civilization as though by disease, for the distinction between the vices and the virtues of the complexly organized man is a human, not a natural, distinction, and the two develop together as he humanizes himself. That detachment of mind from its function which makes philosophy possible and which encourages dispassionate analysis is exactly parallel to the detachment of the sexual functions from their purposes which results in the cult of the senses. Thought for thought's sake is a kind of perversion whose essential character is not changed because it happens to illustrate the

fact that human virtues may be biologic vices, and there is no reason to suppose that from a strictly biological standpoint one detachment is not as bad as the other. Civilizations die from philosophical calm, irony, and the sense of fair play quite as surely as they die of debauchery.

IV

Whatever we may think of the recurrent 'live dangerously' of Nietzsche's various testaments, the injunction is one which in certain spiritual senses we cannot choose but obey, for, the higher the mental organization which men achieve, the more precariously is it poised. The simple automatic responses of the amoeba serve it with dependable regularity. It may die a physical death, but it may neither lose its mind nor sink to depths of moral degradation; and what is true of the amoeba is so largely true throughout the whole range of animal life that the difference between it and the highest ape is not in that respect so great as the difference between the ape and man. Consciousness, understanding, and the powers of judgment and choice, even though these may be, as the behavioristic psychologists maintain, only a sort of illusion, are accompanied by capacities for ghastly failure unknown to the animal. To live humanly is, in that sense, to live dangerously; and the more completely human we are, the less our motives, our impulses, and our values are those which we have in common with the other animals, the more dangerous our lives come perforce to be.

To renounce Nature and natural ends, to go even so far as to find them insufficient, is to renounce at the same time the sure guidance which she gives to those who are content to accept it without question. Upon ourselves we

impose both the task of conceiving ends independent of hers and the task of devising means to attain them. Equipped with certain capacities capable of certain developments, we pervert them from their uses, and we suffer as a result from a permanent maladjustment. Both mind and body are subjected to abuses, and both are thereby corrupted. Even when our efforts are momentarily successful, even when some great man or some resplendent civilization seems to justify the effort to transcend Nature, the equilibrium achieved is an unstable one. The great mind and the great culture are alike poised over an abyss and are in perpetual danger of tumbling headlong. Civilization has been called a dance, but the feet of the dancers do not rest upon terra firma. It is danced upon a tight rope that sways in the breeze. The nerves and muscles of the performers are tense. They wave reckless defiance to the force of gravity, but they are in truth ill equipped for the airy stunt. Their feet are designed to rest upon the earth; it is even at the expense of a certain strain upon their bodies that they walk upright rather than upon all fours, and their balance is far from sure.

The ant who crawls unnoticed in the grass below is much older than they, and in the eyes of Nature he has made a much greater success in life. Long before they felt the first stirrings of proud superiority he was fixed in wise habits that have never varied. For thousands of years his frozen perfection has endured and, if he has no art and no philosophy, he is perfect in social virtue. He has merged his own interests completely with those of his kind, and he makes no demands for himself which will interfere with the prosperity of the colony which he inhabits.

His industry and his foresight have always been admired, but only patient

observation has revealed how much more complex his virtues are. Not only does he perform without question the part assigned him in the division of labor, but he has even achieved a control over the processes of reproduction which enables him to see to it that just the right number of each type of citizen shall be born; and, far from allowing himself to be disturbed by the distractions of love, he has consented, in the interests of efficiency, to remain sexless, while certain specialists are endowed with powers of reproduction. He is not primitive or simple, but he has let Nature have her way with him and she has rewarded him with a peaceful security which her more rebellious children can never hope to obtain.

But when a man looks at an ant he realizes the meaning of his humanity. If he happens to be one of those whose thought has concerned itself much with sociology he may be struck by the fact that the ant hill represents something very close to that communistic Utopia generally evolved by the imagination which busies itself with picturing an ideal society, and yet the contemplation of this realized and eternal perfection strikes a chill to his heart, because it seems to have no meaning or value and because he perceives that, so far as he is concerned, Nature's masterpiece might be destroyed without causing him to feel that anything valuable had passed away.

This perfected society is, that is to say, utterly devoid of human values, and its perfection is made possible by that very fact. It owes both its stability and its efficient harmony to the absence of any tendency on the part of individuals either to question the value of existence or to demand anything for themselves. Students of its evolution tell us that the automatic and yet cunning elaborateness of the life habits

which it reveals are explainable only on the theory that insects were once more variable, perhaps we can say more 'intelligent,' than they are now, but that, as perfection of adjustment was reached, habit became all-sufficient, and hence the biologically useless consciousness faded away until they are probably now not aware of their actions in any fashion analogous to the awareness of the mammals who are in certain respects so much less perfect than they.

And yet who, however weary he may be of human instability and discontent and violence, would exchange his state for that of the ant? However much he may admire the social virtues and however much he may be repelled by the selfish disorder of modern individualistic society, he must realize that whatever gives to life the qualities which make him cling to it resides somewhere in that region from whence spring the protests which make the regularity and peace of the ant hill impossible for man. Complete non-being seems to him scarcely less ghastly than the automatic existence which its citizens lead, and so it is ultimately to the biologic vices of the human being that he clings.

It is through these latter that he suffers, and through them that he, as an animal, fails. They are the source of the *tedium vitæ* which oppresses him when he realizes that he is leading a purely natural life and accomplishing only natural aims; they inspire him also to those rebellions which are impotent because they bring him face to face with the limitations he cannot transcend; and they exact as the penalty of indulgence the ills of mind or flesh which oppress the wearied brain of the thinker or the exhausted body of the debauchee. Yet they constitute his humanity, and it is only as a human being that he cares to live.

V

It would appear, then, that that complex of ideas and preferences which passes current under the name of humanism may be separated into two distinct parts. The complex includes on the one hand a tendency to stress the importance of the social virtues set up in opposition to the destructive, anarchistic tendencies of what it mistakenly calls the 'natural' man, and it includes on the other hand a sympathy with the attempt to create human, as opposed to natural, values. Yet these social virtues are, as we have seen, themselves animal, and among men they flourish most in those societies where the genuinely human tendencies — both virtuous and vicious — are least prominent. 'Humanism' in this popular sense is thus obviously at war with itself, for the simple reason that, the closer it comes to a realization of one half its ideal, the further it is bound to be from the possibility of achieving the other, since the second demands a detachment from the aims of Nature and the first a harmony with them.

The virtues of half-legendary Spartans will stand as a fitting symbol of the more austere half of the idea. The Spartan commonwealth, if we may trust the image of it which has exercised a continuous fascination on the imagination of mankind for the very reason that it does serve as a symbol, was not unlike a community of insects. It was marked by the discipline, the regularity, and the patriotism of the ant hill. It subordinated the individual to the state, and it regarded posterity as the chief of that state's concern. But it was thus a 'natural' society and it maintained its uncorrupted animality by a stern contempt for the virtues as well as the vices which together constituted the humanism of its great neighbor. A little later 'Roman virtue'

looked with a perfectly justified suspicion upon Athenian culture, and the Catos were shrewd enough to perceive what most moderns do not dare to admit: namely, that a choice must ultimately be made between a stable, essentially animal existence and the dangerous — ultimately fatal — life of the society which starts out in pursuit of purely human values.

Historians looking back upon the rise and fall of civilization have always been perplexed by the fact that societies are most admirable just before they collapse. They have been embarrassed by the necessity of interrupting the description of every golden age in order to point a warning finger at the signs of decay which have a way of manifesting themselves just at the moment when perfection seems about to be reached. To escape from a dilemma they have assumed that the association so often noted between the flowering of the intellect and the decline of national vigor is merely fortuitous, but it may very well be that it is instead the inevitable result of that detachment from Nature which we have been describing and which is at once the condition of human greatness and the destruction of animal health.

The antithesis between human and natural ends is thus ultimately irreconcilable, and the most that man can hope for is a recurrent defiance recurrently subdued. He can deviate so far but no further from the animal norm. He can make himself into an artist or a philosopher, but there are limits set both to the perfection of those types and to the extent to which the bulk of any population can be allowed to approach either, for individuals and races alike fall victim to their humanity. In the search for human values they first lose interest in those natural virtues which serve to keep the structure of the ant hill sound; and then

when they discover that, even for them as individuals, life has no purpose which their intellects can accept, even they perish of a *tedium vitæ* and leave the world to simpler peoples who have still some distance to go before they reach the end of the tether which attaches them to Nature. In the drama of history barbarians are always appearing in the rôle of the *deus ex machina*, and the historian is always laying great stress upon 'fresh blood' brought in from the provinces or infused by primitive conquerors. And yet he has seldom cared to draw the pessimistic conclusion which alone seems deductible from the facts in his possession.

Nor can it be said that to understand this paradox of humanism helps us in any way to solve it. The analysis which we perform is, indeed, itself an example of one of those exercises of the mind which is perverse because it does not serve as a means toward a natural end, and when we have admitted that the human ideal is one which the human animal cannot even approach without tending to destroy himself as he does so, we have, by that very admission, both diminished our biological fitness and desolated our human feelings. Hence it is that many a man with trained mind, developed sensibilities, and even as much good will toward society as can be expected of a creature who has lost the animal's innate talent for caring more for his race than for himself, stands paralyzed in the midst of a world that has learned so many things which do not help it toward any ultimate solution of its problems, but which tend, on the contrary, rather to make him suspect that they are insoluble. These men cannot strive with a missionary zeal for the development and spread of pure science, philosophy,

and art because they have come to believe that these things are either ultimately satisfying or conducive to a vigorous national life, but neither can they cast their lot with the 'plain man,' the 'sturdy citizen,' or the Spartan patriot, because it is the detachment of which these are enemies that gives human life whatever of even doubtful value it seems to the pure humanist to have. To the latter it appears that there is no choice to be made, except that between an antlike stability and an eternal recurrence which condemns humanity to a recurrent death at the top, to be followed once more by a fresh growth from the roots.

And, difficult as it seems to him to choose between such unsatisfactory alternatives, he is still further perplexed by an uneasy sense that the decision is one which the moment makes particularly pressing. Something in the state of his own soul as well as in the state of the world about him warns him that he is living in one of those periods which has about reached the limits set by Nature. He has already envisaged the possibility of seeing civilization destroy itself in a gigantic war, and that irony directed against himself which is one of the signs of the extent to which he has detached himself from the animal has even enabled him to feel some amusement at the thought of a race which should, by way of achieving the crowning triumph of its mechanical ingenuity, blow itself to bits. But, even if this possibility should be avoided, the impasse to which his thought has led him seems capable of leading the society of which he is a part to an end as certain even though less spectacular, since it is already too completely human in both its virtues and its vices to live either comfortably or safely in the universe of Nature.

TWO SONNETS

I

WHEN I am gone — and I shall go before you —
Think of me not as your disconsolate lover;
Think of the joy it gave me to adore you,
Of sun and stars you helped me to discover.
And if at night in dreams my spirit hovers
And shadows of the memoried past enfold you,
A merry ghost will sit upon the covers
And tell again some flippant tale I told you;
Will sing again some long-forgotten song,
Some artless, tender rhyme I wrote about you,
When moments spent with you made sweet the long,
Slow, desolate days and nights I lived without you.
Then all on earth that Death has left behind
Will be the merry part of me within your mind.

II

My face, before the turn of many years,
Will be as brown and wrinkled as old leather,
With ruts of passion, furrows worn by tears,
And seams of ribald laughter close together.
The voice with which I sang to you of love
Will croak and squeak, and children laugh to hear it;
And these straight limbs, that once I boasted of,
Trembling will seek the fire and chain me near it.
My eyes that, from the foremasthead, at dawn,
Have swept the burnished seas and fading stars,
Gaze inward now at things forever gone
That once were aching wounds — now shrunken scars.
But in the withered spirit, none the less,
A melody will sing your loveliness:

R. S.

COLLECTIVE UNREASON

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

THREE years ago the *Atlantic Monthly* published in two numbers a clever fantasy called 'Utopia Interpreted.' It was presumably written in 1995, and set forth the methods by which the social conditions of the civilized world had been wholly and permanently changed.

'The suicidal patience of the poor had come to an end,' and with it poverty had ended. 'The screaming horrors of the Strenuous Age' were over, and had taken with them, let us hope, all needless noises, long-distance noises especially. 'The Institute of Sharing' had made life pleasant for everybody. The last criminal had been hanged, the last child spanked. All was well with the wrongdoers of the world.

This kind of writing holds a fascination for sanguine souls. They have only to conceive of human nature as radically changed, and life changes with it. But what gave Miss Cleghorn's work its value to attentive readers was the depth of her insight into mental contagion, and her heroic boldness in delineating it.

Her first 'Sharers' begin — with a show of reason — by leaving their homes and going to live among the poor, to share the burden of poverty. As the movement spreads, 'Prison Sharers' make their appearance. These, being harshly excluded from jails, confine themselves in cellars or in 'area enclosures,' and refuse to be

liberated until the prisons are emptied. Next come along the 'Death Sharers' (women all of them), who propose to commit suicide, one by one, whenever a lawbreaker is lynched. Finally a band of Frenchwomen pledge themselves to die by their own hands whenever their soldier husbands cause, 'by direct slaughter or by blockade,' the death of an enemy. These last Sharers strike such a popular note that their numbers swell to many thousands throughout Europe, Asia, and South America.

It sounds mad; but the threat to commit suicide if soldiers fight is akin to the threat of refusing to bear children unless war be 'outlawed.' To be sure the Utopian Frenchwomen, being fictitious, really did the deed, whereas the agitated Americans, being real, made no appreciable dent in the birth rate of their prolific country. Nevertheless any form of hysteria carries its peril. What gives perverted emotions their strength is that they are immune from reason and from logic.

Miss Cleghorn demonstrated the perfection of her analysis by the skill with which she detached her Sharers from normal or primitive sympathies. They were brimful of pity for the imprisoned or the lynched criminal, but not for his innocent victim. The 'fighting jeweler,' that poor little New York Jew, who, having been twice robbed, had the desperate courage to fire at the third

band of assailants, and fell, riddled by bullets, at the door of his ravaged shop, would have made no appeal to their sensibilities. The death of an enemy in battle could be expiated only by suicide. The death of a countryman went for nothing. This twisted passion of pity is the essence of the abnormal. It finds a typical expression in Mr. D. H. Lawrence's annoyance with Christ because Judas betrayed Him with a kiss.

II

The impulse to take our own lives, or to outrage our own bodies, by way of atonement, by way of resistance, by way of argument or entreaty, is as old as the East, where it has known many phases and has been duly honored. Even now a Japanese officer or diplomat will commit hara-kiri to mark his just grief and resentment at an insult offered to his country. The deed is done with dignity and dispatch; and we are left marveling at a sense of honor we do not understand, a physical courage we do not share, a process of reasoning we cannot follow, and a neatness of execution which, in the unavoidable absence of practice, savors of the miraculous.

It is in Russia, where the mind is receptive and the will plastic, that collective unreason has oftenest taken the form of suicide or self-inflicted injuries. M. Maurice Paléologue, whose opportunities for study and observation were fairly adequate, says that in no other country except the Mohammedan East are the masses so incapable of resisting this species of contagion. Nowhere else do psychic waves travel so fast and so far. He cites strange frenzies that for centuries have seized upon the peasantry, driving them to deeds of horror. The

Red Death followed the trail of an illiterate muzhik named Basil Volsatz, who was born in Sokolsk in 1630. A sombre man, thoughtful, observant, and devout, he passionately resented the poverty of the serfs, the violence of the nobles, the subservience of the Church. Now what was the remedy he proposed? A crusade? A rising, like that of the Jacquerie in France, or the Bundschuh in Germany? A brave fight and a faint, thin chance of victory? No, his counsel was for self-destruction — death by fire, because fire purified the soul of sin. 'We shall burn away all that is gross. We shall die unsullied, and with holy faith.' So welcome was this grim suggestion, so highly acceptable to his brother muzhiks, that whole villages proceeded to carry out his design. In 1685 a group of seven hundred men, women, and children burned themselves in one vast and terrible holocaust.

The severest edicts were issued by Peter the Great, an irascible monarch, against this form of revolt; but a charred body defies the processes of the law. Moreover the stake had been for centuries the supreme penalty imposed by the courts of the world (it was in this very year, 1685, that Elizabeth Gaunt was burned at Tyburn), and when such a death became desirable and desired, there was little left to threaten. Vigorous preachers were dispatched over the country with better results. The unpardonable nature of the sin of suicide was used as a sledge-hammer argument; and the possibility of eternal damnation, of going 'roaring out of one fire into another,' as Cotton Mather kindly expressed it thirty years later when a drunken woman was accidentally burned to death, stifled the ardor of fanaticism. Nevertheless, sporadic instances of the Red Death

kept reappearing from time to time. As late as 1860 a number of people in Olonetz killed themselves in this awful manner.

More recent and more incredible was the conduct of the peasant population of the village of Tarnov on the Dniester. In 1897 a census was ordered. By some mysterious process of reasoning, the inhabitants of Tarnov associated this census with the approaching reign of Antichrist, an event never remote from the illiterate Russian mind. To avoid being classified as subjects of the lord of evil, the men of the village dug deep pits into which the women, children, and old people entered, and were buried alive. The survivors were then interned, and helped heroically to fill up their own graves. Finally the last man took his place with the dying and the dead. The census, so far as the village of Tarnov was concerned, had no names to enter, and Antichrist was cheated of his prey.

The hunger strike has been generally supposed to be of Russian origin. It bears the hallmark of Slavonic melancholy, is more dignified, if less courageous, than making a bonfire of one's self, and has enjoyed a weird popularity among Occidentals who have been temporarily deprived of reason. There is a story (apocryphal, I am sure) of an American tourist who was shown the Hunger Tower of Pisa, and who asked his guide what prisoners had gone on a strike. Those four bleak roofless walls that tell the world their tale of unrelenting cruelty suggested to his mind only resentful captives refusing to eat their dinners, and solicitous jailors devising ways and means of feeding them.

Indeed, the consternation caused by the hunger strikes was the most singular part of their history. It is a canon of civilization that people may not be

permitted to commit suicide. The employees of insane asylums spend their time seeing to it that the inmates are given no chance to take their own unhappy and valueless lives.

An unwarranted attempt was made to claim hunger striking as an inspiration of the English militant suffragists. A Miss Wallace-Dunlop was lauded as a pioneer comparable to Captain Scott of Antarctic fame and tragic memory, because she was 'the fragile inventor of the hunger strike.' But apart from the relative merits of the two exploits, Miss Wallace-Dunlop merely adopted a device familiar for centuries to Russia, and which, according to antiquarians, was an ancient and honorable Celtic institution. It flourished in Ireland for centuries before Russia had emerged from barbarism, or could boast of any annalist to report her irrationalities.

A mediæval Irishman who cherished a grievance 'fasted against' his hostile neighbor until the grievance was redressed. Mostly he carried his point, because the neighbor feared one of those amazingly fluent curses on which a dying Celt expended his last breath. Strange stories have been told of landless men who fasted until estates were granted them; of a father who fasted against three rebellious sons until he had reduced them to order; of saints who fasted against unjust princes and chieftains; of sinners who fasted against the blessed saints, to wring concessions from them. It was even whispered that Saint Columba fasted against God, and was punished for his presumption by being exiled from Ireland to the bleak Hebrides, there to work out his salvation and bring Iona to the faith.

Perhaps it was the absence of such interesting traditions that made the hunger strike so ineffective in our sentimental but unimaginative land.

Perhaps our tormenting sense of humor weakened its authority. Perhaps we do not set so high a value upon life — which is snuffed out daily on a liberal scale by motors — as do older and less reckless nations. Moreover, the American hunger strikers were few in number, and never achieved the notoriety which rewarded similar efforts in Great Britain and Ireland. When George Lansbury fasted against His Majesty's harassed government, he was quickly released to save trouble in the East End. When the Irish prisoners of 1923 fasted against the deeply perplexed authorities, twenty thousand people assembled outside of Mountjoy jail and prayed aloud for them, a highly dramatic episode, and a perfect illustration of the mental unity which is the law of crowds. Even Mrs. Pankhurst, although her adventures seem puerile to us now, managed in her day to focus public attention. She threw civilization into the discard, and went straight back to the old, old instinct which has made countless human beings assault themselves by way of coercing their neighbors. She did this, being a very able woman, with great efficiency and a steady eye to effect. Her example was necessarily contagious. It had all the qualities which make for contagion — courage, emotionalism, and unreason.

Mr. Zangwill is responsible for the statement that in the winter of 1913 'a lady militant of wealth and station' marked her sense of injustice by committing suicide at the entrance of the Derby. He was himself much moved by the incident he related, asserting that 'Englishmen were not so brutish that they could bear the sight of martyred innocence' — a curious choice of words.

As a rule, however, the militants wisely preferred injuring their neighbors' property to injuring themselves.

They were few in numbers, they operated for only a short time; but they managed in that time to do an incredible amount of mischief. It was unfortunate that they were as a rule women of education who knew what was valuable and beautiful; and who, after the first wild outbreaks of window-smashing, turned their attention to the destruction of things best worth preserving. If they went for a church, it was a church of dignified tradition. There were hundreds of pictures in the Royal Academy that called for demolition; but the iconoclasts passed them by in favor of Sargent's incomparable portrait of Henry James — a choice bitterly resented by Americans. So loud indeed was our indignation that Mr. James expressed a fleeting hope that it might find a practical vent in the purchase of his books. The large surfaces of the Albert Memorial were left unscratched; but the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey was blown up, and the famous Stone of Scone on which Saint Columba pillowed his blessed head, and which holds the fortunes of the British monarchy in its keeping, was wrecked, with no visible consequences.

The two marvelous things about English militancy were its abrupt cessation with the proclamation of war, and the fact that it never leaped the seas. It stopped as suddenly as if a strong wind had blown away a miasmal mist, or a cold douche had cured hysteria. The call to arms, the peril which beset England, the stern realities she faced, left no room for artificial excitements in the minds of English men or women. But I never understood why the contagion, while it lasted, made no longer strides. Americans failed to catch it. The French seemed immune. They gazed at their undesecrated treasures, they listened to the tale of England's

misfortunes, and they echoed Tennyson's thanksgiving with a complacency which matched his own:—

God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off!

III

The long, long history of the Church has given us countless instances of saints — and very great saints — who courted ill health and pain as assets in the spiritual life, and as weapons in the warfare against sin. There were others of a more robust nature who valued their bodies as working partners. When Saint Theresa, in a moment of pardonable petulance, bade her novices keep their shoes and mend their wits, she was not decrying asceticism. The order of Discalced Carmelites was of her foundation. The nuns were expected to walk barefooted through the world. But the mental attitude which lifted the absence of shoes from a sign and a symbol to the reality of the thing it represented was singularly trying to this brilliant and holy woman. She had the distaste of the balanced mind for superlatives.

And superlatives were the order of her day; a fierce, cruel, sincere, and ardent day that had barely emerged from the emotional instabilities of the Middle Ages. Only thirty years before Saint Theresa was born, the last of the Flagellants were slowly disappearing in northern Europe. For two centuries these self-tormentors had cropped up intermittently in Italy, Spain, Flanders, Holland, and Bohemia. Coldly received in England, they had swept Germany into a religious frenzy. Thousands of men, women, and children moved in processions through the towns, scourging themselves with leather thongs. The streets were red with their blood. For thirty-three days they were sworn to endure these tortures; and every day brought fresh

aspirants to share their honors and their pain.

Bishops fulminated decrees against this dramatic fanaticism. Popes condemned it. Civil authorities strove to close their streets to the offenders. It was of no more use than when the King of France, backed by the University of Paris, brought all the authority of Church and State to halt the Children's Crusade. A mediæval crowd took a fearful joy in the Flagellants, and endorsed the protest it embodied, a protest against the too manifest imperfections of rulers and of ruled. The thing was as contagious as the plague, and, like the plague, it kept reappearing decade after decade, wherever the seeds of the disease had germinated.

There must have been people then as now with soft hearts and tender flesh to whom the sight of suffering was abhorrent. There must have been people then as now with an inborn and ineradicable sanity. But, as Henry Adams mildly observed five centuries later, 'perfect balance does not greatly interest the world.' It did not interest the fasters of Ireland, or the Russian peasants busily preparing to burn themselves. It did not interest the Spanish cross-bearers of New Mexico, or the *penitentes* who bound themselves to crosses in defiance of civil and ecclesiastical mandates. It can never interest the collective mind, that dim jungle, penetrable to rays of pity, generosity, and emotionalism, but not to the north light of reason.

As a matter of fact it has been observed by psychologists that a crowd is most to be feared when it takes to reasoning. An instance occasionally quoted is the action of the French Revolutionists who, in September 1792, were employed to clear out the prisons of Paris, and who, in the

discharge of this duty, killed fifty children, detained for what is now known as juvenile delinquency. No especial animosity was felt toward these children as toward the unfortunate aristocrats, or still more unfortunate bourgeoisie, who were savagely slashed to death. No sympathy was felt for them, as for some lucky prisoners found guiltless of offense, and escorted to freedom amid cries of rejoicing and good will. The rude court that sat in judgment decided coldly and with considerable acumen that the youthful offenders, who ranged from twelve years of age to seventeen, would probably make trouble later on, and to save the Republic from future annoyance they were butchered then and there.

This kind of calculation was, happily, rare during the Reign of Terror. For an illustration of the true mob spirit we must turn to Delphine de Custine, the lovely daughter of Madame de Sabran, who came out of the Hall of the Tribunal to face an infuriated mob, and was saved from assault by a fishwoman who — simplest of devices — lent her a baby to carry. The throng, swept by sentiment as a field of grain is swept by the wind, parted to let her pass. That was not one of its lapses into reason.

IV

It has been frequently said that the World War was a case of contagion, a sort of mental measles on a large scale. I have seen it casually alluded to as 'war neurosis,' as 'national nervousness,' as 'alarm-engendered disorder' (which sounds mild), and as 'a spontaneous combustion resulting from excessive fears and hatreds.'

It is so much easier to write in this fashion than to study facts and balance evidence that humanitarians

may be forgiven for rejecting details that are not to their taste. A great deal has been forgotten in thirteen years; the reluctance with which England roused herself to battle, the piteous protests of Russia, the careful calculations of Italy. As for the invaded countries, they needed no hypnotism. Neither does the word 'nervousness' exactly describe their condition. The reaction of an assaulted nation is as automatic as the reaction of an assaulted man, or the reaction of an assaulted cat. Out goes the arm of the man. Up goes the back of the cat. Hence the fortunate survival of the human and of the feline race.

The prolonged and brave defense of hearth and home is something more than a primitive instinct. It is the development of that instinct into the highest form of reasoned activity. It is man's sacrifice of self, and his supreme dedication to duty. All hope of peace, all aspiration toward goodness and conciliating kindness, must rest on this sure foundation. That 'odd weakness for the enemies of their country,' which Mr. Guedalla has observed in 'progressive persons,' fails of its influence when men and women hear the rattling of guns at their gates, or see the destroyers' aircraft overhead. The Daughters of the Dove of Peace would forget their spiritual parentage under such conditions. The awful necessity of 'holding on' lifted unheroic French soldiers to incredible heights of heroism. 'The moral triumph of Belgium,' said Cardinal Mercier, 'is an ever memorable tale for history and civilization.'

With a few unforgettable facts firmly fixed in our minds, and with a few formidable situations irremovable from our present outlook, the wave of sentiment which assumes that confidence will create good will seems without substance or support. 'Les nations n'ont

pas de cousins,' and Russia and China make no coy claim to relationship. Neither of these countries is living under reasonably successful conditions, neither of them is fulfilling its own artistic, intellectual, and spiritual nature. Consequently to neither is war the anomaly it should be to nations that have achieved some sparse measure of serenity. China's far-flung and legitimate aspirations have not united her people, or modified the uncivilized cruelty that has been part of her civil code. Russia's grievances are as thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa. Her public utterances are shrill with resentment. Her great principle of shifting blame has developed an astounding ingenuity in domestic as well as in foreign affairs. It has permeated her law courts, which are probably the most dramatic in the world.

Two years ago a woman was tried in Yaroslavl for beating her three-year-old child to death. Judge, jury, and counsel all were women. A throng of women crowded the courtroom. The defense offered was that the conditions of misery and oppression under which the working classes had lived during the old régime had deadened all human feeling in the mother's heart. Consequently, seven years after the slaughter of the Tsar, she had killed her child with unexampled brutality. The fault, if fault there were, must be laid at the Romanovs' door. The jury, moved to tears by the thought of what the woman had endured seven years earlier, forgot the more recent suffering of the child, and recommended clemency. The sympathetic judge modified the penalty to sixteen months' imprisonment. The crowd wept freely when sentence was pronounced. It was no more disposed to waste pity on that bruised and battered baby than the London militants were disposed to waste pity on the humble East Side undertaker whose

window Mrs. Pankhurst smashed to vindicate her rights.

V

Americans, having positive and practical minds, and being saved from too much thinking by habits of phenomenal activity, are not prone to emotional epidemics. Yet in the past year the suicides among students in schools and colleges grew to disturbing proportions. They verified Gustave Le Bon's assurance that personal contact is not essential to the spread of such contagion. The self-destroyers were scattered over the length and breadth of the country. Their numbers were relatively small, but each case reported gave us a painful shock because it was so incredible.

A boy seems the last creature on God's earth to kill himself. That he should ever do it proves that we do not know him yet. It is true that the publication of *Werther* was followed by a little wave of student suicide in Germany. It is true that overwork has been known to drive German school-boys to taking their own lives. But from such sources of peril young Americans are wholly and happily exempt.

The publicity given to youthful suicides in this country did all the harm it could. Parents blamed schools, schools blamed parents, clergymen blamed schools and parents, newspapers reported this voluminous censure. A commentator in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine did his best to encourage the contagion by informing his readers that the commoner sort of mind was not subject to this temptation, and that the one thing clear to our understanding was 'the exceptionally sensitive natures of these brave adventurers between two worlds,' these boys and girls 'infatuated with infinity.'

The unbalanced mind may be sensitive, but it knows nothing of the strength that lies in delicacy. The foolish egotism of the letters left by these 'adventurers' showed the sapping of their moral vitality. They had failed to develop character or will. Nothing is less likely than that the youths who committed suicide could ever have grown into intelligent and useful manhood. Just as the feeble body is unable to resist the germs of physical disease, so the feeble spirit is unable to resist the germs of mental disease. It is said that boys who were forcibly prevented from joining the Children's Crusade, which was at least a nobly conceived infatuation, sickened and died — so imperious was the call.

Among the youngest of American suicides was a New York lad of thirteen, a quiet, fairly studious boy who had been decently reared, and who was not sick, nor seemingly unhappy. He wasted no time writing morbid and high-flown letters to his family; but hanged himself quietly one Sunday afternoon when he was alone in the house. No motive could be assigned for the deed. The child was too young to suffer from 'celibacy unduly prolonged,' a plight to which

the *Cosmopolitan* sage ascribed some such deaths. The Assistant Medical Examiner pronounced the case to be one of 'imitation student suicide.'

VI

We are told that self-destruction was a crime unknown to the Middle Ages when men had too much trouble keeping alive to doubt the desirability of living. An instinct deeper and wiser than reason kept them from balancing profit and loss. The 'Open Door' of Epictetus was closed to them by the Church, and it was the only one of her mandates which cost them no pains to obey. The early Irish fasters meant to break down opposition, not to die of hunger. The Flagellants appear to have invariably survived their stripes. Fantastic penances were as much a part of existence as were riotous sinning, and virtue undefiled. The reiterated reminder of the mediæval monks, 'Brother, we must die,' meant that even in the cloister men's hearts were set on life. The inscription on the bronze base of the tomb of the Black Prince at Canterbury reads: 'De la mort ne pensaije mye.' It is the expression of the will of his day.

PAST AND PRESENT

BY EDWIN MUIR

I

THE most interesting literary question of the present is the question whether there exists a new literature of some importance which is unlike any that has been written before. This question has never been considered objectively; perhaps by a contemporary it cannot be. In a book of essays called *Transition* and published about a year ago, I made an attempt, with but indifferent success, to do so; but when I wrote it I was too much under the influence of current hopes and judgments, and my arguments were consequently falsified. I cannot pretend that in the ensuing essay I attain impartiality; but any attempt to be impartial is salutary, and at present attempts of this kind seem to be singularly few.

Trying to be objective, then, one sees that there are two bodies of opinion on the subject. There are the critics, such as Mr. T. S. Eliot, Mr. Ezra Pound, Mrs. Virginia Woolf, Mr. Herbert Read, and Mr. Ford Madox Ford, who assume with more or less confidence that there is a new literature, and disdain, either fiercely like Mr. Pound, or with reasonable reservations like Mrs. Woolf, those who are not in it or on the side of it. On the other hand are those, like Mr. J. C. Squire, Sir Edmund Gosse, and Mr. Edward Shanks, who either ignore this new literature or consider it so unimportant that a jest can dispose of it. Apart from these schools are one or two critics, of whom Mr. Van Wyck Brooks

in America and Mr. Middleton Murry in England are the chief, who are not prejudiced against the new, but are too much concerned with other problems, perhaps more important, to give their attention to it.

Characteristic of the first school are such declarations as Mr. Pound's that 'Mr. Wyndham Lewis has in *Timon* gathered together his age, or at least our age, our generation,' and such acts as Mr. Eliot's drawing up of a list showing which writers exemplify the spirit of the age and which do not. The second school will not be too unfairly represented by Sir Edmund Gosse's reported answer to a French journalist who asked whether so-and-so was the greatest living English writer: 'Never heard of him. I suppose he's one of those young writers. There are so many of them!' The third pair need not detain us, for they are not implicated in the dispute, or the illusion, if it is such.

Considering these two sets of opposing critics, one may say that what distinguishes the first is fanaticism, accompanied as fanaticism often is by a strict dogmatism, this dogmatism producing in turn a peculiarly intellectual arrogance not incompatible with shyness in its holders, and involving with it a necessary blindness to everything not covered by the dogma. The critic of this school will have sweeping antipathies, which he will transform into principles of evil. For instance, he will

see romanticism, which he dislikes, not as a legitimate expression of the human spirit, or as almost the half of literature, but as an error. We shall find in him, that is to say, an obstinacy firm enough to damn a whole body of literature, combined with a blindness so remarkable that he does not see the greatness of this literature, and a narrowness so exclusive that he has no desire to share in it.

Turning to the second set of critics, we shall find that, while in considering past literature they evince a mood of enthusiasm or of satisfaction, to all contemporary literature which does not sufficiently resemble the productions of the past they are essentially indifferent. Narrow fanaticism and blank indifference—these are the moods of the two hostile bodies of opinion. Both sides are blinded—the one by their hopes, the other by their fears. Standing outside, one can accept Mr. Eliot's strict dogmatism as little as Sir Edmund Gosse's easy obscurantism. The one is as sectarian as the other.

II

Ignoring, then, these two camps who, ever hostile, ever ignore each other,—ignoring them not because their observations are shallow or irrelevant, but because they are either esoteric and intended for a few, or else popular and intended for nobody,—let us take a small definite test and try to discover as nearly as possible, first whether there is anything new in contemporary literature, and then whether that is of much importance. Mr. James Joyce will serve admirably as a representative of the new; for the traditional, both ancient and modern, we shall take a random lot of writers of various degrees of merit. Then, if there is no very salient difference among these, and a perceptible difference

between them and Mr. Joyce, we may decide that in some sense there is an existent new literature. Afterward we may consider wherein the novelty of this literature consists, and finally we may try to judge of its importance and guess at what it is making toward.

The following are the passages, taken at random from five writers:—

1. In this perturbed state of mind, with thoughts that could rest on nothing, she walked on; but it would not do; in half a minute the letter was unfolded again, and collecting herself as well as she could, she again began the mortifying perusal of all that related to Wickham, and commanded herself so far as to examine the meaning of every sentence. . . . After wandering along the lane for two hours, giving way to every variety of thought—reconsidering events, determining probabilities, and reconciling herself, as well as she could, to a change so sudden and so important, fatigue, and a recollection of her long absence, made her at length return home; and she entered the house with the wish of appearing cheerful as usual, and the resolution of repressing such reflections as must make her unfit for conversation.

2. He thought her in fact the most disagreeable young person whom he had ever met. He was accustomed to see women of very much greater consequence than this girl show at any rate a certain gratification at being thought worthy of his attentions. She would not, he felt, have dared to treat him so rudely but for the present eclipse of his fortunes. He was not used to being regarded so lightly, and it upset him. . . . Suddenly one of the cords of the screen of state behind which she was sitting fell across her zithern, making as it did so a sort of casual tune. As she bent over the instrument he saw her for an instant just as she must look when carelessly and at ease she swept an idle plectrum over the strings. He was captivated.

3. He had taken hold of her, and she liked that; it warmed her as much as any-

thing could warm her, but there was nothing about her holding on to him if presently he let go. She was, I had long realised, a creature of fine secondary shades and complicated shynesses and reserves, and I have never known anyone with a less voracious will to live.

I doubted from the first whether he appreciated her fine shades. His natural disposition was towards poster colourings more suitable for display. But gradually I came to see that it was not the delicacy nor the fine shades that he cared about. He had a profound unshakeable belief in her honesty, loyalty, and commonsense, and she justified his belief. Whatever else she may or may not have been to him, she was, so to speak, his treasury, his brake, his wary councillor. And though she was never a brilliant talker in society, I noted that when he quoted her sayings and cited her opinions, there came out a shrewd individuality quite different from his own.

4. Nurse Andrews was simply fearful about butter. Really they could not help feeling that about butter, at least, she took advantage of their kindness. And she had that maddening habit of asking for just an inch more bread to finish what she had on her plate, and then, at the last mouthful, absentmindedly — of course it was n't absentmindedly — taking another helping. Josephine got very red when this happened, and she fastened her small, bead-like eyes on the tablecloth as if she saw a minute strange insect creeping through the web of it. But Constantia's long, pale face lengthened and set, and she gazed away — away — far over the desert to where that line of camels unwound like a thread of wool.

5. He looked at the cattle, blurred in silver heat. Silver powdered olive-trees. Quiet long days: pruning ripening. Olives are packed in jars, eh? I have a few left from Andrews. Molly spitting them out. Knows the taste of them now. Oranges in tissue paper packed in crates. Citrons too. Wonder is poor Citron still alive in Saint Kevin's parade. And Mastiansky with the old cither. Pleasant evenings we had then. Molly in Citron's basketchair. Nice to hold, cool waxen fruit, hold in the hand, lift

it to the nostrils and smell the perfume. Like that, heavy, sweet, wild perfume. Always the same, year after year. They fetched high prices too Moisel told me. Arbutus place; Pleasants street: pleasant old times. Must be without a flaw, he said. Coming all that way: Spain, Gibraltar, Mediterranean, the Levant. Crates lined up on the quayside at Jaffa, chap ticking them off in a book, navvies handling them in soiled dungarees. There's whatdoyou-callhim out of. How do you? Does n't see. Chap you know just to salute bit of a bore. His back is like the Norwegian captain's. Wonder if I'll meet him to-day. Watering cart. To provoke the rain. On earth as it is in heaven.

These, then, are the five passages which may serve as a rough test, necessarily tentative. If in our examination of them we succeed in showing that the difference between the first four and the fifth implies other differences between them which do seem to exist, we shall have started an inquiry which might be taken up again.

In the first four we shall see that, in spite of many individual differences, the aim of the writers, and consequently their methods, are much the same. That aim I shall call concentration, and the method synthesis. Everything that may serve to make the mood or situation more definite is massed and oriented, until an intense point is reached which makes all the surrounding detail clear. The passages show that this method has been pursued for a long time, and has persisted as the main tradition until recently.

The first passage is from Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, written a century ago. The second is from Lady Murasaki's *The Sacred Tree*, written in Japan nine hundred years ago, and now available in Mr. Arthur Waley's translation. The third is from Mr. H. G. Wells's *The World of William Clissold*, the fourth from Katherine Mansfield's *The Garden Party*, the fifth from Mr.

James Joyce's *Ulysses*. The first two passages are very alike, except for the zither; in aim and method they are essentially the same. The third passage is looser; the method remains the same, but it is disintegrating; we have the confused questioning of such phrases as 'fine secondary shades and complicated shynesses and reserves'; vague adjectives take the place of concrete delineation. The fourth passage, though resembling Jane Austen, inaugurates in the last sentence a new method which begins where Mr. Wells left off. Yet essentially the aim and method in all these passages are the same: concentration is sought by means of synthesis.

We come now to the fifth passage. It certainly differs from the other four passages in a sense in which they do not differ from each other. For here the aim is not concentration but diffusion, the method not synthesis but analysis. Seeing cattle pass, Mr. Joyce's character thinks of olive trees; these suggest various kinds of fruit; the word 'citron' calls up the memory of a man called Citron; he in turn evokes other recollections; then external things, an acquaintance passing, a watering cart, cut across the associations, starting others, until the irrelevant but accounted-for phrase is reached, 'On earth as it is in heaven.' The first three writers I have quoted never attempted to follow the turns of the disengaged mind in this way; reading them, one might easily conclude that they were unaware of these floating thoughts, or considered them not worth attending to. The fourth writer was aware of them, and as she developed made more and more use of them. Mr. Joyce has exploited them thoroughly and at great length. But he is not the only contemporary who has done this; in different ways it has been done by Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mrs. Virginia Woolf, Mrs. Dorothy Richardson, Mr. Aldous

Huxley, and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell in *All Summer in a Day*. In poetry one might mention Mr. T. S. Eliot, Miss Edith Sitwell, Mr. Robert Graves, and a number of others.

This coming to prominence of the floating images of the mind may be called new, then. These images have been used before, of course, pre-eminently by such writers as Sterne and Jean Paul Richter, but generally for the ends of comedy. Never till now has such serious attention been concentrated upon them, nor till now have they seemed so important.

The next question is whether this serious concentration on the apparently irrelevant responses of the mind is a significant novelty. This is at present, with the evidence at our disposal, unanswerable. Those who consider Mr. Joyce a great writer will be in little doubt about it. Those who hold that he has failed, and failed because the attempt was impossible, will have even less doubt. Nothing that one could write at present would do much more than confirm both parties in their opinion.

But, leaving this aside, there is one sense, at any rate, in which the new attempt is significant. It is significant as the expression of a growing attitude. In no other age could *Ulysses* have appeared, or on its appearance have been understood by the small number of people who at present understand it. The interest was lacking even thirty years ago, and only since that time has it come to the front. This interest is general; during the same time science has shown it perceptibly; and the works of Dr. Freud and Dr. Jung belong to the same current as those of Mr. Joyce and Mr. Lawrence. Psychoanalysis is still in its infancy; but it is working itself out, and as it does this the situation will change, and the literary response necessarily change with it.

The present literary tendency, then, has some importance for us; but it has a possible importance also, given to it by a goal in the future which it is making toward and may reach.

III

In speculating upon what it is making toward I can no longer point to verifiable facts, and the rest of this essay must be tentative. I will start with the axiom that the new element in literature has not modified literature decisively enough to produce a 'new form.' The last two decades have seen many attempts to create one; it has actually seen none valid even to the few who desire it to appear. Take *Ulysses* again. In its imaginative pattern it is no more necessarily one work than it is ten. One can take one section, such as the scene in the pub, or the nightmare scene, or Mrs. Bloom's soliloquy, and it will actually have a greater unity than the work as a whole. One can combine several chapters—the first three, for example—and the effect will be as congruous without the succeeding chapters as with them. There is, indeed, nothing to make the book the size it is except Mr. Joyce's determination to record a day of Dublin life. The plan of *Ulysses*, of which so much has been said, is mechanical purely; it is imposed from the outside without reference to the drama which should really determine the structure of the book. Useful to the author doubtless, as helping him to keep the formlessness of the book within bounds, it is no more an element in the novel itself than the papers and inks of different colors which Mr. Joyce is supposed to have used.

Turning to *The Waste Land* of Mr. Eliot, we see that its plan, too, is external. This plan had a use to the author; it has no significance for the

reader. Again like *Ulysses*, this poem is as validly several works as one. Any construction Mr. Eliot may say it has is a construction without development, which is an absurdity. The design is not worked out in the poem; it is an ideal scheme referring to it. This scheme is only an explanation of the work itself, somewhat like the answers to problems at the end of an arithmetic book.

Here, then, is the point where the new attempt has failed most disastrously. A new construction, a new form, has not been worked out; but construction of some kind a work of art must have, so the old traditional construction is pressed into service, though it is quite unsuitable, and we have only the authors' conviction that it is there. The problem created by the inclusion of the new element has, in other words, not been solved at all.

That new element is the subconscious as modern knowledge has modified it. How much do we know about it? The one thing which Freud has demonstrated conclusively is that our most apparently irrelevant thoughts have a logic and a meaning; that there is nothing one thinks, voluntarily or involuntarily, asleep or awake, which is not related to one's personality, and for that reason to one's actions. If we turn to Mr. Joyce now, we shall see that the subconscious as he portrays it has hardly any relation to the actions of his characters at all; it changes without meaning or aim, and changing in this way it really makes all deliberate action meaningless. It may have moods which vary with external events, but there is no value or significance in its alterations, any more than there is in the behavior of the stomach, which may be equally deranged by overeating or by a disappointment in love. Everything is made blunt and vague rather than emphasized and pointed. One action is

as important as another, and all actions are in a sense irrelevant, seeing that a whole series of them, of very different value to the conscious personality, are here indistinguishable in their effects. Action, in everything that gives it meaning, is out of place in *Ulysses*, and consequently development, crisis, catharsis, all that constitutes construction, is equally so. But to say that is to say that *Ulysses* has never been integrated at all, has never been created as a work of art.

When we read Freud we discover that the subconscious is subtle, exact, and necessitated; when we read Mr. Joyce we get the impression that it is blunt, vague, and irrelevant. Freud shows it determining our smallest actions, our gestures, our health, our ideas, our aims; Mr. Joyce shows it going away on a journey of its own in a studied disregard for us. In this picture of an arbitrary conscious on the one hand and an irrelevant unconscious on the other, nothing important is accounted for, neither personality, nor action, nor feeling, nor thought, all of which require both factors to be conceivable; and we feel that the author has been merely interested in the subconscious, or alert to exploit it, but that he has had no more serious aim. The synthesis of intuitions which gives the artist his starting point he has avoided with great skill and at inordinate length; and his plethora of styles in *Ulysses* is a device to hide the fact that he is merely playing with his theme and has not tackled it decisively.

The gaping fault in works such as *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land* should now be clear enough. It is that the subconscious as shown in them is never squared with the conscious. These two elements of personality are set down side by side, and each makes the other incomprehensible. They are unrelated, like raw facts before the scientist has

seen the connection between them; yet it is clear that they must be related before the artist can begin to write with understanding of human experience. If he writes without relating them, it means literally that he has not accounted for anything he writes about; for conduct, feeling, thought, egoism, desire, continuity of personality; for the elementary facts of human life. And when he writes, not having accounted for them, his work will inevitably have something of the quality of automatic writing. In some of the sequences in *The Waste Land* there is the dreamlike irrelevance of automatic writing, and since he finished *Ulysses* Mr. Joyce's writing has become almost entirely automatic. He has not tried to grasp the issues of life; he has nothing consciously to say, therefore; and the only relief is to let the subconscious speak for itself, whether it can be understood or not.

The intensified concern with the subconscious, then, is responsible for both what is new and what is disastrous in contemporary literature. The problem that awaits the future writer is whether, given as much prominence as Mr. Joyce and Mr. Eliot give it, the subconscious can be integrated with the conscious. If that can be done, personality, action, cause and effect, will come back into literature, and with them a new construction, a new form. In saying this I assume that the present literary experiment can be carried further, and is not an impossible one. This, of course, cannot be demonstrated, but it is not improbable. On the other hand it is possible that the whole experiment will prove abortive; but even so it is bound to leave some effect behind.

I have tried to prove that the attempt is in one sense new. The presumption, I think, is that it is potentially important.

HAIG OF BEMERSYDE

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

WHEN Britain for the first time in her history waged war not with a small professional army but with the nation in arms, it was characteristic of her nature that, instead of a genius, the man called to lead her armies should be the embodiment of her normal virtues and defects. Military genius has occasionally flowered on her soil, but it has been an exotic growth. Haig, in contrast, was distilled essence of Britain. Calm, unimaginative acceptance of whatever fate may have in store, serene faith that all will come right in the end, resisting power deep-rooted in the tradition of centuries — these combine to produce that inexhaustible endurance which has ever been the despair of Britain's foes, sapping their own will to conquer. Marvelously apt, both for Haig and for the men of whom he was the leader and type, was the family motto of the Haigs — 'Tyde what may.'

Born on June 19, 1861, at Cameron-bridge, Fifeshire, Douglas Haig sprang from a branch of the famous border Haigs of Bemersyde. He conformed to the national tradition from the first. In his school and university days, at Clifton and at Oxford, he was known for his athletic powers and character but not for any academic promise or achievements. From Oxford he went to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, — not direct to a commission like the present-day university entrant, — and here revealed the first signs of distinction. Industry is the proverbial birth-

right of the Lowland Scot, and heredity may have asserted itself to give his mind a serious bent, coupled with the fact that he entered later and thus was several years older than his fellows. It is at least certain that one of his officers, in answer to an inquiry, said: 'There is a cadet here called Douglas Haig, who is top at everything — books, drill, riding, sports, and games; he is to go into the Cavalry; and what is more, he will be top of the Army before he has finished.' He actually passed first out of Sandhurst, and was commissioned in the 7th Hussars. The Cavalry, in those days particularly, did not take soldiering too seriously, and an officer with a zest for work could be sure of receiving the grateful surrender of others' modest portion so long as he did not disturb their tranquillity. Thus after barely three years' service he became adjutant of his regiment, and this position, backed by his strong character, enabled him to disturb others to such good effect that the training of the 7th Hussars began to set new standards in India. He was helped by his skill at polo, for the fact that on joining he went straight into the 7th Hussars team, then the finest in the Army, dissipated the prejudice which attaches to that unpopular species, the bookworm.

Polo, greatest of all games, is undoubtedly good training for a cavalry troop or squadron leader. But in the British Army it is more, for any one who attends regimental dinners knows

that a good polo player is ipso facto a good general. The reason apparently does not lie, however, in the rapidity and skill of manœuvre which it induces, for I recall an interchange of such sentiments and compliments between two distinguished cavalry generals, one of whom then went on to deliver the interesting if unhistorical dictum that 'a great army can only be worn down by hard fighting; it cannot be outmanœuvred.' As, under Haig, he was primarily responsible for the offensive at Ypres in 1917, — hard enough in cost and result, — he ought to know.

Haig's strenuous time as adjutant merely gave him a greater thirst for military experience, and he spent his subsequent leave in visits to the German Army and the French Cavalry School at Saumur, his report on which brought him to wider notice. But for a moment his career was in jeopardy through the discovery that he was color-blind. Rejected in the medical examination for the Staff College, he managed to enlist the sympathy and influence of the Duke of Cambridge, who secured his entry as an exception to the rule. Haig was fortunate, for, if 'hard cases make bad law,' an uncompromising insistence on red-tape regulations has lost the Army many good soldiers.

At the Staff College, prophecy from many quarters forecast for him a great career, and fortune befriended him by providing in the quick succession of the Sudan and South African campaigns not merely a chance to win his spurs, but an extended opportunity for distinction. Coming back from the Sudan in 1899, to become brigade major to the cavalry brigade under Sir John French, he naturally found a place on his staff when the South African War broke out a few months later. Soon he became Chief Staff Officer to French in the Cavalry

Division, where his methodical instincts, caution, and sagacity acted as ballast to his impetuous commander. Brevet promotions came rapidly, and in the later phase of the war he became commander of a group of columns during the 'sweeping' operations. Here he did useful work, but the thoroughness and method which made him an ideal staff officer were not all-sufficient qualities in the chase of slippery bands of Boer partisans.

Among many honors which the campaign had brought him was that of extra aide-de-camp to the King. Although his spells of home service had been short, he had won the personal regard of King Edward, and the royal interest in his career was strengthened by his marriage in 1905 to the Honorable Dorothy Vivian, one of Queen Alexandra's maids of honor. When this took place he was once more holding an appointment abroad, for in the autumn of 1903 he was appointed Inspector General of Cavalry in India, at the direct request of Kitchener, then Commander in Chief, on whom his work in the Sudan campaign had made a lasting impression. The appointment was exceptional for one who was only a brevet colonel, and coupled with his substantive promotion he was made temporary major general. Next year this rank was made permanent — an amazing rise for a man of forty-two who had only entered the Army at twenty-three. He was commonly called 'Lucky' Haig and, marked as was his ability, he was the favorite of fortune not merely in his escapes from death but in the combination of circumstances which gave him such a close series of opportunities to win distinction and attract notice.

In 1906 he came home to be successively Director of Military Training and Director of Staff Duties at the War Office. Three years later he went

out to India again, as Chief of the Staff, although very reluctant to take the post because of his conviction that a war with Germany was inevitable and imminent, and his wish to be on hand to take part. It was a relief to him when in 1912 he was again brought back, this time to receive the blue ribbon of home commands — the Aldershot command. Aldershot was the main training ground of the Expeditionary Force, containing its first two divisions, and fate gave him only two years in which to prepare this force for its great test.

II

On the declaration of war Haig took up his assigned position as commander of one of the two army corps of the British Expeditionary Force. Grierson had the other, but, upon his sudden death in the train, his command was given to Smith-Dorrien, Haig's predecessor at Aldershot. In the opening clash at Mons and the subsequent retreat, Haig, on the right wing, bore a less severe strain than the 2d Army Corps on the left wing, where the brunt of the German onslaught fell. And history has shown that the strain on Smith-Dorrien's corps was partly owing to the action — or inaction — of Haig's corps. The major responsibility, however, rested with General Headquarters, which failed to keep control of the operations and to co-ordinate the movements of the two army corps. This failure in turn had its main source in the collapse of Sir John French's Chief of Staff, General Murray, who fainted in an inn at St. Quentin on August 26, the day of the Le Cateau battle. Worse still, he recovered sufficiently to think that he was functioning, when actually he was still unfit. Thus during critical days there was no firm hand on the helm.

The danger, as well as the subsequent difficulties, was immensely aggravated by the fact that, at the outset, the British retreat was split into two portions by the forest of Mormal. This large and dense obstacle was so close to the starting point of the retreat that there was hardly time or space to withdraw the whole force by one flank, and Sir John French decided, on receiving an inaccurate cavalry report that there were no roads through the forest, to divide his force, leaving Haig to retire by the east side of the forest while Smith-Dorrien retired by the west.

The divergence was almost fatal, for, separating on August 24, it was not until September 1 that the two army corps joined up once more, — there was at times a gap of fifteen miles between their inner flanks, — and during that interval the 2d Army Corps (Smith-Dorrien) came desperately close to disaster at Le Cateau. Isolated and unaided, except for the welcome reinforcements of a fresh division, Smith-Dorrien was compelled by the closeness of the enemy and the fatigue of his own troops to stand and fight at Le Cateau on August 26, disregarding the orders for a continuance of the retreat. After the check to the German advance caused by this rear-guard action, the further retirement of the Expeditionary Force was never seriously threatened. But it was fortunate for the British troops, exhausted and disordered, that the Germans were slow to begin the pursuit and then took the wrong direction in the belief that the British were retreating westward instead of southward. This German delusion, held even before Le Cateau, was strengthened by the very fact that they met resistance only on the left wing, as Haig's corps had continued its retreat while Smith-Dorrien was standing to fight. In consequence the

Germans not only attacked Smith-Dorrien's front from the north, believing that it was his flank, but passed round his right and attacked his exposed flank, believing that it was his front.

Why had Haig laid bare his neighbor's flank and why was he too far away to support him when attacked? It has long been one of the mysteries of the war. The cause lay partly in French's failure to keep in touch with and control over his two corps, partly in Haig's failure to fulfill French's orders. On the eve of Le Cateau, French had ordered both corps to continue the retreat next day in a *southwestward* direction. Smith-Dorrien, as we have seen, disobeyed these orders by stopping to fight, compelled to take the decision on his own initiative because of the difficulty of communicating with French in time. Haig disobeyed these orders by retiring *southward* next day, instead of southwestward, a course which took him hour by hour farther from Smith-Dorrien. If his decision lacked Smith-Dorrien's justification, we need to remember that in war the commander on the spot often finds that circumstances alter plans, and the root cause of the trouble was that the Commander in Chief was too far away for consultation or control. French had moved his headquarters back to St. Quentin, twenty-two miles distant even from Smith-Dorrien at Bertry, and with no direct telephone communication except through the railway station there.

Liaison was, indeed, the weak joint of the command, not merely inside the British force, but between it and the French. At the first meeting between Sir John French and General Lanrezac, commanding the Fifth French Army on his eastern flank, a mutual antipathy had sprung up, accentuated by the barrier of language, and thereafter

each took his own course without consideration of the other. If Lanrezac gave the first cause for complaint, French, after Le Cateau, thought for a moment of cutting adrift from his allies altogether, to fall back and fortify 'Torres Vedras' lines near the coast, a project from which he was only dissuaded by Sir Henry Wilson's timely use of his inimitable powers of humor and cajolery.

This lack of liaison between the Allies throughout the retreat would have been worse but for Haig's influence. As his corps was the material link between the two armies, so he himself was the personal link, and so quickly did the French liaison officers realize this that all made a point of calling first at his headquarters on their journeys to and fro between two greater headquarters. His disregard of orders in moving southward on the day of Le Cateau may have been due to his desire to keep in touch with the French.

Similarly, when the French Fifth Army halted its retreat on August 28, Haig sent a message to Lanrezac that his troops were perfectly fit to attack and that he wished to cooperate with the French in a counterstroke. His willingness was overruled and reprimanded, however, by Sir John French, who, in face of the appeals of the French commanders, insisted on continuing the retreat, leaving the French to fight alone and lose the fruits of their success. Let it be said in fairness to Sir John French that, seeing only the local situation, he may have found it difficult to understand why Lanrezac had left him in the lurch at Mons.

Haig had a cooler temperament and a more balanced view, as well as a better understanding of the French mind. He maintained this spirit of helpfulness when in supreme command,

and none had a better grasp of the vital importance of coöperation between the Allies. If General Headquarters was sometimes as notorious for its criticisms against the French as was Grand Quartier Général against the British, such tendencies were due not to Haig but to his subordinates.

In the Battle of the Marne, which turned the tide of the war, the British force had an important indirect influence, but its direct influence was small, owing to the fact that it had made an extra day's march to the south when its allies halted for the counter-offensive. But after the subsequent advance to the Aisne and the check there, the British Expeditionary Force assumed a leading rôle and was the decisive factor in thwarting the Germans' second bid for victory. The immortal resistance of Ypres was primarily a soldiers' battle, depending on the courage, endurance, and musketry skill of the regimental officers and men, and on timely counter-attacks carried out by battalion or brigade commanders. The rôle of the Higher Command was perforce limited to their moral influence and to their efforts to cement the crumbling parts of the front by scraping reserves from other parts. Within these limits Haig proved himself an ideal defensive general. On him fell the whole conduct of the battle. His Chief still had the delusion that he was attacking when the troops were barely holding their ground, and later, when enlightenment came, was equally insistent on retreat, only to be dissuaded by the greater will power and perhaps the greater self-delusion of Foch, who had been given the rôle of coördinating the action of the Allied forces around Ypres.

Haig's economic distribution of his slender strength, and his success in 'puttying up' the strained and cracking front, owed much both to his cool

calculation and to the forward location of his headquarters, close to the battle-front. Invaluable also was the moral influence of the calm which his bearing diffused. And on the most critical day of the struggle he revived for a moment that personal element of leadership which so often turned the scale of battle in the past, before the days of scientific killing at long range. News had just come back that the Germans had made a breach in the front at Gheluvelt; the guns were necessarily falling back, stragglers and wounded trickling down the Menin road. Up the road, moving 'at a slow trot, with part of his staff behind him as at an inspection,' Haig was seen riding forward toward Hooze, and the sight did much to restore confidence.

When the German tide of attack at last ebbed, and the sorely depleted British ranks were refilled and expanded, the Expeditionary Force was divided into two armies, and Haig received command of the First. In this capacity he was in executive command of all the abortive attempts in 1915 to break through the trench barrier. The first was at Neuve-Chapelle in March. Here a heavy concentration of artillery was secretly assembled, and an intense bombardment of half an hour's duration delivered on the German trenches, after which the artillery lengthened their range and dropped a curtain of fire to prevent the reënforcement of the enemy's battered trenches, which were rapidly overrun by the infantry. Complete surprise was obtained and most of the first positions captured, but control broke down, reserves were late in coming up, and the opportunity of exploiting the initial success vanished. A further factor was that the narrow frontage of attack made the breach more easy for the defenders to close; this defect was unavoidable, owing to the general shortage of munitions.

The cost of this experiment might have been offset by the benefit of its experience. But both Haig and the Allied Command as a whole missed the true lesson, which was the surprise obtainable by a short bombardment that compensated its brevity by its intensity. And only partially did they appreciate that the sector attacked must be sufficiently wide to prevent the defender's artillery commanding, or his reserves closing, the breach. Instead, they drew the superficial deduction that mere volume of shell fire was the key to success. Not until late in the war did they revert to the Neuve-Chapelle method, and meanwhile it was left to the Germans to turn it to profit at the expense of the Russians, in the Tarnow-Gorlice breakthrough in May 1915.

The British offensive at Loos, in September, was a more costly failure and without any experimental value. One fault was that it was too far away from the joint French offensive in Champagne for either to react on the other, but a worse was that the British Command tried to reconcile two irreconcilable factors; they aimed at a break-through, but preceded it with a prolonged bombardment which gave away all chance of surprise. But as the initial and fundamental mistake was appreciated only by a few, the brunt of the criticism fell on Sir John French, who had held the reserves too far back and handed them over to Haig too late for the brief opening success to be exploited.

While making all allowances for the new problems created by trench-warfare conditions, — which, however, had been foreshadowed by the Russo-Japanese War and prophesied by Monsieur Bloch, a Polish banker, twenty years earlier, — the historians of the future will find it difficult to understand the slowness of the Allied

generals to grasp the defensive strength of barbed wire and machine guns. They refuted the old proverb, 'Once bitten, twice shy,' for bite after bite failed to make them shy of prognosticating success, far less of their offensive efforts. More curious still, in a generation of soldiers nurtured on military history, was their utter disregard of military history. On the one hand, they disdained the principles of surprise and concentration, which have ever been the master keys of the Great Captains, announcing their intentions to the enemy by days of prolonged bombardment and attacking with a tiny fraction of their force while the rest remained inactive. On the other hand, while violating the principles of normal warfare, they refused to treat their operations as siege warfare. The Messines attack in 1917 was the first, and almost the only, British operation which was framed on a true siege-warfare basis.

III

The aftermath of Loos saw Sir John French relieved of his command of the British Expeditionary Force, and replaced by Sir Douglas Haig. The record of his career and every outward qualification except personal magnetism marked him out for this selection. If the miscarried offensives of 1915 had brought him no credit, they had not been signalized by the appearance of any possible rival. Haig's first task was to forge the molten ore of the New Armies, which was flowing out to France, into an offensive weapon, and to sharpen its edge by trench experience and training behind the lines. To gain the time required all his strength of character, and the strain became greater when the Germans attacked Verdun and in that long-drawn-out attrition offensive gradually bled the fighting strength of France.

To release French reserves Haig relieved the French army which was holding the sector around Arras, sandwiched between the British First and Third Armies. But he refused to be hurried into a relief offensive before his forces and resources were ready. Even before Verdun was assailed he had objected to Joffre's plan for partial offensives in April and May as preparatory steps to a general Allied offensive, simultaneously with the Russians, in midsummer. It was a pity that Haig's clear sight and sound attitude in resisting the many-sided pressure and clamor for a premature stroke in aid of the French were not maintained in the conduct of his own offensive. The original plan had been for the French to attack with forty divisions on a twenty-five-mile front south of the Somme, and the British to attack with twenty-five divisions if possible on a fourteen-mile front north of the Somme. But as the French were drained of their strength at Verdun, so did their share in the Somme plan evaporate. Ultimately their front of attack shrank to eight miles and their force to sixteen divisions, of which only five took part at the outset. Thus the main burden was shifted to the British and remained on their shoulders for the rest of the war.

Yet Haig's aims do not seem to have been reduced in proportion to the shrinkage of his resources. True, his orders no longer ordained the unlimited objectives of Loos nor foresaw quite so rapid a break-through as had then proved a mirage. But the ultimate objectives were as far-reaching. What possible ground was there for such ambitious dreams? The plan, while disdaining the old master keys of concentration and surprise, made no pretense to provide any new key. The Fourth Army, which was to make the attack, had only seventeen divisions,

with three more in reserve under Haig. The artillery concentration, of 1500 guns, was barely the equal of that of the Germans in May 1915 for their Tarnow-Gorlice break-through, and the defenses on the Russian front a year earlier could not be compared with the German network of wire and trenches on the Somme. The Fourth Army Command made a vain protest that with the artillery available the scheme was too ambitious. Worse still, the British had not only to attack uphill against an enemy holding the high ground, but they had strengthened their own obstacle by their short-sighted policy of harassing the enemy continuously as a normal trench routine. For when the Germans held the dominating positions, as well as a superiority in equipment and ammunition, these 'worrying' tactics wore down the British troops more than the enemy—attrition on the wrong side of the balance sheet. Further, they stirred the Germans to strengthen their trench defenses, to develop by art the advantages of nature, so that the British offensive came against an almost impregnable fortress instead of the relatively weak defense system which had faced the French when they held this part of the front. For the French policy, except when engaged in active operations, was 'live and let live,' and when their 'war-weariness' troubles of 1917 are recalled, it is the highest tribute to the endurance of British troops that they endured the policy of their leaders so long.

Finally, any chance of surprise was given away, not only by the neglect to conceal the vast preparations, but by a seven-days-long bombardment.

July 1, 1916, dawned with a promise of broiling heat, and at 7 A.M. the bombardment rose to its height. Half an hour later the infantry rose from

their trenches, and thousands fell, strewing No Man's Land with their bodies, before the German front trench was even reached. For their opponents were the Germans of 1916, most stubborn and skillful fighters, quick to exploit their defensive assets; while the British shells flattened their trenches, they sheltered in dugouts or shell holes and then, as the barrage lifted, dragged out their machine guns to pour an unslackening hail of bullets into the dense and rigid waves of the attackers. The Somme marked the nadir of infantry tactics, the revival of formations that were akin to those of the eighteenth century in their formalism and lack of manœuvring power. Only as the upstanding waves were broken up by the fire, and human nature, reasserting itself, formed little groups which worked forward by rushes from shell hole to shell hole, did advance become possible. The British losses on this terrible day were 60,000, the worst day's loss in the whole history of the British Army, although only fourteen divisions were engaged. The only credit was earned by the skill and fortitude of the German defenders and the unquenchable courage of the New Armies of Britain. All along the attacking line these quondam civilians bore a percentage of losses such as no professional army of past wars had ever been deemed capable of suffering without being broken as an effective instrument. Yet they carried on an equally bitter struggle for another five months.

Two months of costly 'nibbling' followed before the crest of the ridge, so near and yet so far, was gained. By that time a fresh network of trenches had been woven in the rear, and with the early onset of the autumn rains vanished the last dim hope of a breakthrough. The British losses in this inverted attrition campaign had been

double the German, and the only tangible result was that, with the capture of the ridge, the British had obtained the commanding observation by which their enemy had so long profited. But, once more overruling the opinion of the executive Army Command, the Commander in Chief threw away this advantage by spending the next month in fighting his way down into the valley beyond, and so doomed the troops to the misery of a winter in flooded trenches. If the German resistance was also strained, it did not prevent them from withdrawing troops to crush Rumania.

To the tragedy of lost lines and lost chances was added that of lost potentialities. For on September 15 the premature use of a handful of tanks gave away the jealously guarded secret of this newly forged key to the trench deadlock, sacrificing its birth-right of decisive strategic surprise for the mess of pottage of a local success. The metaphor has a satirical aptness, for military ignorance has never made a worse mess of any new weapon. The progenitors of the tank had long before sounded the warning, in a memorandum, that the secret must be preserved until masses of machines could be launched in a great surprise stroke, and that on no account should they be used in dribblets as manufactured. As Haig had expressed his agreement with this memorandum in the spring of 1916, the military historian is driven to the conclusion that the tanks were literally 'pawned for a song'—of illusory triumph over a local success. If so, the greater prize thus lost beyond recall was a heavy forfeit to pay for an attempt to redeem some fragment of the failure on the Somme. A mere fifty-nine were used in tiny detachments of two or three tanks, their drivers insufficiently trained, the infantry untaught how to coöperate

with them, the rear preparations scant and mismanaged, the very machines themselves obsolescent, because this early model was designed in accordance with specifications based on the trenches of 1915. It was little wonder that the majority broke down or became 'ditched.' Yet those that came into action proved such a life-saving factor and moral tonic as to reveal to discerning eyes that here was the key which, when properly used, would unlock the trench barrier. But the folly did not end with their misuse. Haig reported so dubiously upon them, and in letters expressed so low an opinion of their value, that Sir William Robertson, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff at home, hastened to cancel the programme of construction, and was only prevented by political intervention.

The story of 1916, as of 1917, is a painful indictment of the Commander in Chief's lack of vision and obstinate disregard of advice whose truth was borne out by the result. But it cannot be burked by the conscientious historian, even though he recognizes the virtue of this very obstinacy in later crises — to which it had contributed. In Haig, physiognomy was a true index of character: the forehead, though not mean, dominated and eclipsed by the chin. So thought and imagination, although active within strict limits, were dominated by an unswerving determination, which when beneficial was called tenacity, and when harmful was called obstinacy. Haig at least was far more than a Joffre: his obstinacy was due to mental limits, not to pure ignorance; and he was never the cat's-paw of subtler brains. And although his determination was so strong, he was not so insensible to the human cost as some of his coadjutors whose personal resolution was less. In some measure his very defects sprang

from virtues. His loyalty to old comrades and long-known subordinates made him slow to remove those who failed under the test of war and its new conditions. His lack of selfish ambition prevented him from cultivating that blend of geniality and fire which in some is natural and in others an artifice, but which is the magnetism of leadership. His remoteness, combined with his inability to argue, tended to discourage all but the most resolute subordinates from pressing contrary opinions; and physical courage is a far more common virtue than moral courage among soldiers long apprenticed to the profession of arms. The Army Commanders — 'the Barons,' as they were commonly termed — might be awe-inspiring war lords in their own domain, but few of them ventured to stand up to Haig. Because of his manner, more than his character, the very subordination which military discipline induces tended to become its own poison.

IV

But public and political criticism had been growing in volume, and at the close of the Somme campaign Haig was lucky to escape the fate of his French colleagues, Joffre and Foch. Nevertheless, the fall in his credit had perhaps worse consequences. For the British Government, now led by Mr. Lloyd George, lacked the courage to depose him or the confidence to support him, and so lent itself to the baneful compromise of subordinating him to the control, in operations, of the new Commander in Chief of the French Army, Nivelle. This violated an axiom of war, and of common sense, for a general cannot effectively direct another army while he is engrossed in the executive command of his own. Moreover, the atmosphere of distrust was a

fertile breeding ground for intrigue. Early in 1917 the French produced, at the Calais conference, a scheme for an amalgamated command, with a French Commander in Chief, a British Chief of Staff, and a mixed Headquarters Staff. When this was rejected through British military opposition, and the other compromise — of subordination — adopted, Nivelle's personal staff began to intrigue in London for Haig's removal. The chief wirepuller was Colonel d'Alenson, who, in the confidential post of *chef de cabinet*, stood ever at his master's elbow and wielded an irregular power far greater than that of the official heads of the French staff. Consumed with ambition and disease, conscious that his career was a race between glory and death, this restless and able schemer urged Nivelle on to an early and supreme gamble to win the war at a stroke. All the more anxious was he to remove any impediments to the fulfillment of his design, and, regarding Haig in this category, he sought to supplement his underground attack by a series of dictatorial instructions — their tone hardly civil — to Haig in the hope that resentment might produce a crisis and Haig's resignation. In this object D'Alenson failed, and even the temporary harm he did to Allied relations was minimized by Haig's own balance of mind; for, if stung to complain, he was not stung to retaliate, and it is one of the highest tributes to him that, although sorely tried, he never let his sense of injury obscure his sense of the need for coöperation between the Allies. It is a question whether a fine sense of duty should have prompted Haig to resign when he felt that he no longer possessed the confidence of his Government or his allies, and that his troops might suffer in consequence — as they did in April 1917 and March 1918. But it is beyond question that no man has shown or maintained greater

self-control in face of the storms of criticism and undercurrents of intrigue.

Nivelle's appointment caused a change and, worse still, a delay in the original plan of campaign for 1917. Before it could begin the Germans had disrupted its foundations — by a strategic withdrawal from the huge Somme salient which the Allies had planned to pinch out. Straightening their front by retiring to the newly fortified Hindenburg Line, the Germans left their foes to follow laboriously through the intervening desert which, with immense thoroughness of destruction, they had created. By nullifying the Allies' preparations for attack, this withdrawal dislocated the initial moves in their plan and restricted them to the sectors on the two flanks of the evacuated area. Thus they had to launch their main blows before the enemy's reserves were pinned down by pressure elsewhere.

The British struck first, in the north near Arras, on April 9. The temporary check to the supply of tanks had left a hurricane bombardment as the only means of achieving a surprise, but although Allenby, commanding the Third Army, urged such a course, the timely removal, by promotion, of his artillery adviser cleared the way for the long-drawn-out method which the Higher Command preferred. Three weeks of systematic wire-cutting followed by a five days' bombardment gave the Germans ample warning, and the usual results followed. After sweeping over the forward positions which their shells had razed, the attackers were brought to a stop by intact defenses in rear. South of the evacuated area, the French blow in Champagne on April 16 was equally abortive in strategic results and, because of its greater scale, a greater fiasco. The excessive hopes raised by Nivelle caused the greater reaction, and to the

accompaniment of mutinies among the slaughter-weary French troops Nivelle fell from power, to be replaced by Pétain and a more cautious policy, and for the rest of the year the British bore almost the entire burden of the campaign.

V

With the failure of the French any chance of a beneficial reaction on the dying British offensive at Arras vanished. But Haig decided to continue the operations in order, as he explained at a conference of Army Commanders on April 30, to reach a 'good defensive line.' If these later attacks were modest in scale of force and objective, they were extravagant in lives. Haig's advocates have thrown the blame partly on the faulty tactics of the Third Army Command in face of the new defensive tactics of the Germans — thinly held forward positions with reserves concentrated in rear for prompt counterattack — and partly on the unfulfilled promises of the French to continue their pressure. If there is much truth in these contentions, it is not the whole truth. For the minutes of the conference on April 30 reveal, first, that Haig placed little reliance on the prospect of the French continuing their attacks; and, secondly, that the prolongation of the Arras offensive was based on a local object and not dictated by that of bringing relief to the French.

After the costly failure, early in May, to reach this 'good defensive line,' Haig decided to transfer the main weight of his attack into Belgium, as he had originally intended to do at an earlier date. His loyalty to his allies and his sense of the common interest inspired him to press on with this offensive policy even though French coöperation was lacking. And it is just to recognize that at this juncture

the British Prime Minister, who had committed himself to the Nivelle gamble, was equally ardent to pursue the offensive, although on cooler reflection he subsequently tried, in vain, to check the policy which he had countenanced.

But if the ominous situation of the French Army, the crisis at sea caused by the submarine campaign, and the need to second the still possible Russian offensive, combined to justify Haig's decision in May, the situation had changed well before the attack was launched at the end of July. In war all turns on the time factor. By July the French Army was recuperating, if still convalescent; the height of the submarine crisis was past; and the revolutionary paralysis of the Russian Army was clear. Nevertheless Haig would not change his plans.

As a preparatory step, the Messines ridge south of Ypres had been secured by the Second Army, under Plumer, with Harington as Chief of Staff. The explosion of long-prepared mines, the discharge of a great volume of gas, the dovetailed coöperation between artillery, tanks, and infantry, were features of a meticulously organized scheme which by its economical success proved a model example of the true siege-warfare attack. It was above all due to perfect staff work, and thus corresponded with the conditions of what was essentially a staff officers' war, in all armies.

But in the greater operation which followed, not only the principle but the method and the choice of site were open to criticism. The axis of the attack diverged from, instead of converging on, the German main communications, so that the advance could not vitally endanger the security of the enemy's position in France. Haig was to adopt here the same 'eccentric' direction of advance which a year later

his advice prevented Foch and Pershing from taking. And if the advance on the Belgian coast could yield no wide strategic results, the idea that it was necessary in order to capture the German submarine bases on this coast has long since been exploded, for the main submarine campaign was conducted from German ports.

But, worst of all, the Ypres attack was doomed before it began — by its own destruction of the intricate drainage system in this part of Flanders. The British Command had persevered for over two years with the method of a prolonged preparatory bombardment, believing that quantity of shells was the key to success, and that, unlike all the Great Captains of history, they could disregard the principle of surprise. The offensive at Ypres, which was finally submerged in the swamps of Passchendaele in October, threw into stronger relief than ever before the fact that such a bombardment blocked the advance for which it was intended to pave the way, because it made the ground impassable.

The legend has been fostered that these swamps were a piece of ill luck due to the heavy rain, a natural and therefore unavoidable hindrance that could not be foreseen. In reality, before the battle began a memorandum was sent to General Headquarters pointing out that if the Ypres area were destroyed by bombardment the battlefield would become a swamp. In the disregard of this warning is epitomized the cause of that disastrous failure, inevitable from the outset, for the mud was hampering operations in the very first days. But in another quarter the lesson was assimilated in three days, instead of the three months which General Headquarters took before they abandoned the hopeless struggle. On August 3 an alternative project was drawn up at Tank Corps

headquarters. Its preface contained this significant example of prevision: 'From a tank point of view the Third Battle of Ypres may be considered dead. To go on using tanks in the present conditions will not only lead to good machines and better personnel being thrown away, but also to a loss of morale in the Infantry and tank crews through constant failure. From an infantry point of view, the Third Battle of Ypres may be considered comatose. It can only be continued at colossal loss and little gain.'

The alternative proposal was for a large-scale raid near Cambrai, where the rolling downland lent itself to tank movement, as a dramatic means of restoring British prestige and an economic means of keeping the Germans occupied. The basic idea was the release of a swarm of tanks without any preparatory bombardment to give warning of the blow. The proposed sector was in the area of the Third Army, now under Byng, who showed himself instantly receptive to the idea, although inclined to expand it from a raid into a definite attack. On August 6 he went to General Headquarters, saw Haig, and suggested an attack with tanks at Cambrai on September 20. The Commander in Chief was favorable, but his Chief of Staff, Kiggell, made strong objection on the ground that the army could not win a decisive battle in two places at once, and should rather concentrate every possible man in the Ypres area. Thus the enlarged idea postponed the raid, as the refusal to recognize the 'writing on the wall' at Ypres postponed the attack at Cambrai until it was too late to gain decisive results.

This damping reception failed to extinguish the scheme, and late in October the growing hopelessness of the Ypres offensive rekindled the smouldering embers; ultimately the Cambrai

operation was fixed for November 20. But it had been transformed into a far-reaching offensive, aimed to penetrate as far as Valenciennes, for which the British had not the resources because of the drain at Ypres. It is extremely difficult to understand what was in mind as to the future, for, without reserves, success could only mean the creation of an excessively deep and narrow salient, requiring many divisions to hold it.

Led by nearly four hundred tanks, but followed by only six infantry divisions, the attack came as a complete surprise, and despite minor checks achieved a penetration far deeper and at less cost than any previous British offensive. But all the available troops and tanks were thrown into the first blow, and the Higher Command failed to give Byng the few reserves they possessed in time to exploit the success. And the cavalry, as always on the Western Front, belied Haig's unfailing faith, proving unable to carry out this rôle. Once more the British Command had failed to fit their end to their means.

The best comment on this lack of reserves was supplied by the commander of the neighboring French Army Group, Franchet d'Espérey. A long motor ride in search of information brought him to a British headquarters at Albert. Entering, he interrogated a senior General Staff officer, flinging at him a string of questions as to the progress of the attack, its frontage, its depth. Then came the final, the vital question: 'And where were your reserves?' 'Mon général, we had none.' The French commander exclaimed, 'Mon Dieu!' turned on his heel, and fled. If the excuse be that the Ypres battles had drained us of reserves, — even so, there were divisions which came up too late, — then it surely reflects on the choice of that

swamplike area and the failure to try earlier the method that at Cambrai unlocked the doors to decisive success.

For want of nourishment the advance died away, and on November 30 a German counterstroke nearly turned limited success into unlimited disaster. The sole fruit of Cambrai was the lesson — applied the next year.

But since early in November the stream of German troop trains westward from the Russian front had been steadily swelling, and the British Command suddenly awoke from their offensive dreams to the grim reality that, with Russia out of the war, they and their French allies had to face almost the whole armed strength of Germany. The Italian disaster at Caporetto added to their depression, and their mood veered round to one of sheer defense. But their own extravagant offensive had dissipated their resources and sacrificed their credit. If English action had relieved the strain on French resources, what was the benefit if England had drained her own to the verge of bankruptcy? And because of the loss of credit, reinforcements were withheld by a Government sick of spendthrift strategy and dubious of the military change of mood.

The danger was aggravated by two further developments. Owing to the insistence of Clemenceau, the new French Premier, Haig was forced to extend his line and take over more of the front from the French at the moment when his reserves were at the lowest. This meant that Gough's Fifth Army was dangerously stretched out and took over ill-prepared defenses on the very sector where Ludendorff was about to strike. Secondly, Haig's innate distrust of compromises led him to take the decisive step which nullified the effort to establish a form — if an immature one — of unified control before the threatening storm

broke on the Allied front. The new Supreme War Council of the Allies had planned to create an Interallied general reserve, under the control of its military executive committee, of which Foch was appointed chairman. Haig, however, brought this scheme tumbling to the ground by his reply, when called on by Foch to contribute his quota of seven divisions, that he could spare no troops. He preferred to rely on a working arrangement with Pétain, his French vis-à-vis, for mutual support. But his own almost quixotic sense of loyalty and the common interest led his judgment astray, and when the German blow fell on his own front, as he had rightly forecast, he was speedily disillusioned. Perhaps also he lacked the imagination to put himself in Pétain's shoes and to make allowance for the possibility that the French commander might have an equally fixed, if incorrect, conviction that the real attack was due on his front.

When the German attack was launched on March 21 and the Fifth Army was driven back over the old Somme battlefields, Haig found that his compact with Pétain was inadequate. French reserves were slow to come to his assistance, and, after a comfortless interview with Pétain, Haig sent an urgent call to Lord Milner, the Secretary of State for War. Milner, however, was already on his way and the outcome of his intervention was the emergency conference of Allied ministers and generals at Doullens on March 26. Sinking personal pride in face of the crisis, not only did Haig back Milner's proposal that Foch should be appointed to coördinate the combined action of the British and French armies, but it was on his intervention that the scope of Foch's commission was extended to the whole of the Western Front, instead of merely 'around Amiens.' No one had a more

thorough appreciation of the fact that Amiens, the junction point between the Allied armies, was also the joint in the Allied harness which must be covered at all costs. To no one was its security more due. But his instinct for method also taught him that a compromise which gave Foch partial responsibility was impracticable, and he voluntarily subordinated himself in order to give Foch a comprehensive responsibility. This loyal coöperation was maintained throughout the last year, and carried so far that when in July Foch pressed for British reserves to meet the expected German blow in Champagne, Haig complied with his demands although still expecting attack on his own front, and although those previously sent had been sacrificed owing to the blunders of their French commander. And in his loyalty Haig refused the British Government's offer of intervention.

It is perhaps a little difficult to reconcile Haig's emphasis on guarding the Amiens 'joint' with his initial dispositions, wherein he placed most of his reserves in the north, and left to Gough's army not only the longest and most difficult sector to defend, but the lowest proportion of troops to hold it. The reason was probably that he anticipated, rightly, that the heavier weight of the German attack would fall on Byng's Third Army near Arras, and did not anticipate that, if the Germans broke through, they would penetrate so deeply or so rapidly as they did. And whereas the front in the north was unpleasantly close to the vital Channel ports, there was room on Gough's front to fall back some distance. It was only when the distance reached to a forty-mile withdrawal that the danger to Amiens became serious. Moreover, later knowledge reveals that Byng's successful resistance at Arras, combined with the extent of Gough's

enforced retreat south of the Somme, tended to change radically the German plans, and lured Ludendorff on to his ultimate undoing.

Throughout the crisis of the German inroads, first on the Somme and then, in April, on the Lys, Haig proved the same cool and unshakable commander as at Ypres in 1914. If, because of the greater scale of his command, his control could not be so direct as in 1914, he showed the same prudent and calculating use of his reserves to 'putty up' the crumbling parts of the front, and the moral symbol of his ride down the Menin road was reproduced in his immortal order of April 11: 'Many among us now are tired. To those I would say that victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. . . . There is no other course open to us but to fight it out! Every position must be held to the last man; there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end. . . .' The only shadow on these noble sentiments is the reflection that if Haig had refrained earlier from butting frontally at an impassable wall his troops might not now have had their 'backs to the wall.'

In this crisis, however, he strove manfully to husband life; his timely withdrawal of his line in the Ypres salient largely nullified the German blow planned at this point, and he would have made other elastic withdrawals but for Foch's opposition. When the tide turned with the great counterstroke on the Marne in July, Haig had an opportunity to show that in attack he had profited by his repeated hard lessons of earlier years. He had let Foch have British reserves for the Marne battle against the wishes of his staff, and now he was instantly receptive to suggestions from the Fourth Army Command, whom he had

overruled so frequently in 1916. A small but ably conceived surprise operation with tanks on July 4 had revealed to Rawlinson and his Chief of Staff, Montgomery, a significant weakening in the enemy's morale and defects in his trench system. After the idea had been broached in conversation, Rawlinson submitted to Haig on July 17 a detailed scheme for a large-scale surprise attack on the Cambrai model. Haig at once approved it in preference to an attack on the Lys, which Foch had proposed as one of a series of local offensives to free his lateral railway communications. Foch accepted the alternative site and placed under Haig the French First Army under Debeney, to extend the front of attack on the south. Rawlinson's army was secretly doubled, and by skillful precautions the enemy was kept in the dark until, on August 8, the surprise attack was launched, led by 450 tanks. Great as a material success, it was still greater as a moral, for it so convinced Ludendorff of the final tilting of the scales that he informed the Kaiser that peace ought to be sought without delay.

VI

On August 10, when the advance was slowing down, but a new attack, by Humbert's army, was beginning on Debeney's right, Foch issued orders to Haig for Rawlinson and Debeney to continue their attack while Byng's army was to prepare to strike in on Rawlinson's left. Haig, now imbued with the principle of economizing life, objected to an immediate continuation of Rawlinson's direct advance against stiffening resistance, but agreed to launch Byng, and proposed also to throw in the right of Horne's First Army, lying next to Byng. After a tussle of wills, Foch gave way. On August 17 Mangin's army struck, south

of Humbert; on August 21 Byng advanced; on the twenty-sixth Horne, and on the same day Rawlinson, began to move forward again. The difference of opinion between Haig and Foch, and its effects, can be and have been exaggerated. For, although marked credit is due to Haig for modifying Foch's method toward economy of life, it is clear that the basic plan of alternate 'shouldering' advances in rapid succession — the keynote of this new strategy — had already been created by Foch. As a result, the whole German front, Soissons to Arras, was in a state of flux, the Germans evacuating under pressure the areas captured in the spring, and falling back on the Hindenburg Line. Could they stand fast here? That was the vital problem. And in solving it Haig's influence was more important than in the earlier question. Method and determination, his permanent assets, were now his valuable contributions to the Allied stock. Further, it is beyond question, if natural, that he had a more correct appreciation of the German decline than the Government at home. At the end of August they sent Haig a cipher telegram expressing their anxiety if further heavy losses were to be incurred in attacking the Hindenburg Line. It is absurd to blame them, as some have done, for not only had the soldiers given the statesmen just cause for anxiety in the past, but, as armed forces are based on the strength of the nation in the rear, strategy must necessarily be the servant of policy. At the same time it is just to recognize the moral courage which Haig showed in accepting responsibility for the attack and staking his reputation on his opinion.

Foch, who had now freed his lateral railways, was able to turn to wider aims and produced his plan for a combined general offensive. A compound British,

French, and Belgian force was to attack on the left wing in Flanders; the main British force was to break the Hindenburg Line and advance toward Maubeuge, so threatening to cut the western end of the Germans' main lateral railway and their line of retreat west of the hilly forest region of the Ardennes; the French were to advance against the German centre in Champagne; the Americans to strike toward the Briey coal fields, just west of Metz, and the eastern end of the German lateral railway. If rapidly successful, this last stroke promised decisive results in cutting the German line of retreat east of the Ardennes and turning the possible German line of resistance along the French frontier. But it diverged from the direction of the other attacks and so would not have the same reaction upon them as a converging advance. Haig, more prudent, urged Foch to alter this into a converging advance toward Mézières, and Foch agreed to the change.

Here again, although ardent partisans have exploited the modification to exalt Haig and depreciate Foch, the effect can be exaggerated. For, in the first place, the British broke through the renowned defenses of the Hindenburg Line without the Mézières attack drawing off any material fraction of the German resistance which faced them. At the outset of this battle there were fifty-seven German divisions opposing forty British and two American divisions on the Hindenburg Line. For the Mézières advance there were thirty-one French and thirteen larger-strength American divisions — a total equivalent to at least sixty normal Allied divisions — against twenty enemy divisions.

Secondly, after breaking through the German defenses the Allies' converging advance lost impetus owing to the difficulty of supply over the

destroyed areas, and by the date of the Armistice all hope had vanished of cutting off the main German forces. And when the curtain fell on the long drama of the Western Front, Foch was about to launch, although a little farther east, the Franco-American turning manoeuvre which he had originally intended for September, and which was now the only chance of retrieving the hope of a decisive military victory.

It is right to put forward these facts to restore a balanced view, but they in no way depreciate the real services which Haig rendered in his own sphere by directing the vital operations which, by breaking the Hindenburg Line, hastened the German decision to capitulate.

As in an earlier phase his virtue of loyalty had the effect of a vice, so in the last phase his vice of obstinacy became a virtue. Like Foch, he had profited by experience, and, like Foch also, his profit was greatly increased because in the last phase, when the balance of numbers and morale turned definitely in his favor, the conditions at last came to fit his theories even more than his theories moved to meet the conditions.

He was different from Foch in that, while Foch stands out in relief from the background of war, vital in interest

as a man apart from his association with great events, Haig is engraved in the face of the war, and because of inherent self-effacement his career must be traced through the course of events.

As an executive commander there has never been a finer defensive general. In contrast, as an offensive general there has perhaps never been a worse one among those who have earned fame. In the last phase he did much to regild his reputation, but the scope for more than method and determination was not wide. His mind was dominated by the instinct of method, a valuable asset; where he failed was in the instinct of surprise, in its widest sense — originality of conception, fertility of resource, receptivity to ideas. And without the instinct of surprise, the key to economic and decisive success in war, no man can take rank among the Great Captains. But as a great gentleman, also in the widest sense, and as a pattern of noble character, Haig will stand out in the roll of history, *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, more spotless by far than most of Britain's national heroes. Most of all, perhaps, because in his qualities and defects he was the very embodiment of the national character and the army tradition.

TELLINGS

BY TACY STOKES PAXTON

WE did n't know grown-ups could cry until we heard Mother in the bedroom. Tiptoeing along the porch that ran beneath her window, I moved the shutter. It was dark inside her room. Mollie in the front hall with her eye to the keyhole said she could only see the peep of light I let in when I turned the shutter.

And then we went up to the nursery. Mrs. Clark, who always puts us to bed and things, was n't in it any more. Her clothes did n't bulge out the closet door in the next room any more. Mrs. Clark was gone, and so Mollie and I got up on my bed and we did n't take our shoes off.

I said, 'You don't think she's found out?'

'Oh, no!' Mollie always makes it seem so, when she says it like that. 'Mother would n't cry over kittens!'

You see, we borrowed a nest of kittens when their mother was some place, out of Dr. Whitford's barn, and were growing them up — when we remembered to — in the old tool chest in the stable. Mother does n't like kittens. Mollie said, 'To make Mother cry it would have to be something as big as —' I tried to think what is big enough to make grown-ups cry — 'as death!' And Mollie held the word a long time in her mouth.

One time I asked Katie, out in the kitchen, 'What is death?' Katie makes things that are good, with lots of sugar. I try and not forget to put the plate back on the cooky jar.

Katie was rolling pies when I asked,

'What is death?' She looked up from seeing the pie and shook her head and made a quick move with her hand. The quick move left flour powdered on her waist and there was a white spot on her forehead. She gave me a piece of dough and I made a pie on the corner of her board, and she put a spoonful of sugar in the middle of it.

Mollie and I slid down to dinner very quietly on the banisters. The table was squeezed up now, because Auntie Lou didn't eat with us any more, nor Miss Lizzie who used to give us music lessons, nor Peter who made rabbits out of his fingers for Freddie when he was n't at the flour mill with Father.

Mother and Father were there, but Father forgot to call Freddie 'Chubbins.' Katie came in and fixed Freddie's potato and took a long time.

After dinner Mother went back into the bedroom and shut the door. Father sat in a rocker on the side porch and did n't see Mollie and Freddie and me. We were on the top step.

In a long time Katie came out of the side door with her satchel and Father carried it to the front gate for her. Katie's ma was waiting for her in a buggy. Katie picked Freddie up and put him down right quick and ran with fast steps down to the gate. Mollie and I moved close to Freddie because his face got red, like when he thinks he is going to cry. Once he called, 'Katie!' but Katie was in the buggy and Katie's ma whipped the horse with a stick and

they were n't there any more. Father walked slowly past the Methodist Church and did n't turn around and come back. He did n't hurry like he was going to our flour mill or to our implement store. It was like Sunday. But it was n't. Sunday was yesterday.

Mother got supper and washed the dishes by herself. Father put us to bed and it was light outside. He put Mollie's gown on me and my gown on Mollie, and we just let him. He fixed our pillows nice and got Freddie another drink and said, 'Baby,' when he kissed every one of us. Freddie even is n't a baby any more; he's four years old! And I'm going on seven and Mollie is more'n nine!

After Father went downstairs Mollie got out of bed and got a peach that was on a tree close to the nursery window. She told me, 'You must n't get up,' and I did n't — neither did Freddie. 'It's a green peach!' and she ate it all herself and picked the threads off the seed. Freddie and I sat up in bed and waited for her to get sick.

The next day Katie was n't back — nor the next — nor ever at all. Mother worked in the kitchen. Sometimes I sat on a stool and watched her hands. Mother's hands are always nice. Sometimes she lets them stay under the covers with us until we go to sleep. We turn her rings round and round. When she worked with the flour dough her hands were like lovely ladies bowing and turning. Once she made twisted ribbons out of flour dough and built a lattice window across the face of a pie.

Mother was very busy for lots of days. She never had time to snuggle us. We felt sorry for the kittens we were growing up and took them back to their mother and father. Men did n't come any more and make Father not have time to eat his dessert; and Father did n't have to go any more to the mill

or to the store. Father helped Mother put things in boxes and wrap the Sunday dishes in paper. He said to us, 'We are moving. Must n't bother.'

Sometimes Mother's hands stood still and they looked sorry, like the pictures on the Golden Text of the virgins who forgot their lamps. They did n't have rings on any more. The sparkles in Mother's rings never could keep up with her hands, but hurried on after them. I wished Mother would put her rings on.

Mollie and Freddie and I played out in the stable lot with Old Jen and did n't bother. Old Jen was Father's horse when he was a little boy. We could all get on her at once and not have any halter rope. We used to play with her all morning, and sometimes after Jim put the heavy thing on top of her, that the lines go through, he would let us hitch her to our cart. Sometimes we got Old Jen hitched up just in time to bring Father home from the mill for dinner. But that was a long time ago, before we were moving.

Old Jen was just like an aunt. We told her everything and she never told. We always gave her the frosting off of our birthday cakes. And one time, when everybody was eating breakfast, Mollie got through quick and opened the two doors that stand together in front of the house and led Old Jen into the parlor to see the Christmas tree.

That was a long time ago, too, when Auntie Lou and Miss Lizzie and Peter lived with us. Katie did n't think Mollie ought to have done it.

When we were playing with Old Jen one day and not bothering, some men we did n't know came into the stable lot and felt Father's horses all over. Sometimes they led one away at the back of a buggy. Another man always held the halter rope, and when they

got on the town street Father's horse began trotting. When lots of Father's horses were n't there any more, Mollie went to the stable and got a halter rope. She led Old Jen by the hair to the big gate and climbed up and put the halter rope on her. Then Mollie said, 'Open!' That meant, open the gate. Then she said, 'Follow!' Mollie says one word like that and Freddie and I do it.

Mollie led Old Jen across the railroad cut and to the edge of town, and then we boosted Freddie on top of her, and I held one of his legs, and Mollie led Old Jen to the lake. When we got to the lake, Mollie took all her clothes off and got hold of Old Jen's halter rope and tried to drag her into the water, behind a lot of little trees. Freddie and I poked her with sticks and pretty soon Old Jen went in. Mollie hid her behind the trees until Freddie and I could n't see her any more, and then she came out. Freddie and I watched for snakes. Mollie jumped up and down to dry herself off because there was n't any towel. It was hard to pull her clothes on.

Mollie said, 'It will be over my dead body if they get Old Jen!' And she could only get one stocking on, and we started home, and Mollie said, 'We'll bring her oats to-morrow. It will take her a long time to drink up all this water.' And I said yes and Freddie nodded his head.

And when we got home there were lots and lots of wagons and buggies tied around our picket fence, and so we crept under the cedars where it was almost dark and looked, and men were carrying out our chairs and things. I said, 'Is this moving?' and Mollie said, 'No, movings all go into one wagon.' And everyone was carrying something out of our house and putting it into his own buggy — and wagon, too. And Father was helping a

man carry out Sister Osborne, the sofa that hugged us up to the fire in the living room. And he picked up the gate off of the fence and he laid it on the grass. He said, 'Be careful!' when Sister Osborne almost did n't go through the place where the gate was n't any more.

And then, when we saw a man bring out Brother Earnest, — that's the armchair that holds our too many Christmas presents, — why, then we ran inside the house and held on to Deacon Hargrave, all filled with our storybooks, and Miss Hogan, the shiny, big, flat piano. But no one tried to take them, and right away there was no one there but Mother and Father, and they did n't see us.

That night Mollie heard Father ask one of the stable men, 'Where is Old Jen?' And the stable man just shook his head. And then I heard Father tell Mother that Old Jen had been under the weather. I told Mollie after we were put to bed, and Freddie and I crawled under Mollie's covers and we did n't know what to do. And then Mollie said, 'Let's go now, and get Old Jen from under the weather.' But Freddie and I don't like nights when the light's blown out, and Freddie started to cry, and Mollie lifted him into his own bed and covered him all over so Mother would n't hear him.

Next morning when I came downstairs and ran outdoors, Father and Mollie were driving up to the front gate. I screamed out loud, 'Where you been?' and ran to them. Mollie was white like when she eats three dishes of ice cream, and I tagged her up the walk.

Mollie said, 'She's at the doctor's,' and I knew she meant Old Jen. And I said, 'Was she under the weather?' and Mollie would n't answer, and ran up to the empty nursery and locked the door.

Mollie and Freddie and I went over to Mr. and Mrs. Walker's and ate our dinner, and after we had dessert we went riding with Mr. Walker. He had a cow tied behind his buggy. We rode and rode. The cow would n't trot. We stopped at a white house that was tall and thin. Mr. Walker said, 'This is your new home.' And the windows looked like eyes! We did n't want to get out of the buggy. There was n't any front gate and there were n't any flowers. Freddie's face started to get red; and then the door opened out of the house and Mother was there.

Mother had on a white dress and she looked tall like the pictures of Jehovah in the big Bible on rainy Sundays. She held her arms out, and we got out of the buggy fast and ran to her.

Father came around the house. He had on blue calico clothes like the stable men's. We stayed with Mother.

Mother opened the screen door to the house and we went inside a nearly dark place with a stairs going up. I touched the banister and it waved. We went into a room, and it was tight, like our pantry at home. Miss Hogan and Deacon Hargrave were there, and nothing else was there but our parlor carpet all crumpled up, and it looked like pansies that had n't been put in water.

Mr. Walker came in and took the carpet to his buggy. He tied the cow to a tree. Mollie and Freddie and I came out of the little room and outdoors and went through two gates to the stable. Neither Blackie, nor Midnight, nor the Sunday carriage was there. A man was nailing the stable. Mollie asked the man, 'Where are the horses?' The man said, 'Gone with the rest of your fine things to pay the note your pa signed.' His mouth was full of nails. We did n't like him and we did n't stay in the stable.

We ran around the stable and there

stood — Old Jen! Her head was hanging down on the top of a board fence. Freddie crawled through the fence and Mollie and I climbed up it. And then we petted Old Jen, but she did n't open her eyes. Freddie pointed to Old Jen's back leg.

Mollie said, 'That's what it did to her — the water. It warped her!' And her face did n't smile.

Freddie touched Old Jen's leg. 'Will it walk?'

And Mollie said, 'It sags her, but it will come down again when it gets dried out.' Her voice sounded away off, like she was in the haymow.

We combed Old Jen's hair with our fingers. Mollie turned so she could n't see the pulled-up leg. She told Old Jen, 'Father's signed a note, and that's why we are n't home any more.'

Father came out of the house, and he went to the stable and he looked at the ground all the time. The next morning we found Old Jen lying on the grass in the front yard. Someone had not shut the gates. She was all stretched out. Mollie had Freddie and me take turns holding a parasol over Old Jen's head when the sunshine came through the trees. And Mollie put a wet cloth over Old Jen's eyes, like Mother does to Father when he is sick.

Old Jen lay there all day and did n't move and would n't eat any grass. And then after supper Mother and Father came out and petted her and Father called her name in her ear.

We straightened the hair on Old Jen's forehead. Freddie let his hand ride up and down on her side when she breathed. It was only a very little bit that Freddie's hand went up and down. Mother and Father went to sit on the little steps that came out the front door. Father took one of Mother's hands and put it over his eyes and then he held it over his lips. Mollie

got to Mother first and got her other hand. I leaned against Mother's knees. I wanted Mother's hand that Father was holding.

Freddie came running through the almost darkness and he said, 'Her stomach is n't moving any more.' He got up into Father's lap. After a while Mother went into the house. Father

carried Freddie in and he was asleep.

Mollie pulled up grass and put it under Old Jen's head. It looked like a long shadow. Mollie reached up and unbuttoned her pinafore and wrapped it around the hurt leg.

Mother called, 'Children!' and we went inside. Mollie closed the screen door, softly.

I HAVE MY DOUBTS

BY ROGER LEWIS

I

I ONCE knew a man who could bear a physical infirmity without growing garrulous about it. But he hardly counts as an exception to the general rule. He had lockjaw. What, indeed, is the solace in suffering if one may not talk about it and command respectful attention from one's able-bodied and commonplace friends? But those of us afflicted with mental disorders seem to be more reticent about them. At any rate one seldom hears a man boast that his faculties are in a state of partial eclipse or announce with pride that his brain is becoming spongy and useless.

And yet, if I may be permitted, I should like to attempt the novelty of such a confession, in the belief that I may find a small minority of readers who share, or at least will understand, my peculiar affliction. That, of course, is the constant hope of the hypochondriac: that he may discover someone else in a like or worse condition — someone with whom he may converse in a common language of suffering and

despair and arrange a pleasant camaraderie of symptoms and sensations.

My trouble, briefly diagnosed, is that I am utterly incapable of coming to conclusions, of forming sound convictions, like other people. 'Leaping at conclusions' is to me only a highly incredible phrase; I have difficulty even in crawling toward them. And yet I would keenly resent the implication that in other respects I am of less than ordinary intelligence.

But when I draw near a conclusion of the simplest sort an absolutely opposite conclusion announces itself, entirely uninvited, and, being fresh to the mind, instead of stale with too much consideration, beckons to me more briskly. I can, for instance, come with comparative ease to the tentative conclusion that the League of Nations is a futile organization, accomplishing little if anything in the interests of world peace. But the trouble is I can come just as easily to the opinion that, for all I really know about it, it may be functioning wisely and well

in many ways and is at least the best experiment of the sort that has been tried.

Large matters or small, it makes no difference; my malady embraces them all. I have never ordered a dessert for lunch that I have not looked with envy and despair upon the superior one chosen by my companion. The donkey who starved to death irresolute between two bales of hay, not knowing which to attack first, I can understand like a brother.

Sometimes it is possible to forget my annoying complaint when I am alone, but contact with normal people brings it on at once. For example, I sat the other day in the smoking room of a Pullman, pleasantly oblivious for the moment that I was very different from other people who travel on trains. Then a soap salesman, who, appropriately enough, was lathering his face, shattered this illusion instantly. Mistaking as a friendly overture my look of admiration at his skill in shaving on a moving train, he declared without further provocation that what we needed was a larger merchant marine. Violent twinges of my trouble set in. I felt that I would have given all I possessed if I could stand in a lurching train, with my mouth and ears full of soap, and come so readily to a conclusion about our merchant marine, or anything else. He passed without perceptible transition to the subject of prohibition, which he tersely denounced as a huge joke. Not knowing the agony he was causing me, he went on to inform me with some heat that the Soviet Government was a menace to the world, and said, with the air of a man who knows, that Coolidge was a fine president and that Darwinism was utter rubbish. These pronouncements, bringing so mercilessly the sense of my own deficiency, left me weak and full of self-commiseration.

For these are questions — Heaven help me! — which have revolved in my wobbling mind for years without solution. I have given some of them more than casual consideration and I have had ample opportunity — if I had it in me — to reach some intelligent conclusions. But it seems hopeless.

II

I wish I knew what kind of president Coolidge is. To know whether a man is a strong or a weak president — certainly this would seem to the unaffected mind a matter of the most elementary sort. Of course, I read about him in the newspapers, but he does n't seem to crystallize into a person of clear outlines. The fact that he is a singularly silent executive who sometimes rides a mechanical horse, goes fishing in the summer, and believes in the protection of American lives and property in foreign countries, does not furnish me with a real key to his usefulness to the country. These things might all be true, might they not, of good or bad presidents? Is the nation prospering under Coolidge? Or is it prospering in spite of him? Or is it prospering? I have n't the faintest idea. He remains to me a somewhat dimly discerned figure, vague as a legend. I do not know half as much about him as I do about Achilles, Galahad, or Nero.

It seems pleasant to have in the White House such a quiet, dignified conservative, entrenched behind good old New England traditions of reserve and caution, a man who, you feel instinctively, would never be hard on the furniture. Still, would n't it be better to have a more dynamic, explosive sort of president? Silence may betoken wisdom, or it may not. Why does n't he do something about the farmers? Or do the farmers really need

help, and why?' I wish to goodness I could stand up, a convincing talker before a group of eager listeners, and announce firmly that the farmers must be helped, and to what they must be helped — and know precisely what I was talking about.

I have had more intimate glimpses of other presidents and other presidential nominees, but it did n't seem to do me much good. I had conversations of some length with Harding and Cox, both before and after they were nominated. Here was a good chance to weigh two candidates carefully. Here at least I could stand on the threshold of a conviction with every promise of entering into it. Cox impressed me much more strongly. There was little question in my mind, for the time being, that he would make the better president.

But the moment I began to set down my impressions of these two men in writing, my madness fell upon me. In some perverse way, without any volition on my part, Harding seemed to be getting not only an even break, but almost the better of it. His endearing human faults began to eclipse Cox's colder virtues, and, believe it or not, when I had finished I was well on the road to the conviction that Harding was the right man. Some people, kind but undiscerning, praised the fairness with which I had compared these rivals. What they mistook for fairness was only the prank of a wobbling mind. If I could have pronounced one a superman, as suited for the presidency as if divinely appointed, and the other a total misfit, I should have been happy indeed.

The Soviet Government is another matter I ought to know something about. I spent several years in Russia, observing the causes, effects, and general phenomena of the Revolution. It seemed at the outset that this wreck of

the splendor of the Russian Empire, this social and economic chaos into which a great nation had been plunged, could only be regarded as a world tragedy. Gone was one of the most picturesque and imposing aristocracies of Europe, and, with it, all its traditions and culture, to be replaced by a violent social theory which worked immeasurable havoc. The Bolsheviki, obviously, were little better than cut-throats.

That is to say, I held this conviction for the brief fraction of a second. Then I was forced to admit that conditions before the Revolution were worse in most respects than they are now. Want, starvation, brutality, corruption, industrial slavery, an unjust and wicked state of affairs wherein one per cent of the population reveled in luxurious living while the rest suffered the deepest deprivation and misery — certainly these were conditions which called for a desperate remedy. For you do not overthrow despotism with mild pleas or whispered protests. Perhaps the upheaval was necessary; perhaps it will have been justified if it succeeds in awakening a public consciousness in Russia and in educating, however painfully, the heretofore unenlightened masses.

But I doubt it. I do not admit that this is the case at all. I am inclined to believe that nothing short of a millennium could excuse so great a catastrophe. An evil is an evil. Sophistical reasoning may paint it with the colors of virtue, but it remains intrinsically unchanged. Still, all great forward movements have been born out of bitter turmoil and temporary disintegration. You cannot erect a new structure without ruthlessly tearing down the old. Confound it! I wish I could come to some decision about this Soviet business.

Let us come, as one does every so

often, to the subject of prohibition — the *pièce de résistance* of all conversational repasts. Here is an issue so controversial and inflammatory in its nature that it divides all people into sharply clashing factions. It is scarcely human to remain indifferent or undecided when a question like this is broached. To retain a shred of self-respect, one should feel violently about it, for, unlike many of the things we argue about, this one strikes home. I feel violently about it, myself. But the trouble is, I seem to feel violently on both sides.

I am sure of one thing — or I think I am. Prohibition does n't prohibit. But, you never can tell; perhaps in time it will. You can't put over a reform like this in a day. On the other hand, is it not true that the prohibition of any natural or acquired taste tends to heighten our pleasure in the thing forbidden and makes indulgence in it more frequent? Or is it? Still, I know that many of us would be better off without alcohol in any form, and, since we have n't the moral courage to abstain, why is n't it wise to have some form of outward discipline? Has n't it decreased crime, and is n't that a strong point in its favor? Although I believe, on further reflection, that it has increased crime. There are certainly figures enough to support this contention. But who can attack a measure that has wiped out that pernicious evil, the saloon? Or has it wiped out the saloon? How can we say it has wiped out the saloon when there are over ten thousand of them now running in New York City alone?

Still, weighing all the familiar arguments for and against prohibition, I am of the opinion that it is a mockery and an imposition. But you would never get me to mount a platform and set forth any such argument. As likely

as not, before I had gone far, I should be talking with some feeling on the other side of the question.

III

One begins to see, without my floundering further in the fogs of controversy, or inflicting upon others a torment which I must bear alone, that this is no trifling indisposition. Such frailties, as Mack Sennett once indignantly said about his motion-picture comedies, are not to be laughed at. Among sane and positive people who know precisely what they think, it is not pleasant to wander aloof and alone, a wretched outcast from the world of conclusions, without a single staunch conviction to lean upon. If I could only be sure that I preferred blondes. But brunettes —

The disease, unless I am mistaken, has an Eastern origin; for, whereas cases of it are rare in this country, in Russia, which is more than half Oriental, it is as common as the measles. Arguing with a Russian is a nimble and diverting form of mental calisthenics; for the Russian reserves the privilege, whenever the whim seizes him, of bouncing over to your side of the argument, whereupon it is only courteous of you to take up the side he has just abandoned. He loves to set up a case as solidly as he can, and then, scampering to the other end of the arena, to come charging back upon it full tilt, shivering his lances, so to speak, upon the dummy of his own creation. I always feel at home in Russia.

Many years ago Mr. Paul Milyukov, later to become foreign minister of the first revolutionary government, was spending a term in jail, as the result of a revolutionary speech delivered before Russian students. Count Witte, conservative head of the government

at that time, being in some quandary over domestic or foreign affairs, decided, in true Russian fashion, to seek the counsel of a man of views radically opposed to his own. He therefore had Milyukov released from jail and brought to his house, where they enjoyed an evening of amiable controversy. After a while Witte, impressed by the political sagacity of his antagonist, and partly succumbing to his views, offered him a post in the ministry. It was precisely as if President Harding had sent for Eugene Debs, when the latter was in a federal prison, and given him a place in the cabinet. To make the incident perfectly apposite, Milyukov should have come around to Witte's way of thinking, and they should have gone on arguing. But, as a matter of record, Milyukov said he would rather go back to jail than become a member of Witte's government. And back he went.

But I should not be true to the character of the confirmed invalid that I am if I did not try to soften somewhat the asperity of my complaint, and claim for it certain compensations and advantages — translate it perhaps into a virtue. You cannot live for any length of time even with a weakness without becoming in a way attached to it. I suppose that the man with a cast in his eye comes in time to view it in the mirror with something like affection.

Is not, then, something to be said in favor of an honest state of doubt, a twinkling uncertainty in the mind about many things, a pleasure more in the pursuit of knowledge than in the eager apprehension of conclusions? Is there some new Kantian categorical imperative that for the good of our souls we must go around bristling with convictions on every conceivable question?

There are compensations to be found in the unhurried mental journey, which does not race like an express train to a conclusion, but ambles slowly forward, falls into pleasant byways, loses its direction, and finally turns home without reaching its destination. It has n't taken us anywhere in particular, but we have had a lot of fun getting lost. And we have seen many diverting spectacles that do not grow along railroad tracks. Even the sense of frustration is pleasant and stimulating, for it leads to fresh exploration. After all, when a journey is finished or a question is answered, curiosity is stilled, wonder is gone, and the fun is over.

But wait! What drivels is this? How can one seriously attempt to make a virtue out of vacillation? What indeed is the purpose of thinking, if not to take us to conclusions? What a vanity is all the travail of thought, if it bears no offspring! It would probably be better for me to have firm convictions like other people. But I am far from being sure about it.

OVERLAND

BY RALPH LINTON

I

WHEN I told the *chef de province* at Fort Dauphin that I wished to cross from there to Tulear, three hundred miles through one of the wildest parts of Madagascar, he was not enthusiastic. He pointed out that it was the hot season and that the natives were somewhat restless because of a recent increase in the tax on their cattle. In fact they had attacked three wagon trains during the previous three weeks. It would be better for me to wait for a month in Fort Dauphin, where, as he said, the climate was delightful. It would be better still if I waited two months, until the tax collecting was finished. However, if I had determined to go, he would get me Antandroy bearers, the local Tanosy men being of no use in the desert, and give me a military escort.

The afternoon before my departure the bearers came, convoyed by two native soldiers. As I looked them over I thought I had never seen a more mixed lot. All were thin, with the hard, dried-up leanness of desert people the world over, and all had quick, bright eyes with a hint of wildness in them; but their color ranged from light tan to nearly black and their features from the flat nose and thick lips of the pure negro to thin, clear-cut faces that would not have been out of place in Yemen. They were dressed in broad white loin cloths with bands of bright-colored embroidery or beadwork at the ends, and nearly all wore necklaces of charms. Some had curious mitre-shaped hats of woven

grass or hide, others were bareheaded, their hair done up in concentric rows of little knots and smeared thick with grease. One wore a belt covered with plates of sheet brass and several had massive silver bracelets, as heavy as handcuffs. Most of them seemed sullen, but the man with the brass belt grinned broadly as he caught my eye and threw up his hand with a '*Salama, Ronga.*' Another man saluted and stepped forward, pointedly ignoring the soldiers. Over six feet tall, with the hawk nose and thin, cruel lips of an Assyrian king, I put him down at once as a person likely to be present whenever there was trouble. Looking me up and down, he demanded: 'How many men will you have to carry you?'

'Twelve.'

'Good! You are too big for eight. Give us each ten francs advance.'

'I will give you five,' I said, 'and the rest at the end of the trip. And remember this is business under the *fansakana* (government). I am no missionary.' He dropped back somewhat crestfallen and the men grumbled, but they became cheerful when they saw that they would receive their advance pay in metal money. They disliked paper and would gladly exchange fifteen francs in bills for five in silver.

The *safari* was a small one, ten baggage bearers and twenty men to carry my interpreter and me in our *filanzanas*, working in shifts of four. The *filanzanas* are canvas chairs slung between

two twelve-foot poles which the bearers take on their shoulders. It is an unwritten law in Madagascar that a white man must be carried, as the native chiefs were carried in ancient times. To travel on foot would be to confess that one was poor and of no account, and would mean constant trouble with the natives. No respectable European can travel with less than eight filanzana men, while an important, or a heavy, one should have twelve. Baggage is usually divided into two-man loads and carried lashed to poles. I told the baggagemen to make up their bundles that night, so that we could start at dawn.

Next morning I was awakened by the voices of the baggage bearers, who had arrived in advance of the others. They were going over the lashings of their loads and tying on their own luggage: water gourds, mats, and big bunches of dry corn on the cob. As each pair finished they swung the loaded pole to their shoulders and trotted off, determined to cover as much of the way as possible before the heat began. I knew that when we came to the village where we were to halt at noon I should find everything waiting for me. Nothing would be lost or stolen, for each couple is responsible for a load until the end of the journey. On one occasion I found that the bearers who had my canned food had carefully retrieved the empty tins thrown away at each stop and carried them along.

The filanzana men came before I had finished breakfast, and squatted before my door in a compact group, shivering in the dawn chill and wishing I would hurry. The moment I came out they jumped up and brought the filanzanas. I seated myself, and four men lifted me to their shoulders. We were off.

Most of my bearers were experienced men and they made good time, traveling at a fast walk and now and then breaking into a trot. Every thirty or

forty yards one of the forward men would thump the pole with his palm and all four would change over to the other shoulder, ducking their heads and sliding under. Every hundred yards or so four fresh men would take the place of the others, waiting poised like basketball players, catching the poles and swinging them to their shoulders without stopping. Presently a man began to sing, the others joining in on the chorus, but they broke off to shout at a boy who was herding cattle beside the road, demanding why he did not salute the *vazaha* (white man). He did so with scared alacrity. They laughed, and became uproarious when I returned the salute in my smartest military manner.

Wayfarers passed — tall men from the forest, dressed like my bearers, disconsolate-looking Hovas and Betsileos in misfit European clothes, carrying their shoes in their hands, and groups of Tanosy women with baskets of vegetables on their heads. These were dressed in long blue cloths that left their arms and shoulders bare, and had many bead necklaces, with big disks of silver or shell hanging on their breasts. The older ones ignored us, but the girls laughed and exchanged spicy repartee with my men. One old woman who carried a huge basket of melons was surrounded and plundered in an instant, in spite of her shrill yells of protest. When I tossed her the equivalent of four cents these turned to equally shrill blessings. The man who had demanded the ten francs advance the night before emerged from the scrimmage with one of the largest melons clasped to his stomach, skillfully cracked it on the filanzana pole, and offered half of it to me with a grin. I thanked him and he nodded slightly, as much as to say, 'Everything is all right again.' I felt that the trip was beginning well.

As the sun rose the heat increased, until by ten o'clock it was like the blast

from a furnace. I later discovered that the noon temperature was usually around one hundred and forty. The bearers dripped sweat, the trickles making lighter-colored patterns on their unwashed backs, and their shadows wavered and danced grotesquely in the heat waves. My eyes smarted in spite of my dark glasses and my lips were beginning to blister. It was with a general sigh of relief that we sighted the village where we were to eat dinner.

The *tranombahiny* (strangers' house) stood at the farther end of the town and the bearers made a good finish, trotting through the village and bringing up at the gate with a jolt that almost unseated me. Then they scattered in all directions, shouting as they went, '*Chefa! Chefa! Avia! Vazaha lebe.*' ('Chief! Chief! Come! Here is a big white man.') The chief came, a withered, poorly dressed old man, who wore a battered sun helmet and carried a spear as a sign of his office. I demanded milk, a chicken, eggs, and melons, and the cook asked for two iron pots, as he never used my own aluminum utensils if he could help it. The bearers returned with borrowed pots and bunches of manioc or bananas, and half a dozen fires sprang up. One man cooked for the bearers from each village, while his companions looked on. The men gorged themselves, returned the pots with a little food in them, as etiquette required, then went to sleep in the shade.

At about three o'clock the baggage-men rose with many grunts, tightened their loin cloths, and started off with their loads. The filanzana men came straggling up and we were soon under way again. They marched heavily and silently at first, but as the sun sank their spirits rose and they began to shout and sing. The man with the brass belt trotted beside me and made me a long speech in a confidential tone. I understood very little of it, for I

was not used to the Antandroy dialect, and answered, '*Tsy mahay teny Gasy.*' ('I do not speak Malagasy well.') He looked at me doubtfully, then drew closer and patted the filanzana pole with little fluttering gestures, like a child that strokes an animal of which it is half afraid, and said pleadingly, '*Kadao, Ronga, kadao.*' He was asking for a gift when we should arrive. I promised, and the news was shouted back along the line.

The sun went down, flinging long streamers of gold and purple across the sky. The twilight faded swiftly and great stars came out. The road was a white line between masses of vague shadow. Night birds called, and lemurs laughed and wailed, like hysterical children. The men drew closer together and fell silent. Then, far off, a light appeared. They began to trot, shouting rhythmically. We passed the first houses of the straggling village, the people in their doorways black silhouettes against wavering firelight. The bearers called to them and they called back. The black bulk of the strangers' house loomed before us. The forward men dropped the filanzana poles with a thud and they all clustered around me demanding the promised tip. The moment they had received it they melted into the darkness.

I found that my own baggage had been piled inside the house and that the men had not taken the trouble to unrope it. My cook and interpreter had gone off together to find the chief, and as I struggled with the knots and then assembled my bed and hung my mosquito net I reflected on the disadvantages of being white. The bearers, with no baggage at all, could find the comforts of home everywhere. Immemorial custom prescribed that a householder must take in any stranger who came to the door asking shelter. The traveler might be courteously directed to

another house if the one where he first stopped was full, but he would always find a lodging. Custom also prescribed that he should make a small gift on departure. I once asked a native whether such involuntary guests and hosts ever robbed each other, and he answered indignantly that no human being would do such a thing.

II

The stars were still bright when I was wakened by the bearers calling to each other, and we were well on our way before it became gray in the east. Daylight showed that there were additions to our party, three young women who had found friends among my men the night before, and a wandering Hova, who had attached himself to us for protection. The day was a repetition of the first, except that as we went deeper into the desert the villages and cultivated fields along the way grew fewer and finally disappeared. The few travelers we met were in groups, the men armed and the women carrying the baggage. The road narrowed to a mere lane between unbroken walls of cactus and thorny scrub, with here and there a gigantic bottle-shaped baobab tree. The cactus was a mass of yellow bloom, and there were other flowers — flat pink or white blossoms that looked like wild roses, big pea flowers of a sickly bluish green, like carnations dyed for St. Patrick's Day, and a little creeping plant whose flowers had only two bright blue petals, which stuck up from the top like the ears of an elfin rabbit. By afternoon the baobabs had almost disappeared and we were marching through a forest of bare bright-green poles thirty feet high. Some were as straight and smooth as a flagstaff, others forked into two or three thick, upward-pointing branches. Close inspection showed that the whole tree was

covered with close-set alternate rows of short thorns and small crisp leaves. There seemed to be no birds in this forest and little other life. Once a huge tortoise lumbered across the road, and just before sunset we came on a herd of lemurs, big white animals with black heads and incredibly long tails. They stood erect, with their hind feet close together, and fled with awkward bounding leaps, like boys on pogo sticks. I shot three, thinking to give the bearers some meat, but discovered too late that the flesh was taboo to their tribe.

The evening of the fourth day brought us to Behara, a mud fort perched on the crest of a low hill that rose above the forest of sticks. I had hoped to find a European there, but discovered that he had been carried to Fort Dauphin, dying of black-water fever. The next stage of the journey was said to be the worst, ten hours without water, and, as one of my men had had sunstroke the day before, I decided to stay at the fort until evening and travel through the night. The bearers were delighted at the idea, and it would give me a chance to do some collecting in the village that sprawled at the foot of the hill.

I sent the men away with orders to return at four-thirty, and started out with my interpreter to see what we could find. Five minutes after we entered the village we were both hopelessly lost. The place was a maze of narrow paths running between eight-foot hedges of the green poles. Through the cracks we could catch tantalizing glimpses of houses and people, but we wandered for some time before we found a gate and got inside one of the compounds. Half a dozen little houses were ranged around the enclosure, their backs to the fence, and there were a few granaries raised on high posts. The centre was open and was evidently used as a cattle pen. The only people in sight were a child, who fled yelling,

and an old woman who was weaving in the shade of one of the granaries. Strolling toward her slowly, so as not to frighten her, I squatted down beside the loom and began to examine her work, admiring it and asking a few harmless questions. She gradually became friendly and then voluble.

Two or three men came out of the houses and stood watching us with expressionless faces. Finally one of them sauntered over, squatted beside me, and began to explain the weaving technique in excellent French. He had been in Europe five years, during and after the war. He asked whether I was English, and when I answered, 'American,' he brightened. 'I met lots of American soldiers,' he said. 'They always bought us something to drink.' After a little more talk I asked if I might see his house, and he led me to the best of the huts. The walls were made of hewn planks, set on end and mortised into heavy beams at the top and bottom, and the roof was of clapboards. At either side of the front end there was a little doorway, surrounded by a heavy beaded moulding. One door, he explained, was for himself, the other for his wife. Dropping on all fours and wriggling in, I found myself in a room about twice the size of an ordinary apartment-house cupboard. Standing in the centre, I could easily touch the wall on all sides. At the front, between the two doors, there was a fireplace, and across the rear wall ran a long shelf, edged with a carved plank. This was packed solid with square boxes of equal size, their fronts embroidered with wild silk in simple designs. Most of them, I found, were empty, and when I tried to lift one the rest came with it. They had been sewn together into a single block. Small baskets, rolls of mats, and odds and ends of clothing hung from pegs on the wall. Everything was stained with soot, and

long ropes of it hung from the rafters.

I began my real business by asking him whether he would sell a carved wooden spoon that was lying in a dish by the fireplace. He looked surprised, but agreed readily. Other things followed. Neighbors who had poked their heads in to see what was happening slipped away and returned with things of their own. I refused to buy these, saying I would bargain with each of them in his or her own house. When the possibilities of the first hut had been exhausted I passed on to the next, then to another and another. In half an hour I had seen the inside of every house in the compound, even the granaries, and bought some fifteen good objects. Then we moved on to other compounds, the army man leading the way. News of us had, of course, gone ahead, and the work went smoothly and rapidly. By noon I had seen the whole village, except for a few houses whose owners were away, and had a one-man load of specimens. I had also made some notes on technical processes, weaving, mat making, and the preparation of food, and a few photographs. The less obvious parts of the native life, such as the religious beliefs and practices and the social organization, would have to wait until I came to some place where I could settle down for a while and work with the old people.

The afternoon was spent in writing up notes and cataloguing. I noticed that the heat was unusually oppressive and that heavy banks of clouds were gathering in the west. There was a light shower as we started out. An hour to the west of the fort we came to a river. It was rising rapidly and the current was already so swift that the ferryman had to paddle far upstream each trip and then come down on a long diagonal. The canoe was old and cranky and had a large hole in the bow, so that it was necessary to bail it out between trips.

It would carry only six men or two loads at a time, so it was twilight before the whole safari was across.

We had been marching for perhaps twenty minutes when the men began to call to each other excitedly. They were saying something about water, or rain, I could not make out what. Then I saw that the sky ahead had turned almost as black as ebony. A moment later I caught a far-off murmur that grew louder and louder. A black curtain with a silver border was flung suddenly across the road in front of us. The bearers shouted when they saw it, dropped their loads, and scattered in all directions. The curtain came on slowly, hardly faster, it seemed, than a man could walk, and the air was as still as death. As it drew near I saw that the silver border was a belt of spray that leaped back waist-high from the ground, and that writhing arms of foam-flecked water were reaching out to seize the road ahead of it. The murmur suddenly became a roar, a puff of cold air jerked the helmet strap tight against my chin, then I was beaten to my knees by the force of the rain. I struggled to my feet again, realizing that if I fell I should be drowned, for the spray seemed as thick as that of a breaking wave. Even with my head above it and my face sheltered by my hands, I had to gasp for breath. The water was ice-cold, and came with the force of a fire hose, driving through my clothes as though they had been so much tissue paper, and soaking me to the skin in an instant.

The first violence of the storm lasted about ten minutes, then it settled to a steady downpour, as heavy as an ordinary thunder shower. There was no shelter nearer than the next village, four hours ahead, so, after some persuasion and a little mild violence, I got the bearers to take up their loads again and we started on. The road had

become an ankle-deep river, with occasional holes into which I dropped to the waist, and it was so dark that I could not see my hand two inches before my eyes. Every few yards some member of the party would blunder off the narrow way and bring up in a cactus or thorn bush, with appropriate remarks. After some two hours of this we came to a better road and I mounted the filanzana. The bearers crawled along and I soon discovered that they were whispering among themselves, usually a sign of trouble. I decided that they must be discussing the feasibility of dropping me and bolting, for I knew they were much too wet and cold for any sort of attack; so I promised that I would give every man a drink of rum when we got in. The whispering ceased, and they struck out at a better pace. After what seemed an eternity they stopped. We had somehow passed the village in the dark. Scouts were sent out, and after much shouting we heard a distant call in answer. A point of light appeared. This resolved itself into a naked man carrying a glowing brand, swinging it back and forth in his attempt to keep it aflame. He led us to the village and showed us the strangers' house. The roof was full of holes, for no one ever spent the night there and the house had been allowed to go to pieces. All baggage and bedding were soaked, of course, but I managed to rig a crude tent with the cover of my bedding roll and turned in, after taking thirty grains of quinine to stave off the fever that would probably follow such a soaking.

III

Next morning it was still raining, with a brisk wind, but we pushed on to the next town, an abandoned army post with a few native huts clustered around the old blockhouse. Here the weather kept us for two days. On the

third morning the clouds had disappeared and the sun seemed to beat down with more than its usual heat. I found that the desert had suddenly leaped to life. The bush, usually so silent, rang with the cries of birds and the shrill notes of insects. Wherever the rain had left a pool, hundreds of little pink and brown toads congregated, frolicking in the warm water and cheeping their delight in a deafening chorus. Gleaming metallic flies rose from the earth in swarms and drunken bees blundered against me as I passed. The miracle of resurrection went on before my eyes. Dozens of trees and bushes that had seemed dead were pushing out buds. By afternoon I had counted six new flowering species, by the next night more than twenty-five. Some trees clothed themselves in soft clouds of yellow or crimson mist, others dropped long sprays of wistaria-like flowers, and still others covered their ungainly branches with row on row of rusty red bells as large as hens' eggs. Even the green poles caught the infection and pushed out long, spidery, dark gray filaments from their tips. There seemed to be no end to the variety of smaller flowering plants. I passed purple bushes, white bushes, bushes pink, yellow, and red, clumps of tall grass sprinkled with stars of half a dozen colors, sprawling vines that rioted in mauve and yellow and blue, and big yellow lilies, stiff and formal, their petals bent back until they met about the stalk. Every turn of the trail brought a new glory and a new fragrance. For three days our march seemed to lead through a great garden, until at last we came to Ambovombe.

Ambovombe was a place of some importance, the capital of a district. It had the usual fort, three or four government buildings, and several broad streets that wandered away and lost themselves in the scrub. There were

two Europeans, a *chef de district*, and a government veterinary who was making experiments in crossing European sheep with the native ones. I found that the *chef de district* had been sick in bed for about two weeks as the result of a chigger, a small insect which burrows into the toe, settles down, and proceeds to raise a family. He had not found it in time and his whole leg had become infected, with an abscess in the groin. Fortunately this had broken the night before I arrived and he seemed on the road to recovery. He could not have been more than twenty-two or twenty-three and had a boy's eager eyes and a boy's face, which was set off rather than masked by his thick black beard. He was pathetically friendly and talked incessantly, apologizing again and again for not being able to take me in. I spent most of the afternoon with him and found it hard to get away.

I had been told that if I wished to see the veterinary I should have to visit him that evening, for he was leaving for an outlying station the next day. His farm was about two miles out of town — I should know it by a sign on the gate. After about twenty minutes' walk I came to a huge concrete gateway that loomed in the dusk like a megalithic monument. There was no fence, no gate, and, as far as I could see, no sign of a farm. A weed-grown road led away from it, apparently into the heart of the unbroken scrub. Another ten minutes brought me to a clump of buildings hidden in a hollow, and I was soon chatting with the man I sought. Conversation lagged at first and it gradually dawned on me that he thought I was a missionary. The moment I had set him right on this he took a deep breath and shouted, '*Boto! Apportez les bouteilles!*' When I left he invited me to come to lunch the next day. His trip could easily wait a while. He also insisted on driving me back to town,

for he had a horse, the only one in the district. It was a gentle, middle-aged animal, but all the natives took to the bush when they saw it. I learned that they looked upon it much as we should regard a pet tiger, and the veterinary had a great reputation for courage.

This was my bearers' home district, so I dismissed them, asking the government to provide others five days later. I had hoped to spend this time peacefully working with informants, but the bearers spread the news that I was buying specimens and the first morning found a dozen natives waiting with things to sell. By noon the crowd had grown until it blocked the road and I had to put a bar across my gate and station a soldier there to let them in four or five at a time. The whole population seemed to have been seized by the mood that is known to my profession as a 'selling streak.' People came in from villages twenty miles away bringing anything and everything from the family jewels to the baby's milk gourd. When I had bought enough of the common things and began to turn others away, rare objects came to light, bits of old carving stained a rich brown with the smoke of years, charms, and things used in religious ceremonies.

The charms and sacred objects were usually brought at night, when the owners thought they would be safe from too much publicity. I would hear a low knock at the door, and an old man would slip in with his face half hidden in his *lamba*. From somewhere in its ample folds he would produce a charm, usually a section of carved cow horn with a collar of bright beads around the large end, and hold it out to me silently, waiting to see what I would offer. Most of these things were innocent enough, charms for general good fortune, for safety on a journey, or for the increase of cattle, but one man came three times in succession

bringing me charms that I knew to be of evil significance. On the fourth trip he produced from under his *lamba* a curious wooden image about eighteen inches high, with long human hair attached to the head. A crocodile and snake were carved on the body in low relief and the whole figure was covered with little dots representing figures in the *sikidy*, a native form of divination. He said that it was used for healing the sick, which I did not believe, but after I had paid him for it he added that the natives might think it was something bad and advised me to keep it hidden. A few minutes later another man came in and nearly stepped on the image, lying in the shadow beside my table. When he saw it he jumped back as if it had been a coiled snake and fled in such haste that he had trouble getting out the door. It proved to be a particularly deadly charm for killing enemies.

I had bought so much material that I decided to box my collections on the spot and send them back to Fort Dauphin for shipment to America. Good specimens kept coming in up to the last minute and it was noon of the sixth day before we got under way once more. I found later that it would have been better to wait until the next day, for only the villages which lay at the end of the scheduled days' marches had kept their strangers' houses in repair. My noon start threw me off the regular itinerary so that I had to sleep in bad ones all the way.

IV

Beyond Ambovombe the country changed once more. The soil changed to a fine white sand that reflected the sun like a mirror and blistered my bearers' feet as they ploughed through it. The sea, now many miles away, had been there only a short time before, for in the sand I could still find fragments

of rolled shell and coral. In one place, where the route had been cut through a low dune, I came upon a layer of broken eggshells which had also been rolled and worn by the waves. These shells were an eighth of an inch thick; and, from the largest fragment I found, about as big as the palm of my hand, I judged that the whole egg had been eight to ten times as large as that of an ostrich.¹ The familiar cactus was still massed along the road, but the green poles had been replaced by new trees of weird and incredible shapes. One, a relative of the green poles, was a long club, covered all over with slender out-standing leaves and thorns, so that it looked like the tail of an enraged cat. Another seemed to be a pile of ash-gray balls, each five or six feet across. Each ball was a mass of slender square twigs that crossed and interlaced, presenting a solid front of points. Another had long flat jointed branches, like the legs of a crab. Still another split its short trunk into half a dozen broad palms, each palm edged with a stiff fringe of blobby protuberances that could not be called either twigs or branches. The heat waves made even the bushes close at hand dance and waver as if seen through moving water; it was easy to imagine myself walking on the bottom of some hot sea of a bygone age among gigantic corals, sponges, and algæ.

I was now at the head of a safari of about fifty people, for several of the bearers had been joined by their wives and a number of other natives had attached themselves to us for protection. The escort consisted of two soldiers and I doubted whether even these were necessary, for the country seemed almost deserted. We met no travelers, and the villages at the regular halts dwindled to little groups of ten or a

dozen houses fortified by high hedges of prickly pear and a maze of blind paths. I found it increasingly hard to get food, and the only water was a liquid mud the consistency of cream. Once more I had to reflect on the disadvantages of being white, for the natives were getting along very well. The women gathered a few cups of water every morning by beating dew-covered grass or shrubs over calabashes, while the cactus provided them with both food and drink. They would spear the ripe fruit with a pointed stick, break it off with a quick twist, and roll it under their horny feet to break off the spines. Most of the cactus fruit was eaten raw, but some was squeezed and the juice used for boiling other food. I was finally forced to use it and found it mildly sweet and not unpleasant.

Near the end of our fourth day's march I noticed some cactus plants that were yellow and covered with fuzzy white spots as large as a dime. The natives shook their heads when they saw them and said it was the doom of their tribe. It was an insect that had been imported to the west coast from Africa a few years before, and was now spreading eastward, killing out the cactus as it came. When the cactus was gone there would be no food for them or for their cattle in the dry season, and they would have to go away, they did not know where. Rightly or wrongly, they believed that certain white men had imported the pest to help clear their plantations, and this, even more than the increased taxes, was making the tribes ripe for revolt.

The evening of the fifth day's march brought us to an empty house standing alone in the middle of the scrub. The village lay about a mile away, and although I sent off my interpreter at once to call the chief it was over an hour before he appeared. He was sullen and hostile, declaring that there

¹ Undoubtedly *Æpyornis* eggs. Several whole ones have been found in the south of Madagascar. — EDITOR

was no food, no water, and no lodging for my men. The last was a breach of all the accepted rules of the road and probably meant that his people had arms or stolen goods in their houses and so were unwilling for strangers to enter them. When I threatened to go to the village myself and requisition what I needed, he promised to bring food and water, but still insisted there was no room for the bearers. I told him that unless he found room I would take him on with me to Tsiombé and turn him over to the officer in charge of the fort there, and he went away muttering. An hour later he returned with four women carrying the supplies I had demanded and an unsolicited gift of milk and melons. He apologized for his conduct, and as the men had already built shelters for themselves I did not press the matter of lodgings. I paid for the food at the usual rates, gave the melons to the bearers, and turned the rest of it over to my cook. A few minutes later he came running in to tell me that the milk had been poisoned. Unfortunately he had thrown it away, but I knew that his tribe were experts in such matters and was ready to take his word. The chief had left the moment he received his money and was probably hanging about somewhere outside the light of our fires, waiting to see whether the trick had been discovered. If he found that it had been, there was a good chance that he would attack us during the night, on the principle that it is as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb. The bearers had been too busy dividing the melons to notice the episode, and I warned the cook to say nothing and to go on and get dinner as usual. As the house had no door I took the precaution of arranging my bed in the middle of the floor, where it would make a good mark for spears, and sleeping in the corner behind a barricade of luggage, but the night passed quietly.

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The incident was annoying and white prestige required that the chief should be punished, but I could not see how I was going to catch him. If I sent for him he would take to the bush, and if I went to the village after him there would probably be a fight. This would mean trouble with the French authorities, who were anxious to avoid an open break. I knew that the chief must be consumed by curiosity as to what had happened, and if he thought the attempt had miscarried without being discovered it was possible that he might visit me of his own accord, given a good excuse. Accordingly, when a woman arrived to get the empty gourds, I gave her the poison gourd with the rest and sent word that I needed more milk and a chicken. He brought this food himself, and instantly decided to accompany me to the fort. I took the precaution of roping him to one of the soldiers, but it was really unnecessary, for he was as meek a man as ever walked ahead of a gun.

When we arrived at the fort, difficulties arose. My cook had destroyed the evidence, and if I pressed the poison charge it meant going up to the capital, with a loss of three months' time. The captain said he could give the chief thirty days' prison, on general principles, and I let it go at that. He was sentenced on the spot, and the captain returned to his papers. There had been four attempts to poison him in as many months and he was rather blasé on the subject.

That evening, as we sat over the eternal chicken and rice that begins by being the blessing and ends by being the curse of Madagascar, we agreed that my trip had been a very ordinary and uneventful one. Nothing ever happened in Madagascar. 'Why don't you go to Indo-China?' the captain asked. 'You might find some excitement there. The tiger shooting is excellent.'

ON HOLME¹ MARSHES

BY RODERICK MORISON

ON Holme marshes just a while
Ago the sun went down:
I marked the passing of his disc
Beneath Hunstanton Town.
From the pine top I saw him go,
And clambered down,

And heard the music of the sea,
Saw the hard-driven tide,
And fancied old winds whispering,
And many a thing beside:
For visions gathered like the mist
As the light died.

And now, whatever shores may be
More beautiful, it seems
That Holme's most is like the sand
Beside those silver streams
Where I long knelt and prayed, in old
Forgotten dreams.

O God, shut out the world to-night!
And let me kneel alone
To dedicate again to thee
The spurs I never won!
Or may the fey tide rock my sleep
When dreaming's done.

¹ 'Hollum,' as the metre suggests. — EDITOR

HOW TO SPEAK POETRY

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

WE all remember the noble tribute to Oxford paid by Matthew Arnold, himself one of her noblest sons. But let me recall once more that exquisite vision:—

Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene! . . . Steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who can deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side? . . . Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties!

For the last few days I have been again a visitant to that beautiful city, once and always my spiritual home, and I have heard her still calling me nearer to that true goal, to the ideal, to perfection, to beauty. Matthew Arnold's words were written nearly sixty years ago—some years before the adorable dreamer took me to her romantic heart; but I have still found in her the example to keep down the Philistine in myself, and to save me from that 'bondage to the commonplace' of which Goethe speaks in his incomparable lines upon the death of Schiller.

My return to this ancient Mother of Youth was due to an invitation from

my friend John Masefield, poet and story-teller, well known in America as in England. All the world now knows the strong verse and prose that somehow spring out of that little head, with the wide and dreamy light-brown eyes, the deep and sonorous voice, uttering a language so unusual in a jolly jack-tar, and with a punctilious politeness so unexpected in a former dog of ocean. It was his love and knowledge of the sea that first gave him fame, and now the fertility of genius, cultivated with careful and persistent devotion, has secured him a lasting place in the long and glorious series of our English poets. As were Milton, Pope, Byron, Tennyson, and Swinburne, he is famous though alive. He has set a tone. He has created a form. For the first time in two centuries a poet has penetrated the English country house, and, listening to extracts from *Reynard the Fox*, the squire thinks there may be something in poetry after all, by Gad! Even the fastidious name him the poet of our years.

Living on the low range of hills that look southward far over the Berkshire downs, and northward over the mediæval city herself, it has fallen to him to carry onward that heritage of Oxford's ineffable charm. Not being a son of the University himself, but hardened among the perpetual perils of the sea, he has escaped the precious and supercritical mood with which the mere beauty of her thought and aspect taints her permanent denizens, entering so deeply into their nature that sometimes they

can hardly speak for ecstatic languor and hesitating self-distrust. Not one of them would have had the courage to initiate the enterprise that Masefield has now accomplished. They would have feared ridicule or failure or the charge of that preciosity which is their own besetting weakness. But John and Constance Masefield, though highly cultivated, had the courage to face the risk of ridicule, of failure, and even the paralyzing charge of preciosity. This has been the fifth successful year of their inspiring labor.

The object of the Oxford Recitations is to create or maintain a fine tradition of speaking English verse. There was a time when all verse was necessarily spoken, because writing was not invented. Afterward, for many ages it was still spoken, because manuscripts were rare and costly. Then, perhaps in an evil hour for poetry, printing came, and sight began to take the place of sound. For a time the drama kept alive the sense of beautiful sound, but it is three centuries now since verse seemed the natural form of drama, and if it is ever heard now upon the stage it comes to us only as a queer survival, an unpopular and tedious experiment, or even a frigid imitation. So it has happened that nearly all of us who care for poetry at all judge of it by sight rather than by sound, and the first object of the Oxford Recitations is to restore the beauty of the sound by means of exquisite utterance.

The judges in the present contest have been John and Constance Masefield; Sir Montagu Burrows, a famous Civil Servant for many years working in Ceylon, and a true lover of the best literature; George Gordon, Professor of English Literature in Oxford; Lascelles Abercrombie, the poet, Laurence Binyon, the poet, Gordon Bottomley, the poet, and myself, who have followed

war and the Muses all my life. Professor Gilbert Murray, scholar and poet, could not come, though he is president of the movement; nor could John Buchan, journalist, story-teller, poet, the rising hope of the Young Tory Party in Parliament, and master of talents in general.

The duty of a judge is extremely difficult. He sits alone, or with one colleague, at a table in one of the large rooms in the Oxford Schools, and behind him sits a crowded audience, silent but critical, including many of the competitors. In front of him, upon a slightly raised platform, stand the competitors in turn, and he listens while each recites the same set piece in each class — that is, for each prize. The competitors are divided into men and women (the women being nearly always the more numerous) and different passages are set for the two sexes. All must be over eighteen. If a judge is wise, he will avoid looking at the candidates, especially when they are girls or young women; for the susceptible heart of man is almost inevitably influenced by personal appearance, physical charm, and even by dress. Most of the feminine candidates are perfectly aware of this natural weakness, and are obviously careful to look their best in hair, face, frock, stockings, and shoes. But in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird. Or rather the bait is set in vain if the bird resolutely shuts his eyes. The candidates must be judged by sound alone. If they possess beauty of nature, character, voice, or understanding, it will pass into the sound, and though I think such beauty always finds expression in the face as well, it is not by prettiness of appearance, still less by elegant and dainty dress or stockings, that it should be appreciated.

Judging is easy enough when some or most of the candidates speak the lines

badly. The trouble of the judge comes when several are excellent — so excellent that there is not a pin to choose between them. How shall he then decide? One may be fine in voice and understanding, but have slipped a word. Another may be faultless in word and meaning, but speak with a meagre and unpleasing tone. Another may speak to perfection and yet not enter into the inward spirit of the poem. Another may excel throughout, but put a false emphasis just upon one word. Two or three may speak the lines so perfectly that one simply cannot put one above the other. The judge seeks for beauty of speech, but also for fineness of understanding, which is an inborn grace and very rare. It is often difficult to detect it with absolute certainty. Let me quote a few sentences from a Note written by Masefield as guide both for candidates and for judges: —

The speech desired by each judge is speech so beautiful as sound, so exquisite as perception of the poet's meaning, that the illumination of the poet may kindle the hearers.

The first requisite is that the speaker should sink himself or herself in the poem, not remain outside it and deliver it as something to be explained or embellished. Then it is essential to give full value to the music of the poem, simply as sound: and in the voice production a certain volume of sound is necessary, if there is to be adequate expression. If the speaker gives the rhythmic movement with a feeling for its beauty, significance will usually follow.

The commonest faults are a kind of meagreness (of voice, rhythm, emotion): literalness, draining the words of life and color; and attempting to be dramatic where there is no drama.

That last point was a great trouble in the earlier sessions. In the first two at which I acted as judge, many of the candidates thought to win approval by dramatic gestures and violent changes

of voice or expression, as though they were acting Hamlet or Lady Macbeth on the stage. I remember one woman falling down at the end of her recitation, as though dying of emotion. The result was horrible in all such cases. For there was no stage; no dramatic emotion worked upon the audience; and no fellow actors carried off the violence of the scene. Since those earlier years, gesture of any kind has pretty nearly disappeared. The candidate speaks the lines without moving from position. The hands are kept quietly at the side or just clasped in front. All the effect has to be gained by sound and understanding alone. This year a special prize was offered for the intoning of a poem to the accompaniment of a stringed instrument, struck by the reciter. This beautiful method, recalling the ancient habit of Homeric and Irish bards, was practised to perfection some years ago by Florence Farr, under the influence of the Irish poet, W. B. Yeats. But the divine voice of Florence Farr has been hushed by death in Ceylon, and no one has ventured to repeat her triumph. For this prize there was but one entry, and the competition was not held.

The pieces selected for the ordinary recitations this year were typical, but I think rather more difficult than usual. For men there were first two longish pieces from Chaucer, 'The Knight's Tale.' One described a tournament; the second gave that terrible speech of Saturn to Venus. The latter was well suited to a deep-toned speaker, who endued it with exactly the right tone of sinister atrocity. But I thought the choice of Chaucer a mistake, for no one really knows how his verse or even his English words should be recited or pronounced. The women in that class had two passages from Dante's *Purgatorio*, translated with marvelous skill by Binyon. Both described the revelation

of the Angel of God, gradually appearing in flight from a western sea. In each class only a selected three compete in the second set piece for the prize of that class, and all the judges sit together in the evening to hear those selected few.

The next class had two pieces from Wordsworth's *Prelude* for the men, describing how that apparently guileless poet once stole the use of a boat, but as he rowed across a lake was frightened by the apparition of a huge mountain peak uprearing its head above the craggy ridge which had hidden it. And the women had Wordsworth, too — the stanzas on Peele Castle, and the shepherd's verses on 'Hart-Leap Well,' surely the most touching protest against blood sport ever uttered. A few of the candidates said the Wordsworth very beautifully, not exaggerating the poet's deceptive simplicity, but just revealing that unexpected gleam of sudden glory that illuminates the whole.

So we came naturally to Shelley — two difficult passages for men from the *Prometheus Unbound*, and two for women from that superb chorus of freedom in the 'Hellas': 'The world's great age begins anew.' And when the prizes for those classes had been secured, three from each of the very best of all the classes were called upon to compete for the highest prize, called the Oxford Prize. For this the men recited some twenty lines from Milton's *Il Penseroso*, and the women the same amount from *L'Allegro*. Both were supreme performances, making the final judgment terribly hard. But I think the best won. At all events the marks given by all the judges together, when added up, fixed upon the candidates whom I had myself chosen as the best.

I suppose there were about three hundred candidates altogether, and many of course were poor at the task,

but even among the most carefully selected I never heard a word of complaint or jealousy when the judgment was given, though some must have been bitterly disappointed.

All the candidates sprung from the middle classes, some from the higher, some from the lower. The highest prize for men was won by a shopkeeping chemist, who was with difficulty persuaded to enter. The best young woman of all, though many were so excellent, was a teacher and trainer in voice production, who somehow contrived to shake off the qualities of teacher and became literally inspired as she stood before us, moving neither hand nor foot, but standing perfectly still, while the very soul of poetry issued from her lips. The recitations for the final prizes always attract large crowds from the University and the ancient city, and excitement runs very high. The audience is divided according to its chosen favorites, almost as at a horse race. The intense silence of enthusiasm prevails until the decision of the judges is given out. Then the cheers shake the solemn building, and the winners enjoy the happiest moments of their lives, no matter how long they may live.

Thus it is that the glory of poetry, which is England's noblest gift to the world, is displayed and preserved untarnished as a brazen shield. And thus it is that Oxford, the adorable dreamer, once more calls us to our true goal, to the ideal, to perfection — to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side. Just before I went to Oxford as judge in these recitations, I had been on duty for many weeks with the Naval Conference in Geneva, and from the dusty tedium of that Conference Oxford helped me to escape. Once again she saved me from that 'bondage to the commonplace' of which Goethe spoke.

'A GREEN THOUGHT IN A GREEN SHADE'

BY FLORA McINTYRE

I

WE all long for release from the compulsions of life, for leisure to muse on the world that lies beneath the eagle's ken, to weigh and value the confusing elements of living. Such a happy state of philosophical calm can actually be attained by one who has been a long time bedfast. For him who knows himself to be an established resident of the 'pleasant land of counterpane,' all the clamor and confusion of life have ceased. The list of activities available to him has shrunk to such a comfortable brevity that at last it fits into his inelastic twenty-four-hour day, making it possible for him to relish the full flavor of his pleasures, undisturbed by duties plucking at his sleeve.

To a man on his feet, life must perforce be a harassed, feverish choosing from among a multitude of duties, tasks, and pleasures elbowing one another for his attention. Often he but blindly accepts, until life is nearly over, those activities which have crowded and jostled most rudely, only to realize that in the confusion the polishing of boots has pushed aside the poetry he might have lived; that the rush of business has routed romance from his days. The invalid, however, develops a quiet, leisured feeling comparable to that of a rainy day at home when one finds time to paste all last season's pictures, reminiscently, into the kodak album, to sort and rearrange the family library, or to put a long-avoided hall closet in

order. Rain removes the pressure of errands, gardening, shopping; it removes the danger of interruption, leaving a pleasant freedom for long-neglected, homely tasks within the house.

It is this sense of freedom from duty, this sense of peace and abundance of time, that I remember best about several long periods in bed. They were the only times in my life when I luxuriated in the reading of a magazine clean through each week from the ragged small boy on the front to the floating soap on the back. And I did it with never a tug from the multitude of tasks that now crowd around and force me to skip, skim, and snatch! I dawdled conscience-free over the embroidering of brood after brood of little doilies, each led by a big mother doily, and over the making of numerous linen crusts for the pincushion pies of that period. I neutralized the serious activity of the mind, Stevensonwise, by knitting enough yarn to have fleeced a small flock of sheep. I listened without thought of time to the good talk of a friend at my bedside. I studied Spanish, unharassed by lessons and recitations.

I amused myself by trying to write descriptions of the swaying veil of rain outside my tent, of the sounds that came to me between sundown and starlight, or of the battle of the orioles that flashed in gorgeous orange and black in and out among the green fans

of the palm tree. I learned to identify the thirty-two varieties of birds that came to the persimmon tree, the olive, and the palm, to the fuchsias, and the nasturtiums about my tent. I watched a spider prepare her net from the skillful stretching of the first silken radii, through the patient, busy toil of spinning and gluing in place the regular concentric polygons, and then saw a humming bird poise, buzzing, while he neatly plucked her from the centre.

I dallied down the primrose path of daydreams, rebuilding all the houses in which I had either lived or visited, quite without the slightest annoyance from blundering carpenters or a limited bank account, planting lovely gardens that sprang into luxuriant beauty with all the speed of Jack's beanstalk, sans weary waiting and painful backaches.

I worshiped beneath the cathedral window of a chayote leaf, sun-illuminated, intricately veined, exquisitely, translucently green,

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

II

But such religious calm is not for the mere sojourner who stays on his bed a few paltry weeks with his mind still tied to interrupted tasks, fretting to be with them again. He must first suffer the sinking of the good ship Ambition, and know it to be beyond the diver's reach. Only after that can he give his mind freely to constructing another little world on the desert island of his bed. And the hope of rescue, if it exists at all, must be fixed upon such a vague, indefinite, distant future that all plans concerning it will be fashioned out of the stuff from which dreams are made. For a daydreamer, mentally landscaping the river bank of his child-

hood home, can quiet quivering nerves while planting an unfriendly yucca between the brownstone boulders only provided that the old home is far away and the possibility of his ever wielding a spade there has become infinitely remote; whereas, if his mind seizes upon some project with which he must soon be busy, he grows more and more tense and wakeful, experiencing an unrest that would ruin the calm peace of his hermit's cell, and drive away all chance of catching at the tantalizing thought that hovers near.

One must renounce the world completely, like a person taking holy orders. But to sever the threads that bind the mind to the old ways requires time. At least a six months' novitiate is necessary for anyone destined to join the distinguished company of those able to enjoy that pleasant fraction of living left to the bedridden.

During that novitiate the successful invalid must make a survey of his resources and build anew with whatever materials he finds at hand. When I was abruptly reduced to surveying my whole world from an open tent and knew that all my resources must be found within the view bounded by the back-yard fence, I considered with bro-midic piety that at least the trees, the vines, the sky, and the clouds offered more than did Helen Keller's silent darkness; I pondered scientifically that Darwin needed only one square yard of grass in which to observe the surviving of the fittest. And then one day as I idly watched a small gray bird hunting insects in the fuchsia a few feet away, and realized that he was not one of the familiar linnets all about, there dawned a pleasant curiosity as to whether he was as rare to others as he seemed to me, whether I might, perhaps, find his title and connections in some *Burke's Peerage* of birds.

Such a book was found, and by patiently observing gray streaks, brown streaks, and black streaks, by carefully studying pictures and descriptions and noting ranges, I came eagerly to the triumphant conclusion that I had been watching none other than a 'Melospiza Cinerea Graminea, A.O.U., No. 581 h' — in other words, a Santa Barbara song sparrow. I knew then that this world is truly 'so full of a number of things' that, no matter how small a scrap of it might be left to me, it would still contain life and beauty and interest.

The fact that nearly all the materials from which the invalid must build his new world are merely portions of his old environment makes it harder for him to discover them. They are like the thimble in the game of 'I spy.' Though the same varieties of birds had always been singing in the tree tops, hiding nests among the leaves, hunting insects along the twigs, yet until now all the small, gray, streaked birds were to me merely linnets; the orioles with orange hoods and the ones with black crowns were simply orioles; and any one of our five kinds of humming birds a humming bird was to me and nothing more.

But in one respect the invalid may go adventuring where much is unfamiliar. He will have need for inventions and ideas to increase the livableness of his unusual mode of life. And he will be amazed to discover how long it takes the human brain to blunder upon some simple contrivance that is waiting to revolutionize existence. He will cease to wonder why the race in primitive times took so long to evolve from the stone age to the iron age, or why nobody in all the Roman Empire was clever enough to think of eating with forks instead of with fingers. For the invalid is an individual without an adequate background of invention and technique

for his new kind of life. He is sure to have many problems that are unique and must therefore be solved without the aid of those few great minds through which, as James Harvey Robinson maintains, most of the human race gets its thinking done vicariously. Consider, for instance, the woman who sat for months before a hospital window in San Francisco watching the clouds and the sea gulls, and waiting for someone to discover that if her chair were raised but four inches she could also see a wide panorama, including the Golden Gate and the ships of all the world steaming in and out.

We human beings are like the wild elephants that Mr. C. Mayer writes of in *Asia*. He says that they are often captured by men who ride into the herd on trained elephants that butt and shove an intended victim about until he is too much occupied to notice one of the men slipping to the ground and putting a rope around a hind leg. The beast is then doomed to a life of captivity and hard labor solely because it never occurs to him to seize the men one by one, drag them to the ground, and crush them underfoot like snails on a garden walk.

Doubtless we are all at times just as close as that to discovering something important, missing it only because genius fails to lift its eyes at the right moment. I know the invalid often is. It must have been as late as the second July before it occurred to me that I could stop counting seams in the canvas roof and establish a summer residence under the sheltering canopy of the persimmon tree, where the birds came so near that I could have touched them, where I witnessed a thrilling drama enacted by a terrified spider and a foraging wasp, where I even became intimately acquainted with a rare summer shower, and learned that Hawthorne must have been cheated by a

New England fondness for the fire-side and the closed window into thinking that 'Nature has no kindness . . . during a rain. . . . In such spells of weather Eve's bower in Paradise must have been but a cheerless and aguish kind of shelter.' In my earthly bower, at least, the patter of rain on the leaves, the fragrance of the sprinkled earth, the sweet, fresh cleanness of leaves and bark and fence and even of the air, the thrill of so flagrantly disregarding precedent, all combined to obscure anything 'cheerless' or 'aguish.'

III

From his position outside the stream of human events the invalid comes to comprehend them as all parts of one story. He feels himself to be an interested stay-at-home following reports from the various campaigns of some great struggle, as though his newspapers and magazines were bulletins from the front. He even goes so far as to lose sight of the distinction usually made between man and nature. A town becomes as much a part of nature as an ant hill or a grove of trees.

For me I think this feeling was intensified by the trick of listening to the composite of sounds produced by the functioning of the universe all around me — the sleepy chirping of a bird settling to roost in the vines; the soft, quiet patter of first raindrops on my tent roof; a man's voice calling, a child answering. These became part of an endless symphony played by an orchestra of unnumbered pieces, a symphony that began before there were ears to hear, when the first winds stirred the waves on a lifeless sea, one that continues with ever-increasing beauty and intricacy of motive on through the ages. I knew then that to live is to be a player in that orchestra of eternity, that the invalid is but a disabled

performer listening to the music as he may not do while taking part in its production.

Nor do the benefits of being bedfast cease with the beginning of the invalid's long struggle to be back again in his normal place. He returns 'trailing clouds of glory.' At least many simple, commonplace circumstances that have long had no place in his life are for him glorified. The delightful harshness of stiff leather on unaccustomed feet transports him suddenly with exciting vividness far from pillows and sheets, back to tramping over the hills after the cow, or riding a horse at a run along a firm sandy beach when the tide is out. And to be able, after a little, to move from here to there without being carried, and later to walk out upon the rough, hard earth — such simple experiences make the invalid want to behave like a certain toddling baby who, finding himself out-of-doors without a guiding hand, lifted his arms and his face in instinctive worship toward the sky and shouted and danced until he lost his balance.

Hobbling on crutches for a few hundred yards along a dusty country road may not seem sublime to the onlooker, but it can lift an invalid to exalted heights. For he knows that at last he has broken through an insulation that has long kept him away from the good old dirty earth. He can even grow sentimental over the dust upon his shoes. It is to him a symbol of all things rough and hard and far removed from the protected softness of invalidism. It is as meaningful as the first sight of land to a home-faring Columbus. To discover that he can dance again is like finding himself suddenly able to float away through the air at will, knowing surely that this time he has captured that old familiar dream and dragged it across the boundary into reality. For him a glamour hangs over all that he does.

He moves about in a little private heaven of his own, where he rejoices over the motion of his body, the pressure of weight upon his feet, the privilege of changing from hour to hour the physical objects spread before his eyes and serving as a background for his thoughts. He even glories in hardships, in the exertion and roughness of hard physical labor and the muscle weariness that comes after it.

He who has taken up his bed and walked, like the man who has been blind and now can see again, actually possesses only the common tools of living that other men have always had, but because of that alone he crowns himself with a vaunting joy that lifelong victims of vulgar good health can only attain through lofty achievements.

Paradoxically, though he remembers his term in bed as a pleasant release from the drive and hurry of living, as he draws further and further away from it and becomes more and more a member of that great human swarm that works and plays so eagerly and knows not why, he develops an ever-increasing dread of a forced return to the old slothful ways. He outgrows the narrow boundaries within which he had

learned to live, and acquires again a taste for action. And, since his appreciation of every activity is vastly increased, it is not so unreasonable that he should dread the thought of losing them again.

Richard Halliburton in his *Royal Road to Romance* describes his feelings when looking into the face of death in the shape of a cobra at his feet, its head reared to strike. He says, ‘There was no fear of death, but utter despair at leaving all that is life.’ And when the danger was past he ‘crumpled up in a convenient mud puddle. But, oh, what nice mud it was, what lovely rich brown mud. It oozed through my fingers; I could feel its warmth and stickiness. . . . Beautiful jungle . . . beautiful world . . . beautiful life!’ It is thus that the ex-invalid feels toward even the ‘mud’ of a normal existence, and he would go back to his exile with a heart-sinking regret, not because of what he knows he would find there, but because of parting with so much that is now doubly valued. He knows

How good is man's life, the mere living! how
fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for-
ever in joy!

THE JUNIOR COLLEGE AGAIN

BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

IN the April number of the *Atlantic* I attacked the Junior College as a backward step in American education. If unrestrained it would abolish the proud distinction between American and foreign universities. With us more than half of our college men are not aiming at a professional life and yet are ready to devote four years to cultural study. That is a condition unknown abroad. We draw no sharp dividing line between our scholars and our business men. All over our country are scattered men whom I call amateur scholars, men who have tasted scholarship, have enjoyed it, have become through it centres of light and leading in their several communities, and when prosperous — as they usually are — become the chief founders and financial support of our higher institutions of learning. These intellectual aristocrats, of inestimable value in our democratic society, are to be swept away; for as soon as the work of the freshman and sophomore years is done in Junior Colleges, universities will drop those years from their curriculum and devote themselves entirely to professional study.

I do not intend to discuss this matter further. I have said all I wanted to say, my aim being merely to stir up criticism of which I felt there had been from the start disproportionately little. The growth of the hardly noticed start into a torrent made me fear that people were accepting it as a matter of course and trying to be content. But I was much mistaken.

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A multitude of letters have come to me from persons whom I do not know and from nearly every state in the Union. Almost uniformly they tell of the harm done them or their children by a Junior College and express gratitude that someone has at last spoken out and bidden our educators stop and think about ultimate consequences. I shall not attempt to summarize their stories. Too few years are now left me for other work I mean to do. But one of their requests is altogether courteous and fair. They ask, What can we do about it? What means have we for checking its wider spread? This question of remedies I did not touch in my original paper. Here I will set down half a dozen brief suggestions on this single point.

1. Haverford and several other colleges pay no attention to the Junior College. They accept no certificates. Whoever applies for entrance to the junior year, no matter where he comes from, must first pass all previous examinations — that is, that for entering college, for closing the freshman year, and for closing the sophomore year. A single standard of quality is required of all who seek advanced standing. Junior Colleges will not flourish under such a system. They live on certificates.

2. Junior Colleges are expensive. They increase taxation, and therefore voters can directly control them. In a town near Cambridge the city council this spring voted \$600,000 for putting Junior Colleges into all its high schools,

subject, however, to a referendum. A house-to-house canvass was then carried on by friends and foes of the measure. When the final vote was taken, it stood two to one against. That is our chief defense against this un-American education — debate. When fully understood it withers.

3. Parents as well as voters have the matter in their own hands. At graduation from a high school, usually at eighteen or nineteen, a boy or girl is in a somewhat dangerous mental state. The sense of his own personality has begun to assert itself. The desire to secure a large share of independence is urgent. It is a transition time between childhood and youth. To continue throughout it the routine training of the school is likely to stop growth and permanently cheapen intelligence.

On this point there is a reply to my arguments so frequent and so absurd that it deserves a moment's notice. Many of my correspondents urge that the colleges are overcrowded, and that, too, by the incompetent as well as by the competent. The Junior College is a capital place to put the former, those who would get nothing out of a real college if they ever went to one. Undoubtedly such a receptacle for dullards would bring welcome relief to the colleges. But who is to judge that these persons are incompetent, fit only to be shut up in outer darkness? Who but the candidates themselves? The decision rests with them or their parents. And if their incompetence is already plain, will it be thought worth while to spend time, toil, and money in aiming at a goal they do not want? No, the Junior College will be populated with pretty much the same average as the college itself, though I can well believe that after two years of it less intellectual energy may be noticed among its graduates.

4. The critical time in a child's life that I have just called his transitional period has received much prominence in German literature under the title of the period of *Sturm und Drang*. It is a period of upheaval, quarrel, and discontent. No wonder, then, that parents, seeing the one they love so upset, should wish to keep him near them and not send him away to college. I believe this to be a grave error. Lasting alienations come easily at this time. A parent will keep closer to his child at a distance than if near at hand. Fortunately my father was keenly alive to these dangers and formulated for himself the maxim that every child that had been properly brought up should be turned out of the house at twelve. That was the age — I think a little unnecessarily early — when nearly all of us set up life for ourselves. And it would be impossible to find a more united family. Home was always thought of as a blessed place. We wrote to our parents or to one another every week and heard from them as often. But we did not hear the continual 'Don't do this' of the home-kept child. Most of the evils of the Junior College can be best met by sending the child away from home as soon as he leaves the high school. In those next years the young experimenter will be doing much that his parents cannot approve but should not reprove. In education come times when it is best not to notice but to be simply looking another way. Junior Colleges make mischief through restraint.

5. Many of my correspondents suggest that a culture college offers superfluous knowledge and ask whether the small number of studies to be had in a Junior College would not be practically sufficient for most needs. No! Business in our day is not merely handing out goods over a counter. It is largely

an affair of brains and swift observation. A business man, if he is to rise, needs much more than acquaintance with his wares. In life everywhere it is the 'over and above' that counts and leads to power. Most business men who are without the broad background wish they had had it and acknowledge the lack as an obstacle. Of course it is an obstacle that, like most others, genius can overcome, but the hindrance is there. Do not let the brief list of studies roughly taught in the Junior College mislead parents into sending their sons there.

6. Do not be misled by names. All over the country vocational schools are springing up, schools where in a couple of years one receives special training in play-writing, oratory, business administration, and so forth. They are mostly useful in aim and are often ably conducted. Among the most valuable of them is that which equips a girl for demands of the home. Unfortunately these vocational schools sometimes call themselves Junior Colleges. They may be well worth attending for their own domestic purposes, but one must not expect to find in them a substitute for the first two years of a college course.

But enough of remedial grumblings. Perhaps I have taken Junior Colleges

too seriously. Several of my correspondents allege that they are only advertisements for real-estate speculation. That is why they most abound in the least settled parts of our country. The incipient village seeks to attract settlers by declaring that it has all the 'fixin's'; as years ago, when a land boom was on in Missouri, Nevada, and Dakota, the prospector of a little township in one of these states announced that his 'city' had four colleges and the logs already cut for a fifth. I do not believe such practices are common in my beloved Pacific Coast states, but agree that we should look with a jealous eye on so-called 'improvements' in education. Mistakes here fall hardest on our poorer classes. We who are in easier circumstances should regard ourselves as trustees for them. We can inform ourselves and get the education we want elsewhere if not at home. But one of the chief hardships of the poor is that they are tied to a single spot and must take what they are told is good.

In defense of the magnificent American experiment of democracy I felt called on to stir up criticism over the Junior College. The unpleasant task is ended, and with a quieter conscience I may now return to my library.

THE FICTION OF MAJORITY RULE

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

I

DURING the fiery frenzy that accompanied the late war for democracy, an official in the New York public schools, pressing forward from obscurity for a moment into the white spotlight that surrounded the witches' gallows, declared that no teacher who had any doubts about the sacred doctrine of majority rule, that cardinal article of American faith, should be allowed to instruct the youth of the City. Not long afterward, far away on the Pacific Slope, a committee of five, appointed by a state commissioner of secondary schools, headed by a scholar of high standing and composed of sober and competent authorities in the field of American history, placed fourth among seven principles designed to control instruction in the public schools 'A belief in democratic self-government by majority rule.' By way of elucidation the committee added: 'This asserts the Jeffersonian doctrine that rule by the majority, while not ensuring perfection, is more likely to approach it than any other form of rule, and more likely to preserve individual happiness under law.' Advancing from this declaration, the committee laid down the doctrine that 'obedience to law . . . has its sanction in majority rule, thus providing reasonable limitations on individual liberty.' More recently a self-constituted society of poignant patriots, alarmed by the fact that American officials, from the president of the United States down to the village constables,

are being elected by minorities, owing to the indifference of the citizens who remain away from the polls, has appealed for money with which to carry on a propaganda to drag the negligent from their offices and fire-sides to the ballot box.

As a matter of fact, is the doctrine of majority rule one of the canonical articles of American political faith, without which there is no salvation? Before this question can be answered, an exercise in definitions is necessary. Do those who adhere to the dogma mean that the assent of a majority of the adult population is required to make any act of the government lawful? Evidently they do not, for, until the adoption of woman suffrage on a national scale in 1920, most of the women in the country were ignored in matters of high politics; and at the present time the colored citizens in several Southern states are frequently disregarded when grave issues are submitted to the electorate for a decision.

'Of course,' the shamans of the political altar will say, 'nobody in his right mind ever meant by "majority rule" anything more than government by the majority of those who are authorized under the existing providential arrangements to cast their ballots in elections.' But on second thought this proposition as an article in the American credo will not hold water. No constitutional rule requires any such majority, and political practice shows that

the application of any such prescription would bring the wheels of American government to a dead stop. Again and again it happens, especially in elections on constitutional amendments, that a majority of the voters abstain from expressing any opinion at all, thus leaving the fate of vital issues to the will of a divided minority. Indeed, in the grand tourney of 1924, when the embattled politicians called upon the American people to save their country, more than one third of the electorate was indifferent to the summons, and the vote which elected Mr. Coolidge was not much, if any, larger than the 'stay-at-home vote' — approximately one third of the citizenry.

'Naturally,' retort the more circumspect of the political shamans, 'majority rule merely means rule by a majority of those who are loyal and patriotic enough to do their duty at general elections by putting their ballots into the box.' But the case of those who take this horn of the dilemma will not bear examination either. American government is not and could not be managed on any such principle. At all events it is very difficult to muster a majority of the active voters in support of constitutional measures referred to state electorates. Bitter experience with the provision requiring for the adoption of state constitutional amendments a majority of all those voting in some state election has led to the general rejection of this counsel of perfection. Only an extraordinary crisis or special campaign can induce any such portion of the voters to favor any proposition with their suffrages. Hence it is now the common practice to provide that state constitutional amendments and other measures referred to the voters may be carried by a mere majority of those voting on the issues — which majority is often as low as twenty-five or thirty

per cent of the active voters of the state.

Likewise with respect to elective offices, the principle that a majority of those who cast their ballots is necessary to victory does not generally operate throughout the United States. Exceptions only prove the rule. Broadly speaking, it is the candidate who receives a plurality of the votes — that is, more than any of his competitors — who is declared elected. Such a plurality may, and frequently does, represent not more than one third of the total number of ballots cast in the election. Nothing but the existence of our two-party system prevents government by pitiful minorities — and that system is not a part of the law of the land.

'Quite so,' the very circumspect shamans will admit; 'what we really mean by majority rule is that in every case not otherwise controlled the candidate who receives more votes than anybody else shall be declared elected and clothed with power.' That, of course, is a considerable decline from the high pinnacle from which our triumphal procession started, but it seems to be final, frankly conceding the right of the minority to rule, provided it is a plurality. Alas, however, for the pure in spirit, even this doctrine is not of universal application. According to the curious electoral system by which the president of the United States is chosen, a candidate may receive a plurality of all the popular votes cast, even a majority of all such votes, and still be defeated. In 1876, for example, Samuel J. Tilden, according to Republican election statistics, received more votes than Rutherford B. Hayes, the victorious candidate; indeed, a majority of all the ballots cast. Hence it must be conceded that the Constitution of the United States, which, according to the Report of the American

Bar Association Committee on Citizenship, every loyal American must make as much a part of his life and religion 'as the Sermon on the Mount,' far from commanding government by a popular majority or plurality, actually permits government by a president who commands neither but has been duly elected according to established forms.

If one were in a captious mood, one might go further and speak of a system which gives to the state of Nevada, with approximately 80,000 inhabitants, the same power in the United States Senate as New York, with more than 10,000,000 inhabitants, or about the constitutional rule which gives one voter in South Carolina as much weight in a presidential election as fifteen or twenty in certain Northern states; but, as a distinguished Southern statesman once remarked, 'it is not necessary to make an ass of one's self in an effort to be logical.' So, without pressing the argument to the limit, by merely taking note of matters that ought to be obvious to every citizen, it seems safe to say that our governments, local and national, seldom, if ever, represent a majority of the whole voting population and often represent a minority of those who take the trouble to go to the polls. In support of this proposition there are indisputable facts which admit of no question in any court of law or opinion.

II

It is difficult to discover any crucial issues of politics in America that have been settled by a majority of the people lawfully entitled to vote. Let us start with the American Revolution, that process by which the independence of the United States was won. What proportion of the people residing in the thirteen English colonies in 1776 really wanted to overthrow the government

of the mother country? History can make no statistical answer. It can only guess. At the outset of the quarrel, the most respectable characters, such as Washington and Franklin, declared that no one thought of revolution. At no time was the question submitted to the voters at the polls, and from beginning to end the members of local, state, and national conventions and congresses, which engineered the revolution, were elected in the most irregular fashion. To make sure that no Tories could obscure their councils, the patriot fathers, after the armed quarrel began as the result of an accident at Lexington, made a practice of excluding their avowed opponents from the balloting — a practice not unknown in other times and places.

When the statistics of elections that have come down to us from the Colonial and the Revolutionary period are analyzed, two cardinal conclusions emerge. The first is that it was very common, both before and after the Revolution, for two thirds of those entitled to vote to remain away from the polls. The second is that even popular leaders, such as Samuel Adams, when thundering in the forum and making decisions of power, often spoke for only about ten or fifteen per cent of the eligible voters. It is not likely that any competent student of the Revolutionary age will deny the conclusion of Lecky, the English historian, that 'the American Revolution, like most others, was the work of an energetic minority.'

Now let us take the adoption of the Constitution, which, according to oratorical lawyers, was an act of 'a whole people exercising its first and greatest power.' Of course, as everybody knows, the Constitution was not submitted directly to the voters for their judgment. It was submitted to state conventions composed of delegates chosen by enfranchised citizens. Our

statistics of the several elections are fragmentary, but those which have survived time indicate that the great majority of the eligible voters took no part in the adoption of the Constitution. In the hotly contested election in Philadelphia only about one fourth of the adult males participated. This proportion seems to be fairly typical of the country as a whole. On the most conservative reckoning not more than one hundred thousand men out of approximately six hundred thousand free adult males supported the adoption of the Constitution in 1787-88 by voting for it indirectly. Whether the number represented a majority of those who actually voted in the elections is even open to question. In any event, it must be said that the ratification of the Constitution, like the Revolution, was 'the work of an energetic minority.'

Passing by such minor incidents as the War of 1812 and the Mexican War, let us consider the War for the Union. It is generally agreed for practical purposes, leaving aside the metaphysical question of destiny, that the election of Lincoln in 1860 precipitated, though it did not cause, the withdrawal of the Southern states, and thus brought on the armed conflict. What the voters would have done in that year if they could have divined the meaning of their act is not known and can never be discovered, but it is certain that the election of Lincoln in 1860 was the work of a minority. In round numbers, 4,500,000 votes were cast, and of this total Lincoln received 1,800,000, the remaining 2,700,000 votes being distributed among his three opponents, in such a manner as to give the Rail Splitter from Illinois the presidency. Certainly the issue of war or no war, slavery or abolition, was not submitted to the voters. Certainly none of the candidates on any of the platforms obtained the endorsement of a majority

of those who took the trouble to vote, to say nothing of the indifferent citizens. And yet by the decision of a minority, which led to the bombardment of Fort Sumter, Abraham Lincoln acquired a dictatorship which Cæsar might have coveted, and a revolution was made in the constitutional system of the United States.

One more case deserves examination by those who are alarmed by infractions of the majority principle. In 1912, owing to divisions in the Republican camp, Woodrow Wilson was elected president, in spite of a majority against him amounting to 2,459,000 votes. As president he started on a course which could have but one logical ending — war against the Central Empires. Even in 1916, when running on a platform of 'keeping us out of the war,' Mr. Wilson was 275,000 short of a majority of the active voters. What was decided in that year by this exercise of popular will is one of the Delphic mysteries, but it is certain that there was no majority in favor of any policy — peace, war, or friendly neutrality. And the war came.

It would be easy to multiply minor citations of limits on the doctrine of majority rule in its most restricted form. In fact, a complete list of constitutional amendments adopted and officers elected by twenty or twenty-five per cent of the voting population might be so alarming as to bring down upon the head of the compiler the benevolent attentions of the Department of Justice. At any rate it would give him a top place in the doombook of those who watch the sacred fire, in preparation for the next heroic effort to preserve the right of majority rule. But additional details would only illustrate the general principle that all the great lunges forward along the path from barbarism to civilization have been forced by energetic minorities, against

the indifference or the opposition of majorities, using these terms in the correct mathematical sense. With equal justice also it may be said that the backward lunges have been made in the same manner.

III

More than this. High authority can be found in the writings and opinions of the men who established the American constitutional system in the eighteenth century to support the conclusion that the majority of the populace is to be more feared than a monarch and that the rights of persons and property ought never to be placed at the mercy of a mere majority at the polls. Moreover, the frequent custom of requiring some extraordinary process for the adoption of constitutional provisions is evidence that the fear of mere majority rule still obtains and that the American people believe in placing severe limitations on the power of the majority that takes the trouble to go to the polls. 'Constitutions,' said President Taft in vetoing a Congressional resolution to admit Arizona with her scheme for judicial recall, 'are checks upon the hasty action of the majority. They are the self-imposed restraints of a whole people upon a majority of them to secure sober action and a respect for the rights of the minority.' If the historicity of this statement is a bit clouded, in any event no one could call it un-American. Indeed, the gravamen of the case against direct government, pressed with such zeal by Mr. Taft and his fraction of the Republican Party, consisted mainly in the argument that direct government meant majority rule at the polls. If a minority, by constitutional provisions, maintains the security of its rights against the majority, does it not govern to that extent at least?

It would be easy to go still deeper into the substance of the majority principle. For example, one might inquire whether in many instances the plurality or even the majority secured according to the canons of lawful propriety is not a mere fiction. Let us say, for example, that a president is, in a given case, elected by a plurality of the voters in the manner required by the fundamental law of the land. Does it follow that the result is necessarily obtained by the plurality? May it not be sometimes supposed, with a show of sanction, that the said plurality has been induced to take its line of action by a minority superior in resources, more powerful in press and propaganda? And if a minority really induces a plurality or majority to act in a given way, then is the plurality or majority more than a shadow? Was the Honorable Elihu Root speaking without authority when he exclaimed, in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1915, that the government of the state had not been in fact the government of the constitution 'halfway or half the time,' that 'Mr. Platt ruled the state — for nigh upon twenty years he ruled it'? Have not several experienced American politicians of high standing declared many times that an invisible government dominated by a minority often operates behind the screen of the lawful plurality or majority? But to press this point would be to obscure the larger issue.

The real upshot of this paper is that, on the showing of the facts, none of the crucial decisions of American politics have enjoyed the sanction of a majority of the electorate expressed at the polls. Conversely, of course, such decisions and actions have been the work of minorities, even on the face of things — minorities ranging sometimes as low as twenty-five per cent of the voting population, if not lower. How,

then, can it be said with justification that the cardinal principles of American government include a 'belief in democratic self-government by majority rule'?

As the red tide recedes along the shore of international capitalism, it is probable that less will be heard about majority rule and more about government according to the accepted and established constitutional proprieties of the country, proprieties which look to the preservation of the rights of minorities in persons and goods. Frequently it happens that those who are in political power with the sanction of a plurality are pleased with the processes by which they arrived at their status, while those who are out of power hope to reach that pinnacle by similar route. But if, as in the case of the Southern statesmen in 1860-61, the decision of

the plurality seems to be so outrageous as to warrant a revolution, the minority may not accept the rulings of the plurality. Such refusal, of course, is likely to be unconstitutional, especially when carried beyond the forum of the courts, and is usually inexpedient and dangerous.

Yet it would be interesting to inquire just where civilization would now stand if people of ideas, ideals, inventiveness, and superior intelligence had always refused to act on their convictions until they had won a clear majority of their fellow citizens over to their view of the universe. What would happen if all good things wrested from fortune by minorities were condemned as immoral and rejected by the righteous? The answer is almost as frightful to contemplate as a scene from the palæolithic age.

FIVE DAYS

BY C. STANLEY SMITH

I

IN order that the events of March 24 may be viewed in their proper background, I will go back a few days to Monday, March 21, to begin this account of the Nanking catastrophe.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Smith went with me to the University. On returning home over the hills, we first heard the sound of gunfire in the distance. There were both the sound of artillery and the *put, put, put* of machine guns, so that we knew the battle which had been raging outside the South Gate was drawing nearer. We

had been home only a few minutes when Mr. Robson appeared on the porch with the words, 'Bad news.' He brought the instructions from the American Consul to be ready for evacuation of all women and children either during the night or in the early morning. We were to prepare bedding, two days' supply of food and water, and as much else as we could carry as hand baggage.

I went at once with the news to the other members of our section, while Mrs. Smith proceeded to get the food

ready. After supper Mrs. Smith went on with the preparations for evacuation and I went down to our Ming Deh Girls' School to see what was going to be done there. Miss Moffet and Miss Null, who were in charge of the school, had repeatedly said that they would not leave as long as there were still Chinese students there under their care. I found them blissfully ignorant of the Consul's instructions. I returned home, calling three rickshas as I went and promising the men a dollar apiece if they would stay at our compound all night. While Mrs. Smith packed I closed all the shutters downstairs, tied up a bedding roll, and then we went to a sleepless bed. All night long the firing continued. It seemed to come from only a short distance outside the city wall.

At five-thirty the next morning word came from Mr. Robson to evacuate. I at once went out and carried the news to the Prices, Richardsons, Stuarts, and Lancasters. We planned to be at our local rendezvous by six-fifteen. Returning home, I snatched up a cold breakfast and, with a last word to the servants to watch the house until I returned, we were off to our concentration point, with such luggage as we could carry in a ricksha. When we arrived at the river bank we saw the sailors there on guard, and I was soon out on the Noa settling my family. There were many gunboats, Japanese, British, and American, lying in the river. I spent most of the day on the Noa with my family, and in the evening returned to the city. All was peaceful at home. The sound of the guns was still heard, however, and I spent a sleepless night listening to the popping of rifles and the booming of big guns fired by Southern gunboats lying in the river.

The next day Mr. Lancaster and I took some bedding down to the

destroyer, and stayed there most of the day. In the evening we returned to the city, assured that our families were safe. We took a signaler along with us to the Consulate and stopped in to see Consul Davis, who advised us to be on guard during the night to protect mission property. On returning to the Seminary, we held a conference of those who lived in the compound. Word came from the Consul ordering the concentration of all the foreigners. I went to Severance Hall Bible School and Ming Deh School to see Miss Lee, Miss Moffet, and Miss Null. They refused, however, to leave their schools, so we decided to concentrate on two centres, the Theological Seminary and the Ming Deh School. Ming Deh was already full of refugees seeking safety from Northern looters. Dr. Stuart and I returned home to guard our houses for the night. Dr. Rowe was at his home, Dr. Plopper at Miss Lyons's school, while Dr. Price and Dr. Richardson were guarding their own homes and the Seminary. We went to an anxious night of wakeful waiting. The gunfire was not so bad as on the previous night.

I was awakened on Thursday morning about daybreak, just as I was dropping off to sleep, by the sound of rifle fire close by. I thought it was from retreating Northern soldiers, but learned later that it was the looting of the Catholic Church and the murder of two foreign priests. I lay awake until about seven o'clock, experiencing the greatest sensation of physical fear that I had ever known. On arising, I looked out of the window toward the Seminary and saw Southern flags flying from the gateway, and I knew that the South had arrived. I saw two ladies walking freely about the Seminary compound as though they had nothing to fear. The students were getting ready to welcome the Southern army. Many

flags appeared that had been in hiding.

During breakfast Dr. Stuart came in and we congratulated each other on the arrival of the Southern army without any looting by the Northerners in our district. I agreed to stop by for him in a few minutes and go over to the Seminary to see how things were there. When I went out on the street, however, students came running out and urged me to go back to my house, as it was dangerous to be on the street. On my return home the servants excitedly told me of the looting and murder at the Catholic Church. The Seminary students started out with flags and banners to welcome the incoming Southern army, and I went to the gate to see them go by, joking with the people who stood around the gate. Everybody seemed relieved; the refugees were all leaving the Seminary compound and we thought our troubles were over so far as looting was concerned. I urged my servants to join in the parade to welcome the Southern army. Fortunately for me, they were not eager to do so!

Shortly after the students had gone, there was the sound of shooting at the Seminary. I hurried to the window and saw a group of some six soldiers running from our Hansimen Road gate toward the East Dormitory, shooting into the air as they ran and ordering the refugees out of the compound. They burst into the East Dormitory, shooting inside the building, followed by the civilian rabble. Soon there was the sound of the smashing of furniture. The students' things were not immune, and I saw a soldier making off with the bicycle of one of the ardent members of the Kuomintang. The students who had not joined the parade crowded into the West Dormitory, which I understand was not looted.

Shooting inside the East Dormitory continued for some time. Then I saw

the soldiers enter Dr. Price's house, and soon the mob was looting all his belongings. I saw one soldier attacking Dr. Price. He struck him with his rifle and hit him on the head, knocking off his hat. Someone attempted to interfere. (Dr. Price told me afterward that it was his cook, who seized a soldier's gun in an endeavor to save him. Old L—— T——, the coolie, bowed to the ground before the fiend, imploring him to save Dr. Price's life.) I watched the soldier for a long time worrying Dr. Price as a dog does a rat he is about to kill. (Dr. Price told me later that this particular soldier hung around him for six hours trying to kill him, but that in some miraculous way he was hindered each time.) The last I saw of Dr. Price, he was being rushed away by a soldier through the Seminary gate. My faithful coolie and amah, who rushed in a few minutes later to implore me to flee, urged as a reason that Dr. Williams had been shot and Dr. Price taken out to the South Gate to be killed. (Dr. Price told me later that he was taken down to the home of one of the wealthier Chinese Christians in an endeavor to secure five hundred dollars as ransom money to buy off the soldier who was seeking his life.)

From Dr. Price's home the soldiers and the mob went to Dr. Richardson's home. Dr. Richardson saw them coming and, running out the back door, he jumped down from the porch and hid in the servants' quarters until he was rescued the next day. I saw the doors and windows of the Richardson house smashed, and the mob poured in, soon to reappear laden with their rich plunder. While the Price and Richardson houses were being looted, I went from window to window, upstairs and down, to see whether the Lancaster and Stuart houses had been attacked. It is interesting that although my gate was unlocked all this time, and there were

many people waiting outside, not one of the mob dared to enter until the soldiers had first come in. Knowing that my turn was coming at any moment now, and remembering the fate of the student's bicycle, I foolishly attempted to hide my wheel in an upstairs clothespress. The clothespress was too small, so I had to leave it standing in the room. The next time I entered, it was gone. I also hid my gold watch and a small sum of money in a drawer under the window seat in the sitting room, but this was soon looted.

Returning upstairs to see how the Seminary was faring, I saw my shotgun and a small twenty-two calibre rifle standing in the corner of the room. I quickly hid them in a back closet, thinking that they might thus escape notice. Remembering a small revolver in my bureau drawer, I took it out and flung it up on a shelf of the clothespress. Although these guns were all taken later, it was fortunate for me that I had them out of sight when the soldiers came, and especially that I did not have the revolver on my person, for the first thing they asked me was whether I had a revolver. Taking them to mean on my person, I was able to reply, 'No.' The hiding of the small sum of money was fortunate also, because it left me with only five dollars in my pocket. When I gave this to the first group of soldiers who demanded money, it seemed to have the same effect as giving the proper change to a ricksha man. It was enough to satisfy them for the moment, and did not arouse their greed.

II

When my coolie and amah, both servants of years' standing, came in and begged me to flee, they brought a long blue Chinese gown, and they

almost pulled off my overcoat in their eagerness to have me put on this garment and escape while there was yet a chance. I was probably foolish not to heed their advice. I think I could have gotten away at that time and so missed the nerve-racking experiences and loss of clothing which happened shortly afterward. I could not run away, however, probably because I had heard that Dr. Williams had been killed while attempting to escape, but partly because I simply could not bring myself to run, any more than I could to hide up in the attic. I chose to stay and see it through. Even after watching the Seminary dormitory and the houses of Dr. Price and Dr. Richardson being looted, I could not realize that my house was to receive the same treatment. The thing seemed so preposterous. So I refused to flee, and my servants went off in disgust at my stupidity. I now went to the rear of the house to see how the Lancaster and Stuart houses were faring. I saw Dr. Stuart standing in his screened porch looking like a lion at bay in his cage. The soldiers had not yet come to his house.

My attention was now needed at home. The front door bell rang imperiously and I knew that my guests had arrived. I hastened down to open the door and welcome them in. There were four or five in the group and they looked like officers. They asked me whether I had any Russians concealed in the house and whether I carried a revolver. I answered in the negative and added that I was an American. On hearing this they said that America was all right and that they had nothing against Americans. They seemed to be in a hurry, for they soon went out. But on the steps they turned and asked for money, saying that they were poor men. I quickly drew out my pocket-book, in which I had only five dollars,

and gave it to them. They rather resented the smallness of my gift and searched me for more. They failed to find any, but noticed my ring, which they demanded. I hesitated a moment, as I prized the ring greatly, but when one of the men tapped his gun in a significant way I hastened to comply. It did not come off easily, and the men grew impatient. I feared that they would cut off my finger if I did not get the ring off quickly. I finally succeeded in sucking it off. Seizing it, they hurried out of the gate. I thought that in some miraculous way I had escaped what all my colleagues had suffered. I called to the coolie to close the gate, while I locked the front door and went upstairs to see what was happening at the Seminary.

My illusion was soon shattered. I had been upstairs only a few minutes when a rifle shot, followed by the crash of falling glass, rang through the house. Fortunately I was not at the door to welcome the party of fiends who now broke into the house, leading a ravenous mob, or I should undoubtedly have been killed by the shot that announced their arrival. A group of five or six of the most inhuman-looking beings I have ever laid eyes on, with faces distorted by rage and hatred, gathered about me, while the rabble edged off to seek their loot. One soldier snatched off my glasses. They asked whether I had a revolver. I assured them that I was an American friendly to China, but such a declaration made no impression on this group, nor indeed on succeeding groups of soldiers. They were evidently after all foreigners, without distinction.

They demanded *hua pien*, which I learned later is the Hunanese and Hupeh term for the Mexican dollar. I told them that I had given all my money to the first group of soldiers. This only incensed them and they threatened to shoot me if I did not

produce some money at once. I offered to write them a check and they agreed. It was evident, however, that they did not know what a check was, for as soon as I had taken them into my study and got out my check book from the desk, they seized the book and fought among themselves for the blank checks! They tore the book to pieces, as they did all the other check books they found in my desk.

All this time the looting was going merrily on around me. I had closed all the downstairs shutters the evening before, so the rooms were somewhat dark. The soldiers now proceeded to smash them all open with the butts of their guns. The doors were all opened or broken down and the rabble was soon streaming out like ants, laden with their booty. I saw one rather respectable-looking man, evidently not of the coolie class, take our Victrola under his arm and walk off with it. Another took my typewriter, and a third rolled up the Peking rug and swung it over his shoulder. My library was ruthlessly destroyed. Notes, lectures, manuscripts, — the work of over a decade, — were scattered to the winds or carried off to start fires with.

Things moved with such rapidity now that it is difficult to recall them in their proper order. My next recollection is that of being out in front of the house, confronted by a perfect demon of a soldier. I could not understand his Hunanese dialect very well at first, but I understood enough to know that he was bent on killing me. I protested in vain that I was an American, friendly to China. He was insane with hatred. Calling me a *wang kwoh nu* ('destroy-country slave'), he slapped me a savage blow on the right cheek. Curiously, the blow did not seem to hurt. I thanked him and told him to hit me on the left cheek also. He looked rather nonplused, but he did not strike.

Then he worked himself up into another fury by talking about a soldier who had been shot and killed a short time before in the Seminary compound. He demanded my life in reprisal for that of his comrade. I learned later that a soldier had been shot by one of his fellow soldiers because he had protested against the looting of the students' belongings. My coolie saw the man shot. The soldiers, however, claimed that he had been shot by one of the foreigners, firing from an upper window. This probably accounts for the severity of the looting of the Seminary and all connected with it, and for the fact that the Seminary faculty were threatened so frequently with death.

Having worked himself into a proper fury, the soldier now struck me on the right side of the chest with the butt of his gun. I offered my left side for another stroke. Again he failed to repeat the blow. He now changed his tactics and demanded that I be tied up and taken off to be shot in reprisal for the death of the soldier. I put my hands together in front of me to be tied, but he seized my wrist and turned my arm behind my back until it hurt. No one offered to help him, so he let go for a moment. He still insisted, however, so to satisfy him I picked up a coolie's belt which I saw lying at my feet, and, wrapping one end around my wrist, I offered him the other end, telling him to tie me up. He did not do so. At this point something diverted his attention and I was free for a moment. I believe that in this incident and later my life was saved by putting into practice literally the teachings on nonresistance of the Sermon on the Mount. The fact that I also felt absolutely no fear of the soldiers contributed largely to my safety. I say this with no desire to boast, for I am not naturally overly brave, but simply

to record a fact. I seemed to be lifted up in some strange way on to a plane above the brutality of the soldiers and the ignorant greed of the mob.

A young fellow dressed in civilian clothes, and carrying an automatic revolver on a stock, now turned his attention to me. He announced that he was going to kill me. All the crowd of coolies and others who had surrounded me during my interview with the fiendish soldier hurriedly scattered until they formed a kind of semicircle around me, with my would-be executioner in the centre. I stood on the sidewalk in front of the house with my back toward the wall. The fellow slowly raised his gun to shoot and I thought my end had come. I was not frightened, however, and when he saw this he lowered the gun. I think that the whole incident was staged to frighten me. As he lowered his gun I walked toward him, thinking that he was less likely to shoot me if I was nearer to him and did not present such a tempting target.

Several soldiers who had been ransacking the house now came out and surrounded me. I picked out one swarthy individual who, in spite of a face somewhat distorted with hate, did seem a little more human than the rest, and I engaged him in conversation. He said he was *fu-lan lai tih* ('come from Hunan'), and had come to Nanking from Kiukiang. This was always the reply of the soldiers with whom I talked — they were Hunanese. Under the influence of a few conventional polite phrases the natural courtesy of the Chinese race came to the surface and his face lost its angry look. He even grinned. I kept close to my newfound friend as the group moved toward the gate. They were evidently through with our house, which by this time had been pretty thoroughly looted, especially of such small articles of

value as the soldiers could carry away easily. One of the squad, the man who had threatened to shoot me, had taken my hammer, which he carried in one hand while the other held his gun. It was the subject of a joke or two between us.

It is remarkable with what calmness, almost unconcern, one can view the carrying off of all one's material possessions. I am sure that I felt no particular bitterness toward these poor ignorant looters, most of whom lived on the verge of starvation all the time. This opportunity for plundering must have seemed to them a veritable paradise. I confess, however, that I did feel deep disgust when I met a well-dressed man going off with our things. There were several such, and I took every opportunity to make them lose face before the others by shaming them with offers to help them carry out their booty. But for the rabble of poor folks I had only pity.

I think the anger of this particular squad was somewhat spent. At any rate, as we walked out of the gate and down the road toward the Bible School, they seemed to grow more friendly. On the road we passed a box of assorted tins of vegetables and fruits, evidently dropped by some looter from Dr. Stuart's home. Each soldier took a tin, and this gave me an opportunity for more friendly conversation with them. One of them took a knife and opened his — a tin of tomatoes. I told him they were not good to eat cold and explained how to cook them. This started the whole group, and they crowded around me as we walked, asking what was in their tins and whether it was good to eat. We were such good friends by this time that I walked alongside of my plain-clothes friend who had threatened to kill me, taking his arm as we walked and telling him that I was depending on him for

protection! He seemed a bit embarrassed. By the time we had walked to the end of Dr. Stuart's wall the group was so bursting with good will that the swarthy individual stopped and, gathering around him all the other soldiers and the crowd of loiterers and looters who had been following us, proposed three cheers for America, in Chinese style, ending with 'Down with England and Japan!' In the crowd of those now cheering for America I saw one man with a weighty volume of *Hastings's Dictionary of the Bible* under his arm, while another young fellow had a couple of volumes of the *Century Bible Commentaries*. I hope I shall not be unduly criticized for putting such literature into uncritical hands.

III

After this outburst of good feeling I thought it a good time to say good-bye to this particular squad. So I turned and walked back to my house. What would have happened to me had I continued with this group is an interesting conjecture. However, something in me seemed to prevent my running away until the looting was all over. On nearing my gate, I saw an old man with a kindly face carrying off a lamp stand and shade. I approached him and sought to shame him as I had others with the statement that we were Americans who had always been friendly to China and helped the Chinese, and now they were treating us in this shameful way, killing us and stealing our things. The old man was somewhat taken aback, but in true Chinese style he had an excuse ready, for he stammered out that he was only taking them to keep for me. On entering the gate I did not see any soldiers, but there were still many looters in the yard and house. The storeroom had recently been broken into and many

were enriching themselves with the stock of provisions we had laid in for the long-expected siege. I tried to shame these folks as I had the old man, but they were a hard lot.

Going into the house, I found one man struggling to get the door open so he could take out his booty—our little boy's crib. I remembered that the Yale lock stuck a bit, so I assisted him in opening the door. I have forgotten whether he thanked me or not. Upstairs I saw a well-dressed man, not of the coolie class, but wearing a long gown and a foreign hat, trying to carry off the two ends of Miss Moffet's white iron bedstead. I said to him that it seemed a little heavy—would he not let me help him carry it downstairs? He blushed as I have never seen a Chinese blush and hurried downstairs. Later, however, I saw him again trying to carry off the bed.

I went about the various rooms, upstairs and down. They were filled with looters, most of them women of the coolie class. The floors were covered with the stuffing from mattresses. The iron grates in the fireplaces had been torn from the walls, the electric light wires stripped from their settings; bathtubs were wantonly broken, pipes ripped from the floors, doors taken away for fuel, books, notes, and papers strewn about the rooms. When I finally left the house the only remaining pieces of furniture intact were the dining-room stove and our new piano. The former, I learned later, was broken up for scrap iron and the piano was carried off to some mud hut. It was only an accident that it was not broken up for kindling wood as was many another piano. I am told that it is now being offered for sale for some eight dollars!

Our daughter Dorothea had a great collection of dolls. On my last trip of inspection around the house I found

one of these dolls lying neglected on the floor. I picked it up and tucked it into my pocket, thinking that I should have at least one souvenir from our home to take to our little girl, if I should ever see her again. But I was not permitted to keep even this, for as I was about to descend the stairs, in an attempt at last to escape, I encountered another squad of soldiers coming in, to occupy the house, they said. They asked whether I had a revolver concealed on my person and started to search me. I think they used this merely as an excuse to make me take off first my overcoat and then my coat, both of which they promptly seized. One soldier saw the doll sticking out of my overcoat pocket and demanded it. I told him that it was only a doll which I wanted to take to my little daughter, and asked that I might be allowed to keep it. They refused. One soldier was grabbing for my sweater, and I felt that if I did not get away I should be stripped, at least to my underwear—as, I learned later, several men had been; so I turned and walked down the stairs. Why I was not ordered back or shot as I descended is a miracle. I was allowed to walk out of the house. But not to safety!

I walked straight into the hands of another squad of soldiers, who completed my humiliation. They ordered me with threats of death to take off my rubbers, then my shoes, and one fellow even went so far as to ask for my stockings, but fortunately he did not press the matter. They then formed a square about me and marched me off, as they said, to be shot. I thought they were probably taking me to South City for execution, as my servants had reported they had done to Dr. Price. As we started off one soldier grabbed my hat. I told him that the sun hurt my head and asked if he would not give it back. He did so. It was the one act

of human kindness on the part of the soldiers during all that morning of brutality and insult. We walked out of the gate and started down the road past the Buddhist nunnery. The sharp stones hurt my feet. We had not gone far, however, when they either changed their minds about killing me or let me go because they had simply been trying to scare me. From evidence we received later it is an undoubted fact that the soldiers had received orders to kill us, but for some reason they could not quite bring themselves, except in a few cases, to carry out this order.

So I returned home again. The looters were nearly all gone by this time, but the house was occupied by soldiers. I am afraid that I did not clearly realize what I was doing, for I intended to enter the house and should have placed myself again in the power of the men who had taken my clothes. Fortunately I was stopped by the sight of broken glass strewn about the porch and steps, and I was afraid I should be cut if I walked about in my stocking feet. I called to my coolie to come and give me his Chinese shoes. Several Chinese now gathered about me and urged me to flee. They took me back to the servants' quarters and hid me while they discussed plans for getting me away.

It was finally decided that the coolie and the amah should try to take me to the hut where the amah's son lived. The coolie loaned me his coat for disguise and we started off. As we neared the gate my heart sank, for another soldier was just coming in. Whether my disguise saved me or whether he was not looking for foreigners I do not know; at least he paid no attention to me. With the coolie in front as a scout and the amah bringing up the rear, we marched down the street which leads to Hansimen Road. There were many people about, but they were strangely

silent. They looked at me curiously to see a foreigner in such a plight. There were no signs of hostility and no call of 'foreign devil.' When, a moment later, I stepped into a Chinese courtyard to avoid a squad of soldiers, no one told them I was hiding there.

This danger passed, we proceeded on our way. As we rounded the corner into the main street, we passed the home of our Seminary music teacher. He was standing in the doorway and I asked him for the loan of a pair of shoes. We stopped long enough for him to get a pair of his velvet shoes, which fortunately fitted me quite comfortably. He also promised that he would send me a Chinese garment for warmth and for disguise. We crossed the road, keeping close to the buildings in order to be as inconspicuous as possible. Suddenly the coolie announced that there were soldiers coming. I quickly stepped into an open door beside me and found myself in the hands of a veritable good Samaritan. Like the one of old, he was also not of the 'household of faith,' but was a Buddhist. This man and his family took me in at great peril to themselves. They led me into the inner recesses of their home and there hid me, bringing me tea and later providing a bed for me to rest on. At noon they brought me rice and cold vegetables and even went out and bought a tin of Chinese biscuits for me to eat. I lay on the bed expecting every minute that the soldiers, whom I could hear passing by, shooting into the air as they went, would come in to search for me. I was sure that some one of those who saw me step into the door would inform on me. The fact that all that day no one told the soldiers, who were plainly hunting for me, where I was is convincing evidence that there was no antiforeign feeling among the people of our neighborhood.

At noon I had to escape. My host

told me that I should have to leave, as a group of soldiers had just entered a house across the road and demanded money and clothing. He was afraid that if they came to his house they might discover me and wreak their vengeance upon him and his family. So, clad in Chinese clothes which had been brought me, I went out the back door, like Abraham, not knowing whither I went. Outside there were throngs of Chinese all about and I did not know where to run. There was a big mob in the street in front of Miss Lee's school, so that my escape to the Ming Deh School compound, where I knew Miss Moffet and Miss Null were in hiding, was cut off. I attempted to seek refuge in a neighboring house. No one, however, dared to shelter me. Finally, as I was about to make a bolt in the hope that my Chinese clothes would disguise me until I could find some other place of shelter, one old lady, evidently a good Buddhist, took pity on me and, remarking that it was a good deed to save a life, took me to a little hiding place in the wall. She brought bundles of reeds to make a shelter for me. Later they brought my bench from the house where I had first taken refuge, also the inevitable cup of tea and some of the Chinese biscuits.

I do not know how long I stayed hidden in this place, as I had no watch, but it was probably an hour, and was now about two o'clock. The people around me went on with their neighborly gossip, and although several times I heard soldiers passing by, no one informed on me. Finally the old mother of the household where I had first taken refuge came and told me to follow. She said that her neighbors were unreliable and might tell the soldiers where I was. So she led me back into the house and hid me in the fuel room, bringing me my bench and cup of tea and erecting a screen of

reeds to conceal me from the cursory glance of any stray visitor. Then she and the other members of the family sought to strengthen my courage in true Chinese fashion by bringing me things to eat. They brought fresh tea, Chinese dates, and rice with cold vegetables. They sought to comfort me, reminding me that my family was safe on the gunboat, and that God would take care of me.

One amusing incident occurred at this time. Some of the Chinese had advised me to shave off my moustache in order to make my disguise more complete. I thought this was a good opportunity to do so and asked if I might borrow a pair of scissors. On learning my purpose they said they had a safety razor and a Chinese razor. They brought these, together with a small mirror, and I attempted to remove my hirsute adornment. I tried first the safety razor and then the Chinese one, but with no success. They were so dull that they could cut nothing, and so my moustache was saved and brought with me to Shanghai.

My host succeeded in finding a Mr. T——, a deacon in Hansimen Church and also secretary in our local police station. As soon as he appeared my prospects looked brighter. He told me where the different foreigners of our district were in hiding, and that some students from the University had just been over seeking for us, but that the streets were still too dangerous for foreigners to go out.

Shortly after Mr. T—— left, however, there came to my ear, keenly attuned to rifle fire, a new sound. It was a dull boom, followed by an explosion that shook the ground. Then, in rapid succession, crash followed crash. I knew now that the foreign gunboats lying in the Yangtze had opened fire on the city, and I was confident that all of us

still in the city would be massacred in reprisal. Later I learned that the firing was a barrage which the British and American gunboats placed about a house on 'Socony Hill' where some forty-nine foreigners, including women and children and the American Consul and his family, were being besieged and fired upon by Nationalist soldiers. The bombardment, instead of sealing our death, undoubtedly effected our escape the next day and put an end to most of the looting.

IV

There was nothing now to do but to wait until dark, so I settled down to spend several of the most gloomy hours of my life. When darkness fell Mr. T—— reappeared to discuss with my host what I should do for the night. My host thought that it was dangerous for me to remain in his house that night, as several people had seen me take refuge there and he was afraid someone might inform on me. Mr. T——'s house was already full to overflowing with extra guests. Finally it was decided that I should be exchanged for three of Mr. T——'s guests. My host did not know, and neither did I, that the three were ex-Northern soldiers, or he might not have agreed so readily to the plan!

As there were few people on the street we made our way to Mr. T——'s house without exciting any attention. Passing in darkness through the house, we came to a room where four men sat. Three of them were ex-Northern soldiers and the fourth was a Seminary student whose things had all been looted. These men soon went out and Mr. T—— prepared me a bed on the floor, depriving, I am afraid, some of his own family of necessary bedding. I protested, but in vain. I passed a horrible night of tense nervous strain. I could not relax; I lay awake thinking of my family and listening for the bark

of dogs, which would announce the approach of someone along the street. The crash of falling walls and the barking of the dogs kept me awake most of the night.

At six-thirty Mr. T—— brought water for me to bathe with and told me breakfast was waiting. I had not taken many mouthfuls before the good news came that a rescue party was at the door. With a hasty thanks and good-bye to Mr. T——, who had done so much for me, I hastened out to meet one of the most welcome sights of my life. There, awaiting me in the field just south of my own home, were gathered all the Hansimen district refugees, together with Dr. Bowen, who had come over from the University with an escort of soldiers to find us. We must have made a strange sight as with choked voices and tear-filled eyes we welcomed each other. I cannot accurately describe the appearance of the party. Most of us were dressed in some kind of nondescript Chinese clothes.

Mr. W——, the police official, who had welcomed me with tears in his eyes, now gave the order to proceed, as a large crowd was gathering and there were several others to be picked up on the way to the University. We walked up past our house to the Bible School. As we passed our house I noticed that even the casings of the windows were gone. I saw Lancaster's charred house. At the Bible School we saw the remains of the old dormitory, whose walls I had heard falling in the night. The Y. W. C. A. secretaries' home and Mr. Robson's home were standing open and naked. As we passed them a shout went up and Miss Mabel Lee appeared from a neighboring house, dressed in Chinese clothes. We passed the foreign hospital, with its memories of loving service. It had not escaped the ruthless hands of the soldiers, nor indeed had

the Chinese hospital next door. And finally the home of Dr. Hutcheson, the superintendent of the hospital, had been burned. I record these acts of violence and destruction, not for the purpose of stirring up hatred and the spirit of revenge, but that a true picture may be drawn of the events of that day of horror and heroism.

We found the University buildings intact, with the exception of a few panes of glass. Credit for saving the University must be given to the students, who many times risked their lives to protect the property and lives of foreign professors. All the members of the University group and those who had been rescued from other districts were gathered on the upper floor of Bailie Hall. Now there took place here such a reunion as it is impossible to describe, for one's eyes moisten and one's throat tightens at the memory of it. Here we saw Mrs. Williams lying on a cot in one corner of the room, bearing up in a wonderful way under the shock of Dr. Williams's sudden death. In another room I found Miss Moffet, the secretary-treasurer of our mission, who with Miss Null had bravely remained behind when the women and children had been evacuated in order to protect the girl students at Ming Deh who were unable to get back to their homes. She had lain with her wounds untended for nearly twelve hours, covered up with straw in a workman's hut, and had only been brought to the University about midnight the night before. She looked wan and pale, but still kept her sense of humor and her cheerful smile. In this room was also aged Mrs. Brenton, mother of Dr. Pryor, who had been carried Wednesday night from her sick bed at the Methodist Academy to Dr. Bowen's home, and who went through some horrible experiences there at the hands of the soldiers. Here too I saw Mrs. Singleterry and Mrs. Pickens with

their newly born babies. They had been brought over from the foreign hospital, after being robbed of all their personal belongings while lying helpless in bed. Nearly everyone there had been robbed by the soldiers of all money, watches, and jewelry; and most of them had escaped with only the clothing on their backs.

As the afternoon wore on and we were still not on our way out of the city of terror, our anxiety increased. At four o'clock, however, word came that we should be ready to move immediately. We were to be taken out of the city to the gunboats under the auspices of the Red Swastika Society, a Chinese Buddhist society patterned after the Red Cross. We were also to have a military escort. Farewells were now said to the many Chinese friends, servants, and students who had come in to see us. The real affection and sorrow shown by the Chinese Christians were most touching, but even more so perhaps were the farewells to faithful servants. Many of them had risked their lives to help us, and all during the day had been bringing in things which they had rescued from our homes — often, it is true, things of little value, yet showing their desire to help as much as possible. Soon we were all ready, for most of us had very little to pack. The sick went first; then the women with children; and lastly the men and a few women.

That march of the foreign community from the University of Nanking to the river has, I think, never been equaled in history. There were over a hundred men, women, and children in the party — men and women of refinement and education, seekers after peace and good will among the people they had come to serve. The total of the years of unremitting service represented in that company — service to the Chinese people in hospital,

school, and church — cannot be calculated. It was the best that America had to give to China, and it was rejected, not by the people among whom the years had been spent, but by the soldiers of the government that had promised to protect foreign lives and property.

There were two defeated armies on the Hsiakwan road that memorable night of March 25. The one was looking back into the city — it was a part of the defeated Northern army. Thousands of weary, wretched Northern soldiers passed us on their way back to captivity. The other army was a division of the army of Christ. They were marching out that night apparently defeated. But were they really defeated? Time alone can give the final answer, but the witness of friends, students, and servants back there in Bailie Hall but a little while before makes the idea of defeat a really impossible one. The work that has been done in Nanking throughout the years; the lives that have been brought under the control of the spirit of Christ; the Christian homes built up and the churches established — all these belie the idea of defeat. A retreating army, indeed, but not a defeated one.

It was dark when we arrived at the bank of the Yangtze, and the giant searchlights of the gunboats were playing over the river and the surrounding country, making it look like a fairy land. I had hoped against hope that the report of my family's departure for Shanghai was untrue. But they had gone, and the hour of reunion with them was delayed for two days more.

The next morning at five o'clock I arose after a rather sleepless night and went on deck just in time to get a last view of Nanking as the destroyer turned down the river toward Shanghai. I shall never forget that morning view

of Purple Mountain. Only one who has looked on the mountain every day for ten years, and who has roamed its slopes hunting for deer and other wild game, can appreciate the feeling which we Nankingites have for our mountain. That Sunday morning as I saw it silhouetted against the eastern sky, touched with the first rays of the rising sun, it aroused all the affection that it had nurtured these many years. All the feverishness of the past two days slipped away, and there came a great yearning for this city which had been our home for so many years, and which held within it the earthly remains of our little son — the city to which we would gladly give the rest of our lives. For the ignorant populace who so wantonly robbed us and destroyed the home which we had slowly built up with such care, there is no bitterness, but only a great pity. For the brutal soldiery who murdered our friends and wounded, robbed, and insulted us, there is also no bitterness, but only amazement at their senseless brutality and sometimes disgust at their savagery. For them, as for the rabble, we would pray, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' But for those who inspired and planned this tragedy and who have brought such disgrace to the whole Chinese nation, and especially to that new government to which we had looked with such eager hopes, our desire is that they should be brought to justice, and that the insidious influence of Russian Communism should be removed from the land. We do not believe that what happened in Nanking on March 24 really represents the Chinese people, but would rather believe that they are more truly represented by the heroism, unselfishness, and good will which so many of our friends and neighbors displayed on that fateful day.

FARM AID

BY GLENN W. BIRKETT

IN Wisconsin we have an area at the head of Rock River known as the Horicon Marsh. A few years ago it was drained in the interest of agriculture — a sort of farm aid. Now it is to be reflooded — also as farm aid. During my first years of farming, right after the war, when urban industries were contracting and accepting deflation, one of the bulletins from the College of Agriculture was captioned 'Push Back the Brush Line.' In it we were advised how to increase acreage at the expense of cut-over and forest land. But for the last few years our officials pledge themselves to reforestation as farm aid.

Farm aid apparently, then, means more cultivated land and increased production; also, less cultivated land and decreased production. Like many another much-used term, it is not defined. To define it would destroy its worth politically. It is an excellent phrase to use in political platforms which promise low prices for everything bought and high prices for everything sold. By its magic the government can put a million into reclaiming an area which is worth less than a million after reclamation. By its aid appropriations are secured for stimulating production. But, not being a partisan term, it lends itself to appropriations for disposing of the results of stimulation. Its assistance gives freshly hatched graduates from the colleges of agriculture jobs showing men how to farm whose efficiency and taxes made possible the colleges.

Have you something to unload?

Paint 'FARM AID' upon your white elephant and show it to the County Board, State Legislature, or Federal Government. Your painting need not be clever; few legislators or appropriators have the courage to oppose the phrase alone. It can be used for high tariff for the manufacturer, because such ensures high wages and food-purchasing power of urban centres. But it is not incongruous to use it for low tariff, because such means cheaper goods to the farmer.

Almost everyone, save the farmer, believes in farm aid.

Land reclamation, always a major form of farm aid, implies insufficient acreage. Land resettlement, a lusty farm-aid infant, implies, in addition, insufficient man power. Agricultural welfare workers, adding to the confusion, proclaim a low standard of agrarian efficiency. However, add insufficient acreage to insufficient man power and equipment, to inefficient methods, and you have — a surplus.

This summer I spoke along this line to one of the efficiency raisers at the State College of Agriculture. He is a swine specialist with several degrees, so when he told me I did not see the matter clearly, what could I say? The one function which my kind must perform, inefficiently or otherwise, is to raise the taxes which keep those who insist we have too few acres, too little competition, and no efficiency.

The downfall of prices and consequent condition known as agricultural distress began in 1920. Since then

lowest level, prices have risen considerably, although not enough to establish a parity of exchange. When farmers were being hit worst, far less was said about farm aid than is being said now. Banks took over farms and imagined themselves secure. Farmers lost their equities, but publicity about depression increased when the banks learned, in the course of several years, that the farms could not be disposed of.

It is still the fashion to blame farmers for paying inflated prices for farms and equipment. What about the bankers who imagined a value where it was not, and who now are busy presenting resettlement schemes in order to create a market for land? Land resettlement is not being asked for by farmers. The twenty-five million acres of land which have been abandoned during the last five years mean many a Hilda Rose, but any government scheme to bring back these acres would not help the frozen-out, starved-out, and taxed-out farmer occupants. Any money advanced or project furthered by the government would redound to the present owners of the abandoned lands. A lawyer said to me this summer, 'My firm represents a number of people owning land in northern Wisconsin which they have had to take over as a result of mortgages. This land we cannot sell, it yields no income, taxes are a burden, our clients need their money. What can we do?' To him the farm problem is comparatively recent. The farmers lost, the investors also must lose, as in any business which loses markets and is overexpanded.

The disappearance of land from cultivation is in itself farm aid, but, being the result of economic law, it has no merit with people whose livelihood depends upon jobs correcting un-economic results of statute law. The use of government funds and influence to retain or return submarginal lands and

farmers is penalization of efficient farmers upon supermarginal lands.

The *Milwaukee Journal* of June 23, 1927, carries an item about a twenty-five-million-dollar land-financing corporation designed to thaw out frozen assets of the Northwest. 'Through the employment of Eastern capital, it is purposed to market and reestablish values of more than two hundred million dollars' worth of foreclosed land in Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and Montana.' The twenty-five million dollars spent for advertising might let out the present holders of the land. Nevertheless the economic or actual 'thawing out' of agricultural land assets can result only from a warming up of the price of wheat, wool, beef, and so forth, to a point at which the land in question yields something above management, labor, and taxes.

Some of the hard-hit regions have a great investment in schools, roads, and courthouses; but such public improvements, costing beyond the capacity of a region to support, act as a depressor of land values. Their bonds, maintenance, and officials have first claim upon the products of the land. An expensive school frequently lowers the value of farms within its district. However, a region which has been boomed into spending more than it can afford falls back upon state and federal aid, by which taxes are transferred from regions of fair economic stability to regions of no economic stability whatever. Wisconsin now has a law which aims to equalize school taxes throughout the state. Based upon the premise that all children are entitled to an equal chance for education, the law tends to keep people in regions which are not economically productive. Our educators use legislation to consolidate schools and assemble pupils at the same time they use legislation to scatter and keep scattered the parents. This is

a fair instance of the use of government to create and aggravate a problem.

Late in August, a delegation from the American Society of Agricultural Engineers told President Coolidge their solutions of the farm problem. Among other things it appears that the farmers are inefficient. Possibly we are. Efficiency is another modern deity among words. It frequently means the efficient transference of an inefficient product. Unquestionably, according to modern business, a group which spends all its time producing and none in advertising and selling is inefficient.

While the government spends millions to increase production, simultaneously with its expenditures for figuring how to dispose of the results of overproduction, manufacturers use the phrase 'farm aid' to decrease consumption. For instance, Henry Ford is quoted as saying that the dairy cow is inefficient, therefore he intends to produce milk synthetically and relieve the farmer of the drudgery of dairying. Assuming Mr. Ford to be serious and not advertising, it follows that farm aid approaches perfection in so far as it does away with farms and farmers.

Then the tractor is listed by its makers and sellers as farm aid. The words 'tractor,' 'lowering production costs,' 'farm aid,' linked together in advertising, cause a displacement of animal power. I owned a tractor for several years. To me it cannot compare in efficiency, cheapness, and even average speed with horses. A tractor cannot stand adversity as can a horse or mule. If your power is grain via draft animals and your products drop in price, your operating costs drop in the same ratio. Your overhead drops with your curtailed income. But if your power is a gas engine and the price of farm products drops, your power costs increase, for, after all, it is with an increased amount of farm products

that you buy gas, oil, and mechanics' services. To say that the converse is true, and that when prices of farm products rise your tractor takes less, disregards the fact that any comeback in food prices is followed at once by a vigorous and frequently successful demand for higher urban wages with their increased production costs to the farmer. Among other sales chatter used for tractors is that it is cruel to use horses. So we are led another step toward the goal established by Mr. Ford's anti-cow proposal. Another step toward perfect farm aid — the elimination of need for farmers.

Yet, in our many-ringed farm-aid circus, one ring is devoted to the clamor that the abandonment of farms and the exodus of boys and girls cityward mean a decaying civilization. In this ring are thousands of people getting millions of dollars to keep the boy and girl on the farm. It might be well to observe that urban labor objects to no cost which will keep it free from competition. This, quoting Mr. Swett of San Francisco, is one reason for Australia's farm aid, which actually subsidizes the production of food.

There are many of us whose sole means of living is directly from the soil who believe that we ought not to be hampered by government reclamation schemes and resettlement projects. We believe that it is unjust and uneconomic to insist upon overproduction. We believe that those who proclaim that we are inefficient should risk their own capital and labor to drive us out. And we believe that the use of the Department of Agriculture to stimulate production and the Department of Labor to justify underproduction is unfair as well as uneconomic.

'Farm aid' and allied phrases are sacred. Their function is odd. Briefly, it is to create, aggravate, and perpetuate the evils they propose to overcome.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE WHISPERING HILLS

YEARS ago I was taught that 'very' is a very bad word to use; nevertheless I can find no better way of describing Amzi Miller than as a very good man. I discovered his rock-bottom worth one day when we slaved side by side to quench a woods fire, and again when he presented an insufficient bill for threshing our wheat and oats.

'That wheat,' he said, 'was so bad it would n't pay for threshing. Still, it would n't have been right to throw it out, and you not here to say yes or no. So I threshed her anyhow.'

But the full measure of Amzi's virtue came home to me when I saw, on a subscription paper circulated to bring a resident pastor to our hamlet's sole church, the sum of fifty dollars opposite his signature. Now fifty dollars is probably a tenth of Amzi's total income, none of which comes in of its own accord. Moreover, Amzi is not a member of the church; and, being a bachelor, he has a relatively small stake in the godliness of the community.

When I congratulated him on his public spirit, he said: 'It's this way. I might not get fifty dollars' worth of good out of any preacher; but maybe my neighbors would. They're raising the children around here, and that's almighty expensive, so I thought I could go some stronger than they in raising this money.'

'In addition to which,' I replied, 'maybe you'll be needing a preacher some day to remedy your wifeless and childless condition.' Joking Amzi on the subject of his bachelorhood is one of the favorite local sports.

'I admit,' he replied with a grin, 'that baching it on a farm has drawbacks. At the time most farmers marry I had Ma to look out for. Later my brother and his wife lived with me. After they went to town I was too set in my ways to risk matrimony, even if a woman would have had me.'

'There's more than that to it, Amzi. A steady man like you, with a farm paid for, could find a wife in a week without ever setting foot outside this township.'

'Maybe so,' said he, 'but I'm choosy. And,' he added mysteriously, 'I got good reason to be.' With which my curiosity had to be satisfied, although it did not quite explain why the most dependable and, in a roughhewn, granitic, hard-bitted sort of way, the handsomest of my neighbors should stay unmarried in a region where marriage remains popular.

Some months later Amzi was helping me fill the ice house. While we were leveling the cakes and packing them in rows, with sawdust between, the other men would drive to the pond for another load; and as they had to go some distance we had plenty of time for conversation. Half an hour of work with pick and shovel and then fifteen minutes or so of loafing.

'I wish folks around here,' remarked Amzi, 'would quit marrying me off to this one or that. They talk about it, but they can't do it.'

'Perhaps they can, Amzi. Public opinion is mighty and may prevail.'

'They can't do it,' repeated Amzi, stubbornly. 'They can't do it nohow. Because,' he added, 'I'm waiting for a certain party to make a move. But,

mind you, never mention that, or I'd never hear the last of it.'

'I'll promise,' I replied, 'if you'll tell me about her.'

Though itching to talk, he was characteristically cautious. 'Not her name; I won't tell you her name. But I will tell you the circumstances, short and brief.

'My father was a great hand for moving from one farm to another. Before I was twenty I'd lived on a dozen farms. Then we moved on to the place that lies just under the Whispering Hills. You know the look of them from the road — just three small rounded hills, too steep for the plough, but carrying plenty grass for sheep. They're called the Whispering Hills because of the echoes. Whisper in certain places and the sound will carry to other places clean out of sight. There was some ploughland, but not much, because the sand plains begin right there at the hills.

'One rough night in March — after a sunny day the wind had come sudden, bringing snow flurries — I was up and around the hills well after dark to see that the ewes and lambs were all in shelter. When I was striking out for home I thought I heard above the wind someone sighing and moaning. The sound seemed right at my feet, but the ground was clear all round as far as I could see by lantern light. So I shouted, "I'm a-coming," and started to search. Maybe you've guessed it was a girl. You're right. She was lying in a gully, with the snow eddying and dancing round her. It seems she'd been thrown while riding through the sand plains about sundown; the city folks did a good deal of horseback riding out that way, because fences are so few there. Once down, she made for the road and, night coming on, headed for our lights. But her ankle had twisted and the going was plenty rough, so she had

fainted from pain more than once on the way.

'I carried her home like she was a child, and Ma tucked her in our best bed, with hot towels around the ankle and hot sage tea inside her. Ma's first thought in trouble was always hot sage tea. Then I hitched up and drove three miles to a telephone to tell her folks she was safe. They came out in the morning, bringing a doctor. All the time I was on the road I could n't seem to think of anything else but that I had carried her in my arms a right long spell, and I was mighty proud of the strength that let me do it.

'That summer she rode over our way pretty often. When she came it was like Heaven opening and an angel dropping through. Her name was Marjorie, and she seemed to get real enjoyment by sending me to the right places to whisper "Marjorie, Marjorie," while she stood like a statue agin' the sky, listening. She tried whispering "Amzi," too, but that name ain't exactly made for whispering. Sometimes she'd bring a fiddle and play little tunes; the echoes did strange things to them. And other times we'd just set there, she making conversation and I watching her and the sheep.

'Winters she'd be away at school or college, but every summer she'd ride over now and then. Often talked to me about education, and how I ought to be going to agricultural school; but I thought not, Pa being restless and me having Ma on my mind. One summer Marjorie didn't come at all, but crossed the ocean to study music. When she finally showed up, she told me she was going to be married.

"Well," I says to her, "it's a risk any way you look at it. I used to think maybe we could be married some day; but I see it's not to be, and rightly so, we being so different circumstanced and all. But there's no harm in my

keeping on thinking about you, is there?"

"No, Amzi," she answered, "there's no harm in that; only good."

"What's more," I says, "I'll be tied to Ma and the family for quite some while, so it ain't likely I'll marry till I'm well along, if ever. So if this marriage of yours misses fire anywhere or anyhow, Amzi Miller will be working somewhere round this country, wishing you well and asking no questions, ever."

'That's about all. She got a good man, worth quite a bit of money, and between them they've raised a family that's most grown up now. I see the young'uns' pictures in the paper one time or another. Last year she got her husband to buy the old farmhouse at Whispering Hills for a summer place; and after they've 'sperimented with the trash help you find in the country nowadays I expect they'll be after me to work it for them. So you can set it down that Amzi Miller ain't taking no wife just yet, nor otherwise loading himself down so that he can't make a quick jump. I would n't ask nothing better than to labor for that woman till I drop, even though hers is the worst farm, for farming purposes, in the country.'

A PRIMARY QUESTION

I LIVE in the tropics. Every day, above my head, passes the vertical sun of the equatorial regions. Throughout the year there extends an unbroken heat; day after day I wear the same white clothing, proved by experience to be the coolest clothing a man can wear and keep within the conventions. In April, when the sun goes north to the Tropic of Cancer, and in the fall, when he returns south to cross the equator, we have our hottest seasons, two of them; but these are merely

intensifications of the always-present. The rains bring comparative coolness, but we still wear white and sweat (*not perspire*) at the slightest physical exertion. Along the water front, where the ships come to load sugar and hemp and copra and kapok and our other tropical raw materials, the glare of the sun is terrific. Some sort of protection for the eyes is a necessity — Crookes's glasses, or colored glasses of some description. A friend of mine whose work keeps him there most of the day and who neglected this precaution has only just managed to save his sight at much trouble and expense.

The effect of exposure to the unremitting daily glare of the tropic sun is jagged nerves. By the end of the day they are worn and frayed, and men do queer things. Even the natives, with their pigment protection against the excessive light, do queer things. This is the land where men run amuck, slaying right and left all living things that come in their way until they themselves are stopped by death. This is the land of the siesta, where not only 'foreigners' like myself but also the natives sleep through the midday hours, and the darkness of night comes as a welcome relief. How the natives love to sit hour on hour and talk in the moonlight, so cool after the heat of the day!

These general conditions of excessive heat and light are characteristic of the tropics. We learned this in school, of course, and no one needs to be told. But we also learned some things about colors that, in my experience, I do not find to be true. Did we not learn, were we not taught, that the inhabitants of tropical countries love gaudy colors, reds, yellows, and greens, and that red is a color peculiarly irritant to the nerves? For example, if we wish to make two people quarrel, we have only to put them together in a red room and

the desired result will surely follow, for the red color will irritate them beyond restraint. Does not red make the bull in the field chase us out of it? And does not red affect the appetites and passions, raising them to a high pitch of excitement?

But here my experience is just the reverse. I have noticed with surprise that, when my self-control is worn thin by the excessive light to which I am exposed, there is nothing so soothing, so restorative of calm and wholesomeness, as to be able to gaze awhile at a square of red cloth hung on the wall near by. And this red is no pale, incipient shade. It is the red of the red hibiscus that grows in the tropics; the red of the canna lily known as the Spanish flag; the pulsating red of that most gorgeous of all flowers, the double poinsettia; the strong, the primary color. It draws my spirit together, which has increasingly felt ready to fly asunder like a bursting shell, tearing those about me in bursts of temper as the fragments of a bursting shell would tear the flesh of their bodies. But the glorious red of that piece of cloth eases the strain as I gaze at it: the bursting pressure relaxes; the outer casing of my self-control is — as it were — kept whole. I have found it a *wholesome* color; it brings relief without reaction.

Now the laborers in my *bodega* must find red affecting them in much the same way, for they love to dress themselves in red. Red trunks, red shirts — they are very popular. Sometimes it is but one of these garments, sometimes it is both. But they love to have something red about them, especially those least affected by imported customs.

When I was at school and learned that the inhabitants of the tropic zone were addicted to bright colors, particularly red, I always understood

the explanation to be that it was because they were nearer the primitive than we, nearer the child state of the human race; that this was a mark of the savage. For the love of bright colors is usually taken to indicate an undeveloped taste, a discrimination not yet grown nice. But I have come to doubt the truth of this dictum. I have come to suspect that there are deep and fundamental principles behind this love of bright colors so characteristic of the sunny lands.

Red seems to be the predominating color of the tropics. And man, in his propensity for red, is only responding to a rule laid down by nature. There are flowers here in flaming red that are red nowhere else. The hibiscus is one. We have trees, full-grown trees as high as a two-story house, which, in the proper season, are covered with flowers of an intense red. Perhaps in other tropical countries the exuberant growth of plant life has produced trees with flowers of other colors, but here there are none, so far as I know. Except some shrubs with pale yellow flowers, there are none but red.

Now the point is this: if you travel northward, into the high latitudes of the temperate zone, you will find the prevailing color among the wild flowers to be no longer red, but blue. Even before I came to the tropics I had noticed this predominance of blue among the wild flowers of north China. There were flowers of other colors, of course. The wild chrysanthemums I picked on my walks among the rocky China hills were yellow; the wild azaleas were a lovely pink. But down among the grasses were myriads of small, inconspicuous flowers tinged with blue, like forget-me-nots. And, as if to emphasize them, the blue gentians bloomed in profusion. As one walked through the grassy plains, it often seemed as if he walked in fields

sprinkled with powdered blue from heaven.

Now in north China, although the light is remarkably clear, so that tourists to such places as Peking find it necessary to use an extraordinarily small stop when making snapshots, the light there is not so nerve-racking as the light of the tropics. Perhaps it is the changes of season that afford relief, the alternation of heat with cold, and of bright with the dull skies of winter. Perhaps from the same cause, the people are not so nervous; they are more stolid and steady-going. And the color almost universally affected by the Chinese for clothing is not red, but blue.

Nature, it appears, has zoned her colors to correspond with climate, and man's predilections respond. I wish some capable scientists could explain this. Meanwhile, I have to be content with my own unlearned explanation, though it runs counter to the usual.

Red, as we know, is a color of low vibrations, the lowest in the visible spectrum. Why Nature has colored the flowers of the tropics a prevailing red I do not know. But in so doing she has given tropical man a valuable hint. When, his nerves racked by exposure to excessive light, he feels his self-control disintegrating under the bombardment, he has only to turn his eyes to the bright red flowers Nature has provided and he feels his self-command restored. He is made whole again by the low vibrations proceeding from that pulsating color, which offset and nullify those of the harmful violet rays. Thus Nature provides and offers him relief, that he may live. Tropical man has found the medicine good and has accepted it gratefully. He makes use of it and plants his garden with red flowers; he clothes himself in red; he puts red in his house, making pillows and curtains, or simple

hangings, of it. And thus man finds relief for that part of him which suffers most in the tropics, his nerves.

All around the earth, in the region of the equator, live peoples who love red. In that predilection for the flaming color are they betraying a lack of taste and discrimination, or are they pointing a lesson in things we have not thought of before? And when we so glibly quote axioms on the physiological and psychological effects of color, ought we not first to ask, Where do you live?

WHEN 'THE PIPER' WON THE PRIZE

IN April, in 1921, Josephine Preston Peabody was entreated by fellow guests at a luncheon given in her honor to relate the story of winning the Stratford-on-Avon prize with her play, *The Piper*. The tale is so wholly charming, so directly out of the fairy land in which her mind played as by nature, that it should not be lost. This report, made by one of the guests and reviewed and amended by the husband in the story, is set down, as nearly as may be, in her own words.

She said, 'I did not see the notice of the Stratford-on-Avon prize until shortly before the expiration of the time limit set by the committee. My play, *The Piper*, was then in print, but had not yet been published — that is, it had not been announced in the press or put on sale. I cabled to know if, under the conditions, I might send it to enter in competition for the prize, and, receiving an immediate reply that I might, I did. Then followed a long, trying period of waiting, made the more difficult by the fact that I was for many weeks held prisoner in a hospital bed. My little son had arrived, but with attending circumstances that kept me in weariness and pain for an exasperating number of days. At length a

cablegram came stating that, out of 315 plays submitted, the committee had selected seven. This did not seem very promising, yet the question persisted, Why had they cabled me?

'Presently a second message announced that the committee had reduced the number from seven to two, of which *The Piper* was one, and that the plays had been sent to the Duke of Connaught, who would make the final choice. This was most exciting, and further waiting seemed too trying to be endured.

'In the olden times, in New England, our ancestors sometimes used the Bible in a necromantic way, requiring of it prophetic answers to set questions. They would hold the Book in their hands, ask it a question, open it at random, place a finger on a verse without looking at it, and then interpret what they found in terms of the question asked. My grandmother had told me of curious and surprising results. Remembering this, I reached over to the stand at the side of my bed and picked up a tiny copy of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, one of a miniature edition of the plays belonging to a set I had purchased in Stratford three years before. I held the little volume between my palms and said, "O little book, what is going to happen?" Then I slipped my finger between the pages, pressed it against a random verse, and read, "Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace."

'The reference to the Duke was most happy, delighting me with its suggestion of postprandial content. The whole passage was surely prophetic; but when my husband came, and I had told him, he took the volume, turned

the page, and completed the message. He read, "Every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, *our play is preferred*."

'And then, a few days later, a cabled message reported that *The Piper* had been preferred, though it did not use the Shakespearean words to tell me so. Urgent messages followed, asking that I come over to England to assist in the rehearsing of the play, to attend its presentation, and to receive the prize.

'At first it seemed as though the journey would be an impossibility for me, but my husband and I, with our two babies and a nurse, crossed the ocean. Fortunately my husband's family live in England and we could leave the wee ones with them and go to Stratford ourselves. There I was shown every consideration and all courtesy. I remember with particular gratitude the generous praise of the critics and the press, who would, presumably, have preferred that an English writer should take the prize.

'The play was presented in the afternoon. I was given the seat of honor, in the box at the right of the stage. The audience was as cordial as the press and the critics had been, and I, unused to publicity, was almost overcome with gratitude and joy; but the best moment came later. You remember that the Memorial Theatre has a window so large that it occupies the end of the building and opens upon a panorama of the Avon River and the church, in the distance, where you are forbidden to dig certain dust. When the play had begun and I knew that it held the thought and the heart of the audience, that they had forgotten me, I sat all by myself, as it were, looking up the quiet river to his church. Then came to me the moment of purest creative joy of my life!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

As a political and social philosopher **Samuel Strauss** will be remembered. For years he was publisher of the *New York Globe*. Later he wrote and printed a little journal of personal philosophy, *The Villager*, extraordinary in the freshness of its observation. To-day he is an absentee Iowa farmer living near New York, and, as his writings indicate, emphatically discontented with the tyranny which Things have come to exert over the modern spirit. ¶A New York lawyer, **M'Cready Sykes** seeks an answer to that question which, more than any other, is agitating conscientious parents. **Grace Zaring Stone** is the wife of a United States naval officer now serving with the Yangtze Patrol. ¶In recent years **Mark M. Jones** has centred his attention upon problems of organization and management in large industries, and in certain international religious movements. Constructively, we think, he applies business methods to the activities of a vast and manifold enterprise.

* * *

One of the younger literary generation, **Joseph Wood Krutch**, formerly of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia University, has faced disillusion 'in a time haunted by ghosts of a dead world and not yet at home in its own.' His essay is a companion piece to his acute analysis of 'The Modern Temper,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for February. ¶After so reasoned a struggle with 'thoughts to try men's souls' it is refreshing to turn to **Agnes Repplier's** account of collective unreason, equally indulged in, we note, by both sexes. **R. S.** is a Harvard sonneteer who makes his first appearance in our pages. **Edwin Muir** is a young English writer whose critical studies, *Transition* and *Latitudes*, have helped to unlock the door of many modern mysteries. **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart**, military critic of the *London Telegraph*, has not confined his attention to contemporary leaders. He has to his credit a biography of

Scipio Africanus, a study of *Great Captains Unveiled*, and a critique, *The Remaking of Modern Armies*. His present series of 'Reputations: Ten Years After' will be continued in successive issues. **Tacy Stokes Paxton**, a newcomer to the *Atlantic*, is a Kansas writer — and a friend of William Allen White's. **Roger Lewis** tells us he has a wobbling mind. We know what it feels like

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Ralph Linton is captain of the Marshall Field Expedition to Madagascar. In reading his narrative, which we publish by courtesy of the Field Museum, it is well to remember that he stands six feet two inches and is broad in proportion. **Roderick Morison** is the most seafaring poet we know. As the editor in charge of the wireless edition of the *Daily Mail*, he has crossed the Atlantic well over sixty times. And he's never, never sick at sea. ¶Like many an Englishman whose home is where he hangs his hat, **Henry W. Nevinnson**, a press correspondent of the first rank, finds solace in an occasional visit to the Mother of Men. ¶There are times when we all pine for a nice, polite illness and several weeks in a cool bed. **Flora McIntyre** has a philosophy for just such an occasion. ¶Professor Emeritus of Philosophy and for generations a famous teacher at Harvard, **George Herbert Palmer** took occasion last spring to point out certain discrepancies in the foundation of the Junior College. From the correspondence that came to him in reply he has selected certain questions to answer in his postscript.

* * *

Charles A. Beard is a professor of politics, an authority on American history, and a writer whose words, particularly when they also bear his wife's initials, may be taken at par value. ¶The Reverend **C. Stanley Smith** sends us his manuscript from the Missionary Home, Shanghai. ¶A dirt farmer with a good many Wisconsin acres

under his plough, Glenn W. Birkett tells us that his paper 'is the result of pains caused by the revival of Farm Aid.'

* * *

Justice

In the January issue of this year, we printed a paper by Clifford A. Tinker entitled 'Jinx or Jeopardy,' in which the author, accepting the verdict of an official Naval Board of Inquiry, charged Captain John H. Diehl, skipper of the City of Rome, with negligence in connection with the sinking of the submarine S-51.

In justice to Captain Diehl, we wish to report that a Federal jury has recently cleared him of all blame and the presiding judge has stated that 'the evidence proved pretty conclusively that the cause of the accident was defective lights on the submarine.' Experts at the trial, including naval officers, testified that the lights on all the vessels of the S-51 class were illegal.

The blame for the disaster is thus laid at the door of the Navy Department. There was a good deal of a clutter there already.

* * *

'Jalna,' twenty years later.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am sending you the ending to Miss de la Roche's very interesting prize story. I think we shall all like to know what became of the Whiteoak family after the celebration of 'Granny's' one-hundredth birthday. I believe the author will be pleased to know these facts herself.

Twenty years later, on a beautiful June morning, we are again at the Jalna home in Canada. Granny died the night of her one-hundredth birthday, of exhaustion. Nicholas and Ernest outlived their mother but a short time, and Granny's money eventually came to Renny. On this pleasant June day we find Jalna much changed and improved. Renny and Alayne live here with their boys and girls — two boys and two girls. Renny continues to be the 'head of the clan,' though the clan are separated now, some dead and some far away. The notice of Eden's death in California came to Renny two years after his grandmother passed away, and later Renny and Alayne were married and Alayne came back to Canada to be the mistress of Jalna.

Meg and Maurice still live at Vaughanlands.

They have one son, Maurice, now nineteen years old. Piers and Pheasant live on the Jalna estate in a new house built for them by Renny. They have twin boys, Renny and Piers, and one girl, Alayne. Finch has become a famous musician and composer. He and his wife, also well known in musical circles, live in New York. Wakefield grew stronger and healthier as he became older. He won an Oxford scholarship, and is now an Anglican clergyman, vicar of All Saints Abbey, with a strong chance of soon becoming the bishop of his diocese. He is a High-Churchman, has never married, and will make an ideal Anglican bishop. We remember Wakefield as a mischievous little fellow, but notwithstanding this he always had a religious complex. Aunt Augusta is dead too. She returned to England, where she died five years ago.

Now we leave the Whiteoak family all settled and happy, each in his or her right place.

VIRGINIA VAN PELT

* * *

Anne Miller Downes's paper on 'The Cost of Illness' has been received with sympathy and amazement — the sympathy of long-suffering patients, the amazement of members of the medical profession. The following letters are representative of the two opinions, and it is interesting to note that they come from the same state, where, incidentally, costs are noticeably lower than in certain other portions of our country.

OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mrs. Downes's article, 'The Cost of Illness,' in the October *Atlantic*, holds for me a painful interest. I would rather forget this 'secret anxiety,' but Mrs. Downes reminds us that our problems should be viewed in the light of community interest.

We have been married thirty-five years. We not only belong to the large percentage of less than \$5000 income, but we have never had more than half that amount. Yet we live under the assumption of being 'rich'! Because my husband's father was (for the then small town) successful; because, some thirty-seven years ago, my fiancé bought a good lot on Main Street on which we later built a pretty home (for less than \$5000), we are 'Main Street' people and therefore 'rich.'

The allowance on which I run my home and pay all personal expenses is what any good hired housekeeper would get for *herself alone*. It is not hard to do now, but when we were bringing up

and educating three children it took management as well as economy.

The first time that I underwent an operation (in our nearest large city) I had not the courage beforehand to mention the cost. The surgeon, finding that we live on Main Street, sent a bill for \$350. That operation is considered a minor one, and was performed for relatives of mine in New York City for \$100 in one case and \$75 in the other. Their income was as large as ours. My surgeon went on a false assumption, and my husband, from pride and inexperience and desire to save me worry, said nothing. I did not know of the bill until months afterward when the receipt came.

This false assumption of wealth comes from the fact that merchants are *supposed* to be making money. In Mrs. Downes's list of prices charged, those to business men are from two to five times those of the clerks. In our case, as in many another, no such difference exists. It is the overhead expense in these days that makes running stores so difficult. The outside investments that members of my family have made have been mostly disastrous. Hence, to-day our economies, which have seemed so queer to well-meaning, remonstrating friends, are as necessary as ever.

Figure, then, what it has meant when other operations and serious illnesses have occurred. When for five months we had to have a night nurse in the home, she received from two to three times the amount that I receive weekly for *all* expenses. 'Practical' nurses drew the smaller pay, and trained nurses the larger. Fortunately the latter do not get as much here as in New York City. The nurse's bill was only one item of the increased expense, but added to all the other sources of anxiety and sorrow, the cost of the illness was nerve-racking.

As nurses belong to a union which fixes the price, I see no help for this worry but to forestall it by sickness insurance.

Specialists and surgeons have seemed like hard-hearted materialists, but perhaps our acquaintance with them has been unfortunate. On the other hand, I have known some skillful doctors who seem to be filled with the spirit of the Great Physician. Their reward is greater than that of the almighty dollar. (You see I spell this god without capitals, for while absence of it is a hardship, its worship is disastrous.)

Most of the world seems so money-mad that I doubt anything will be done to stop this increasing cost of illness. If by discussion of it you induce some young people to invest in sickness insurance, or place a reserve fund inviolable by the temptation of bubble investments, you will have done a good thing.

M. F. J.

OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Undoubtedly Anne Miller Downes's article will draw fire, as it should.

On the first page we note that nurses are paid seven or eight dollars a day. In my country (Ohio) nurses are paid six dollars for maternity and medical cases. This is for either twelve or twenty-four hours' work. That is, therefore, twenty-five to fifty cents an hour. Remember, this is the rate paid to high-school graduates with at least three years' additional training. For contagious cases, when the nurse risks life and health, she is more than compensated by receiving thirty-three cents an hour.

Now we come to the harrowing experience of the poverty-stricken professor. This gentleman received only \$425 a month for his labors in the vineyard. He could not, according to the worthy historian, pay \$150 for his treatment. In my city I will find five men, men with at least three years' special training, who will do this operation for no more than \$40. I myself will wager my last year's income that I can remove these offending members in fifteen minutes.

In regard to fees charged. I will quote from the fee manual of the Ohio State Compensation Board. These fees, understand, are those paid to physicians by the state for patients injured in any accident taking place in any establishment employing more than three persons.

Abscess (listed as minor dressing)	\$3.00
Amputation, easy (listed as foot, hand, fingers)	25.00 to 50.00
Anæsthesia (hospital)	5.00
(physician)	10.00
Tracheotomy (see minor operations)	5.00 to 10.00
Trepanning (as skull fracture)	25.00 to 100.00

These rates are construed as a fair average of those charged throughout the state. Of course some men, by reason of their training and experience or cupidity, are able to charge more, but then many, many more charge less. This last statement does not require proof. Any average, of a necessity, represents many more less than the mean than are represented above.

Now turn to the doctor's side of the story. 'You have invested a capital of \$10,000 at the least.' This is only too true. My pre-medical work, taken, of course, after the usual high-school period, was of three and one half years' duration. This represented \$3500 in cold cash. I defy anyone to go to a respectable college or colleges for less. My medical course was, as the law requires, four years in length. These years averaged me about \$1400 each. The total to date then being, at the time of my graduation, \$8900. Then came twenty-two months' internship. This did not cost anything in cash, but netted me the magnificent sum of \$225 — in addition, of

course, to my board and room. On the credit side, then, we have \$225. On the debit side, \$8900. The balance is \$8675 in red. This is spread over nine and one half years. The simple interest on this investment for this time would be \$2884.43. This brings the total to \$11,559.43.

So much for cash. A man of the calibre to develop and hold a practice should, at the age of seventeen, be worth \$1800 a year. If he applied himself to any going business for ten years his salary would be commensurate. Let us, for the sake of argument, place it at \$600 a month. Of course he would not make that from the start, so \$300 would be a fair average. Multiply \$300 by 120 months and we have \$36,000.

Add the cash expended, with interest, and the amount lost by absence from gainful occupation, and we have \$47,559.43. At $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent this sum would net about \$2750 yearly. But more of this later.

My income in cash is about \$8400 a year. I have been in private practice two years. My office costs me about \$3400 a year to operate. Subtract \$3400 from \$8400 and the net is \$5000 even. Then subtract the \$2750 in the above paragraph and we have \$2250. Since I work every day in the year, we must divide the residue by 365. This means, then, that I receive \$6.01 daily for my work. Since I am subject to call at any hour — that is, twenty-four hours daily — we must further divide the honorarium of \$6.01 by 24. This shows us that I receive twenty-five cents an hour for my services. What day laborer will work for that? What trade-union would not declare a pogrom of capitalists if its members received only that much?

We lose 36 per cent in collections. This statement is compiled from the experiences of many physicians in many places. This figure may vary widely for specific locations, but on the whole I feel it to be correct. In the small town or village, collections must be almost 100 per cent. In a city the size of Cleveland I have heard that they run as low as 50 per cent.

A one-inch bandage costs us from seven to ten cents. A pad of gauze, not counting the cost of sterilizing, must be at least fifteen cents. Mercurochrome, the antiseptic, for 5 per cent solution, costs us twenty-five cents an ounce. Adhesive tape costs us from \$1.10 to \$1.75 a roll. Certainly dressings for forty-two days are cheap at twelve dollars. That is thirty cents a day. Try to dress a sore finger for thirty cents.

We do not need endowed hospitals as mentioned. No self-respecting person will accept charity unnecessarily, no matter how disguised. Better to direct our attention to the retention of some of our worldly goods, not using our entire incomes in the payment of chattel mortgages incurred as high as two years before. A certain

amount of illness will overtake any family. A budget for this will release a family from all fear of that evil day. I think I may safely say that no honest physician, and most are honest, will unnecessarily burden a family with debt. We ask only that people play fair with us. If charity is needed, then it will be given. If only a certain fee can be charged, we will gratefully accept that and lay up the charity balance where moths do not corrupt, nor rust decay. Ask your family physician.

I am asking the *Atlantic* to use only my initials, since our code is very definite against any form of self-advertisement. If anyone is interested, the *Atlantic* may divulge my name, after being shown good reason for so being required.

Sincerely yours,

E. K. G., M.D.

* * *

More 'home thoughts from abroad.'

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read Mr. James Truslow Adams's article in the October number. It is very interesting and very sympathetic. Like Lowell and the American of fifty years ago who made every Englishman love the United States, Mr. Adams has entered into the spirit of the countries. He has correctly analyzed the meaning of it all. Mr. Adams's article may be read with profit by so many Americans. (I wished to say by so many of us, but was prevented for reasons that will presently be apparent.)

I am a Londoner born within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament and Buckingham Palace, of as noble a lineage as anyone can claim. Through my father I am an hereditary Freeman of the City of London. Out of that arises a grievance, which is that London is not a city like New York or Paris. The City of London consists of one square mile with a population of about thirty thousand; the County of London has 226 square miles. Our Lord Mayor's jurisdiction is strictly limited to the one square mile. We have our own police, the rest of London does not control its police; with various consequences: among others, that these alien police have licensed a flood of motor vehicles to ply over the same routes as the street cars, practically putting the latter out of business. Each of the twenty-eight municipalities comprised in the County has a separate government, with fewer powers than even small American cities.

The little City of London has a charter more ample than any city in the world. What the people of London desire is the extension of that charter to the County. The

existing anomaly is due to graft (of a magnitude that would turn an American grafter green with envy) and partly to political considerations.

Mr. Adams remarks on tulips and irises dotting lawns of inestimable value as 'real estate.' It may interest him to know that as coöwner, with less than one thousand others, I have the life privilege of playing tennis on any of five exquisitely maintained grass courts within the City itself, where the ground is worth over ten million dollars per acre; and we cannot sell because *noblesse oblige*, and none of us dare suggest a sale, although the law does not forbid. Those lawns have been there for ten centuries and will probably remain for another ten.

Curiously enough, while the Houses of Parliament, the Government Offices, and Scotland Yard are in the great city of Westminster, the Bank of England, the Stock Exchange, and the Law Courts are within the City of London. The alien police of the County capture criminals and send them inside the city for trial, where the City police force takes charge. No citizens control the County police. Not only the criminal law, but all the higher civil law, is administered within the City and not in the County. There are no superior judges or appeal judges sitting outside the City, but the public records are kept outside the City!

In Mr. Adams's excellent paper nothing strikes me more forcibly than his allusion to the 'characteristic remark': 'Why don't you go and live there?' Happily that is an innovation. It was not always so. In old times strangers were welcomed here with both hands and assured that with their help this country could be made still better. That was the welcome which made people love America. It is a pity it has changed since the war.

I have lived here a good many years and have often had to answer that question and answer it much the same as Mr. Adams. He puts his finger on the weak spot when he says Europeans dread Americanization of Europe. It will be a bad thing for the world in every respect when it is standardized and that is what Americanization means. Variety is essential and it would be equally bad to have the world Anglicized, Germanized, or standardized to any other pattern. That is what militarism implies, the militarism which we went out to destroy a few years ago. This country has its own great destiny to fulfill. Let it be America, the America of joyous idiosyncrasies, and let every other country retain its peculiarities, so that we may still find experience and joy in travel, and in every country find some suggestion for the spiritual gain of others.

THOMAS SUTTON

Medicine for criminals.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

After reading Mr. Edward Weeks's interesting article, 'A Criminal in Every Family,' published in the October *Atlantic*, I feel prompted to write you the following incident. I am writing it exactly as I heard it related by a Missouri tourist who spent the month of August motoring through New England.

'When I arrived in your town, I drove at once to the busiest section of the main street and drew up at the curb. Just as I was about to step out, I realized that a big, blue-coated traffic officer had left his post and was coming toward me. "Great Scott, what next!" I said to myself. "On this trip from Missouri to Maine I have been commanded to move on, to draw in closer, to get off the yellow line (totally indistinct), to blow the horn more often, to refrain from blowing the horn, to move faster, to cut out that speed. Now here is an officer bigger and broader than any of the others. What is he going to do to me?"

'He came up to the car, placed a powerful left hand on the door, raised an even more powerful right in a sort of salute, then he opened on me the sunniest smile I have ever seen, and said, "How do, sir. I see you are a stranger here. Anything I can do for you?"

'I hope that cop can read the language of facial expression. It was the only language I could use at that moment. I had intended to spend two days in your town. I have been here already six days. That which gives me the greatest pleasure — after the pleasure of contemplating the beauty of your seashore, mountains, and lakes — is driving into the village to exchange cheery greetings with your genial officers of police.'

LOUISE DEASY

EDGEWOOD, R. I.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have a sure recipe to remove 'A Criminal in Every Family.' I took the medicine for three days, so can testify as to its ability to make one righteous. Drive without a horn.

A WOMAN DRIVER

P. S. My nerves were restored when I had the horn fixed.

* * *

The positive defense of Paris is still being waged by military critics.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Marshal Foch has recently been quoted as saying that people are trying to prove that everyone except Joffre won the first Battle of the Marne.

In the article entitled 'Gallieni — A Reputation Ten Years After,' in the September issue, Captain B. H. Liddell Hart speaks of the attack of Maunoury's Sixth Army on the Ourcq, a part of the action known as the Battle of the Marne.

Captain Hart states, on page 360, 'And Gallieni pushed forward every possible reserve he could scrape up in order to strengthen Maunoury. Here occurred the immortal episode of the Paris taxicabs. The Seventh Division had just detained in Paris . . .'

Captain Hart does not tell us where this Seventh Division came from.

The Seventh Division, with the Eighth, plus the Corps auxiliary troops, comprised the French Fourth Corps under command of General Boëlle. It had been in action in the region of the Argonne, many miles to the east of Paris. Badly as this Fourth Corps was needed at various points of the French line, General Joffre had it ordered out of action to proceed to the region of Paris.

It takes a number of trains and a number of days to accomplish rail movement of a corps, and the movement of this Fourth Corps was commenced some time before Maunoury's attack, in which its Seventh Division participated.

General Joffre would scarcely have effected the movement of this corps had he not intended to have it used in something more positive than a passive defense of Paris.

W. R. WHEELER

* * *

Those who read the Reverend C. Stanley Smith's account of the Nanking Raid in this issue will have an uncommon sympathy with this distant correspondent.

UNZEN, JAPAN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Living as I have for over twenty-five years in the interior of China, I have ever found the *Atlantic* a source of information on world events. It has seemed to me to present an unprejudiced picture of what was going on in the uttermost parts of the earth, and so it has gained my confidence. Now in my confusion of mind, trying to puzzle out what has happened to the press in America, what has caused the public of America to be so unsympathetic to the sufferings and insults under which their own nationals in China are staggering, and to be so extremely sympathetic to the Nationalist Party that is openly causing these sufferings, I turn to the *Atlantic*, hoping for some answer to my questioning.

It is true that I have never before gone through a revolution, never been in the midst of a country torn by civil war and in the chaos of no government but that of military generals. But I

have for many years during the quiet evenings, far from the movies, studied and read all of the books that I could get hold of on the American Revolution, and the French Revolution, and the revolution now going on in Russia, so that I feel I can intelligently compare what I see going on in China with what has taken place in other countries. I think I am not prejudiced, for personally I have not suffered at the hands of the Nationalists, and I have many friends in that party.

To go back a bit to the time when the Sun Yat-sen government in Canton was getting its start, the youth of China, so often humiliated by the weakness of their country, saw a vision, and not only the youth of China, but all those who lived within her borders and loved her people. You will find the Y. M. C. A. Chinese secretaries strong Nationalists; the N. C. C., composed of supposedly the strongest Christian Chinese leaders in China, strongly Nationalist; the teachers in the mission schools, the pupils in the mission schools, the faculty of the leading colleges in China, the mission leaders, all pro-Nationalist, coming out openly, both in articles in the press and in bold advice given to the home mission boards and to the United States Government. Long before the demand for registration was made by the Nationalists, many schools had already been put under Chinese principals, and some stations had been turned over to purely Chinese leaders with full control of funds. This was going on rapidly as the educated men and women came from the colleges and from post-graduate work in America. Never was a movement started with such support from the educated youth and from the influential foreigners in the schools in China. So much for a background to what has happened.

Looting and occasional acts of violence even to people from a friendly country may be expected, but the propaganda in America has persisted in saying that this movement was 'not antiforeign or antichristian, it was only anti-imperialistic; that soldiers will get out of hand and we must not lay that up against China,' even when our consulate in Nanking was looted and our flag torn down. I would agree to that if there were only the one incident, or if these incidents were always the work of ignorant soldiers. As soon as the Southern army began to move toward Shanghai, the stories began to come in from sources that were unimpeachable. The C. I. M., which has many women alone in small cities in the far interior, has suffered severely from the Nationalists wherever they have occupied territory. Most of their property has been taken and the women treated with insults. The Y. M. C. A., whose proud boast is that they have from the beginning given responsibility to the Chinese leaders, have had their property confiscated in

Hangchow, in Changsha, and possibly in other places. Long after the soldiers have passed on, and when the civil authorities have taken control, American school buildings, American mission dwellings, American business property, have been looted, destroyed, and taken over for Nationalist headquarters.

Now for my first question: Why does the Nationalist Party, which was welcomed by the educated Christian leaders and by the faculty of mission schools, and which is so heartily supported by the leading American magazines, by American mission boards, despoil and confiscate American property, and close American schools? Medical colleges, the hope of China, have been closed, even the Yale in China, which had a Chinese board of control; no school that was a going concern, no hospital that was doing a fine work of succor for the community, even though in the hands of the local Chinese, but has been destroyed or confiscated by the Southerners. The protests of the local Chinese have counted for nothing; the local Nationalists have been insulted and put out of power. What does this mean for the immediate future of China? Can one expect law, justice, order, from a party that destroys its own friends? These are hard, cold facts — destruction, insult, confiscation, all along the line. And more than that, posters with scurrilous lies of what foreigners do to defenseless Chinese have scattered the seeds of hatred from one end of the country to the other. I have seen the posters, and they are terrible. I have seen the effects of these lies on the minds of poor ignorant laborers, and the anger of mobs roused to fury by lies.

So my second question is, Why does the American public, through its newspapers, leading magazines, churches, and mission boards, cry down the *business man* as though he were a criminal if he protests against the destruction of his property and asks for his rights according to treaties between his country and China? Why do churches in Philadelphia send a protest against the so-called 'bombarding of Nanking' and never a word of protest against the burning of foreign homes, the killing of friendly teachers, and the insults to American women and children? Why does one mission board even go so far as to call home one of its leading men on the field, and other boards reprimand their members, for sending true information to America in regard to what actually took place in Nanking? I am puzzled, but more than that, I am distressed by the position my own country is taking and the effect it must have upon the country I love, China. As Colonel House said in his *Intimate Papers*, the influence of public opinion has great weight, and can accomplish much. I do not want gunboats to force China, but I do want the

weight of an intelligent, just, and honest American opinion to show China and the young misguided students that America won her place in the civilized world by working, not by talking.

ONE WHO IS PUZZLED

* * *

Cape Codisms abroad.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The use of 'tempest' for 'thunderstorm,' reported by Mrs. Phillips from Cape Cod, is common in England among the country people of the Norfolk coast. I believe that the East Anglian origin of many American peculiarities of speech has been pointed out before now. Here is an example new to me which I have recently seen in a pamphlet called *Reminiscences of a Norfolk Parson* (W. H. Marcon): 'The old word "clever" I've heard used about a *kind* urbane person; apparently it has no connection with brains.' Probably most of us have heard the same usage from old New Englanders.

I may say that in a delightful out-of-print volume entitled *Life and Sport on the Norfolk Broads*, by Oliver Ready, the Cape Codism appears in the short glossary — in this case as 'tampist,' which represents accurately the word which I have heard.

H. E. ALLEN

HUBBARDSTON, MICHIGAN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Our family is several generations removed from Cape Cod, but all of Mrs. Phillips's idioms except the use of 'tempest' are very familiar to me. I do not quite agree with her explanation of the source of the expression 'would like to have.' As she suggests, it is always used in connection with something unpleasant, and I think is just another way of saying 'likely,' meaning 'having reason to expect,' 'in danger of.' So the housewife who 'would like to have burned her pies' just meant she was likely to have burned them.

I wonder if you are familiar with this use of 'strange.' My baby and I went to call on my Irish neighbor. She greeted me and then turned to the baby with the question, 'Does she make strange?' This was a new expression to me and I puzzled some moments before I realized that she was only asking if the baby were shy.

MABEL G. LANGDON

* * *

What every woman knows

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As to 'The Right to Be Happy,' in your October issue. Dostoevsky, in his good but overlong *Brothers Karamazov*, says, 'Happiness is meant for men. He who is happy is doing God's will.'

OLD SUBSCRIBER